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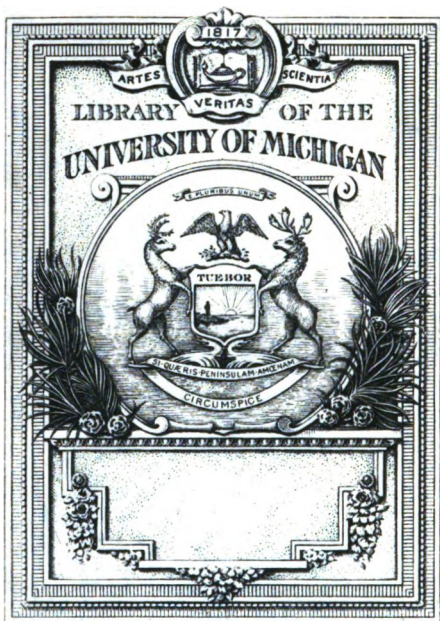
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Shebbeare, John

LYDIA,

O R

FILIAL PIETY.

A

NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of the MARRIAGE ACT, a Novel;
and LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.

SENEC.

V O L. III.

D U B L I N:

Printed for SARAH COTTER, in Skinner Row.

M D C C L X I I I.

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LYDIA had not left the Abode of Wretchedness but a small Time, when her Mother waked from a sweeter Sleep than she had long tasted; in which she had been visited by a pleasing Dream, that had made vast Impression on her Soul, and left a placid State of Mind, to which she had been long a Stranger. She dreamt she was a Bird; that, after having been long sick, her old Feathers suddenly fell off, and new ones, of the finest Colours, coming in their Place, she was instantly restored to Gaiety and Happiness. ‘ Good Heavens!’ she said, in waking, ‘ can such shadowy Considerations influence the human Soul to this Degree? Can Eyes that close in real Wretchedness, wake in seeming Comfort from a Dream! What is this Power which has thus changed me?’

SHE then called *Lydia*, without receiving any Answer; when imagining Sleep had stolen upon her Eyelids also in the Chair, she got up with much Difficulty from the Bed, and not finding her in the Room, and seeing a Piece of Paper on the Table, she walked feebly to it; when taking this baneful Scroll in her Hand, she read what it contain’d.

WHAT Pen or Tongue shall presume to paint the Horror of this fond Woman's Mind. No Tear found its Way, no Sound had Utterance; the icy Breath of Sorrow in Excess had frozen up the Current of her Soul, and denied her Anguish all Power of Passage, save in her Looks alone; where more than Despair was sculptur'd. Age and Feebleness, Piety and Virtue, the Mother and the Friend, bequeathed a mixt Expression of insuperable Grief. At length Tears found their happy Exit; she beat her Bosom, and trembling, exclaim'd, 'Oh miserable Mother that I am! thy 'Daughter dies the Victim of thy Distress;' then silent she sunk into the Chair, bewailing her sad Condition. 'I come, I follow thee, my darling Child, 'receive me, Heaven, have Mercy on my Soul,' she cried aloud. When with her trembling Hand seizing a Knife which lay before her, she was sinking on her Knees to address the supreme Being, and finish her Distress and Life together.

At this Instant *Frank*, who had been my Lord *Flimsy's* Valet, and in constant Search of Miss *Fairchild*, instigated by Love, the Desire of giving Peace, and restoring the Character of that Being, which was the Object of the sincerest Passion, and dearer to him than his Soul, knocked at the Chamber-door. This withheld the Hand of the most miserable of human Beings from the rash Act of Suicide.

It seems this Man, visiting the Maid-servant who was left at Lady *Flimsy's* Town-house, had been that Day acquainted with the Abode of *Lydia*; the Moment he knew where she resided, tho' he came with Design to have tarried and drank Tea, he feigned an Excuse for leaving the House instantly. Love, ever fertile in Expedient, suggested to him numberless Pretexts, and urged his Bosom too vehemently, to suffer a Moment's Quietude or Delay: His Feet seemed to him to stand still in the Streets, tho' he walked with the utmost Speed, so ardent were his Wishes: Every thing but Flying was short of his Desire to be present with her he adored, and some inspiring Power at that Moment seemed to urge him to the Abode of *Lydia Fairchild*.

THIS

THIS then had brought him to *Lydia's* Door; and at the Sound Mrs. *Fairchild* rising from her Knees, with a feeble dying Voice, bid him enter.

As his Soul had been greatly agitated with the Hopes of seeing *Lydia*, that Expression was strongly marked upon his Countenance; this Mrs. *Fairchild* observing, and her present Distress turning it to a different Expression, she cried out, 'Oh, Sir! I know you come to tell me she is dead, I see it in your Countenance,—my *Lydia's* dead,—behold this Paper, in which I am told she's dead,—behold the miserable Mother of that Daughter.' 'Dead!' says *Frank*, 'Heaven forbid it, Madam.' At these Words he burst into Tears, and the Mother swooned into the Chair.

STRIKING as this Object of the venerable old Woman appeared to his Eyes, yet Love for *Lydia* prevailed over Humanity for one Instant: He read the Paper, when beating his Bosom, he stamped on the Floor in mere Despair, crying out, 'Good Heaven, is it thus that you protect the Innocent and Virtuous!' He was going on in this Exclamation, when Mrs. *Clinch*, alarmed by his Stamping, came into the Room, with a Face of no very pleasing Expression. 'What's the Matter now,' says she, 'what, do you intend beating People's Houses down about their Ears?'

'Oh, Madam,' says *Frank*, 'behold that Woman; her virtuous Daughter, not able to bear their present Distress, is gone to finish her unhappy Days, as this Paper informs me.'

'AND to leave her old Mother upon my Hands, I suppose, hey! Is she? She is a fine Wench, indeed! First run in Debt for her Lodgings, and then kill herself because she will not pay my honest Demands.—Is this her Virtue?—She might have maintained her Mother like a Lady.—Mrs. *D*—— would have put her in a Way to have maintained her, but her Pride would not permit her to comply, forsooth! Her Mother must starve because she would not lose her Maidenhead. A fine Duty, indeed!'

DURING this time, *Frank*, who was employ'd in recovering Mrs. *Fairchild*, had not attended to the Harangue that Mrs. *Clinch* was making, till summoned by the Word *D—*, he asked with some Vehemence, if she dared to say *Lydia* was a *W—e*?

‘No,’ says Mrs. *Clinch*, ‘I don’t say she is, but I say it is better she was; because then she might have prevented this, maintained her Mother, and lived like a great many other Girls. There’s *Bet—*, and *Sally—*, who dress as fine as Queens, and live as well as any Ladies in the Land, are not they *W—s*?’

‘AND would you have *Lydia Fairchild* be a *W—e*?’ says *Frank*, leaving the Mother, and stepping up to the Face of Mrs. *Clinch*.

‘YES,’ replied this sweet Woman, ‘better than she are, every Day.’

‘BETTER than *Lydia Fairchild*,’ replied *Frank*, scarce keeping his Hands from her, though a Woman, ‘you Creature!’

‘ME a Creature, Fellow! I’ll have you to know I scorn your Words; I am no Creature, but an honest Woman, and keep an honest House, and will not be cheated by any *Lydia Fairchild* alive; therefore the old Woman shall troop to-day into the Streets; they owe me for three Months Lodging.—I have a Family of my own that must be maintained, and Times are hard, and Rent must be paid, and Money is scarce.’

‘WHAT is the Money,’ says *Frank*.

‘THIRTY Shillings,’ answers Mrs. *Clinch*.

‘HARD hearted Brute,’ says the Valet, ‘What! expose old Age to the Street for thirty Shillings: I’ll pay you that Sum.—Be gone, leave the Room!’ which she obeyed, insensible to Mrs. *Fairchild*’s Misery; muttering that she would have her Money.

AT this Moment the poor old Woman recovering a little from her Swoon, with a deep Sigh, and looking in *Frank*’s Face, with streaming Eyes, said, ‘tell me, Sir, where did my *Lydia* expire; tell me, I implore you.’

‘OH, Madam,’ says *Frank*, ‘I am till now unacquainted with her Distress, otherwise I should have

' have long since flown to her Relief, and work'd these Hands to death for her Service, the loveliest of Women.—Oh, Madam! you know not how much I love your Daughter,—will you be patient till I fly to seek her; perhaps she may be wandered to the Canal in *St. James's-Park*—I may yet prevent her—be at peace till I return, I intreat you; I will seek her, and support you for her Sake during Life—will you be at Ease till my Return?'

MRS. *Fairchild* promised she would exert every Power to compose herself during that Time; and *Frank* left her with the utmost Speed, to prevent, if possible, the fatal Resolution of all he loved, the charming *Lydia Fairchild*.

C H A P. LXVII.

Lydia's Chastity once more attacked. She is discovered by the Earl of Liberal in the Park. Strange and different Agitations in two Bosoms from the same Cause. The Mother's Joy at Lydia's Return; and Earl Liberal's Passion rapturously acknowledged. Honest Frank, transported at Lydia's being alive, causes some momentary Disquietude in three Hearts.

DURING this Time *Lydia*, being seated on a Bench in the *Park*, was accosted by one of those Letchers, whom Impotence and Age have not cured of hankering after that, which, at the best, can scarce be pardoned in the Fire of Youth and Vigour. One of those Veterans, whose earlier Life had been spent in debauching Innocence, Virtue, Youth and Beauty, to his perjured Embraces; and whose old Age was daily past in mumbling that Food he had not Teeth to divide; one of those, whose delicate Delight is, with infinite Lasciviousness to comb the auburn, brown or black Locks of dishevel'd Beauty, and debauch the Minds of those whose Bodies he cannot enjoy.

THIS Gentleman casting his lascivious Eyes on *Lydia*, who sat solitary on the Bench, suggested from

her being alone, and her Dress which, tho' clean, spoke Want, that she might be tempted; instigated thereto by her Face, which, like a *Magdalen* from the Hands of *Guido*, was rather the Remains of Beauty exhausted by Distress, than that Charm in full Power; he therefore placed himself by her Side, and began some vague and distant Conversation, till, at length, he asked if she would retire with him to a Tavern; adding, that he would give her that Money, which he shewed her in his Purse.

INCENSED at this Outrage, 'Detested Wretch,' she said, 'do you imagine that Distress and Virtue are incompatible Inmates of the same Bosom? will Vice be the only Companion which shall attend your Foot-steps crawling to the Grave?' When rising she left him with Indignation; and the old Fellow, a little stung with internal Conviction, called her sawcy Slut.

'THIS World is no longer a Place for Virtue,' she said, and then determined to walk directly to the Canal, and finish her miserable Life: When moving slowly up the Avenue, who should meet her Eyes but Mr. *Probit*, now Earl of *Liberal*, alone, coming down towards her. Her Bosom flutter'd like the Sparrow surprized at the Return of his Mate, which he deplored as lost; her Legs were sinking under her, her Soul was on the Wing; to prevent which, she stepped on one Side, and reposed herself on the Bench which was directly opposite.

SHE had seen the Earl, but he had not perceived her. His Head was declining forwards, his Eyes fixt on the Ground; lost in Thought and Anxiety; this prevented him from turning his Looks to the Side on which *Lydia* was seated.

THE Perplexity which this Meeting occasioned was excessive; it was impossible to decide whether she wished more to be observed, or not; before he past by, her Heart throbbed exceedingly; she would have hung her Head, to have concealed her Face from him, and yet could not keep her Eyes from gazing on this interesting Object.

AT length he past by her, without discovering who she was, or attending to any thing but his own Thoughts.

IT was then the real Inclination of her Bosom was truly revealed; she wished he had discovered her, and dreaded lest he should not return. 'But,' says she, sighing, 'if he does, what Hopes have I, or what Influence over that Heart which is now totally estranged by Wealth and Title? Probably he is secluded for ever from my Arms, by being wedded to the happiest Woman upon Earth.' This she softly pronounced, following him with her Eyes as he walked down the Alley, trembling lest he should not return, and yet hopeless if he did.

AT length he turned to take another Walk; this revived the Fluttering in her Bosom, and chained her to the Seat. Every Step he approached had a fresh Influence on her Heart; she feared to be seen, yet wished for it at the same Instant. As he came near, he cast his Eyes towards the Bench, where beholding a Face he knew, yet could not immediately recollect, he stept on one Side, and sat down by her.

IT was then he first discovered that this Female was the lovely *Lydia Fairchild*; he surveyed her Dress, and wan Countenance, and suggested ten thousand Causes for these Appearances, which at last ended in the common one, that she was now become an abandoned Prostitute; the Place, being alone, and every other Appearance giving Countenance to this Belief.

SHE, all confused, would have deserted the Seat, but had not Powers sufficient to enable her.

THE Earl, even to that Moment, had been in constant Search of this lovely Maid, his Bosom had foster'd his former Passion in full Ardour; and even at the Instant of his walking he was bewailing his unhappy Fate, which had denied the Bliss of discovering his lovely *Lydia*. 'Is she no more?' he said, 'my Heart tells me she is no more.' At this Appearance of his Beloved, his Bosom was strangely agitated, he wish'd to find she was yet innocent, yet dreaded to enquire; indeed he was almost convinced to the contrary from what he remarked.

PRETENDING therefore not to know who she was, he began a Conversation, which, though on the most trifling Subject, was attended with such Hesitation and Difficulty, as sufficiently witnessed the Sensation of his Heart.

SHE answered with no less Embarrassment and Distress.

HE asked, 'if the Evening was not late,' and she answered, 'yes,' with more Perplexity than the guilty Reply to Questions of Life and Death. Being determined to prove whether *Lydia* was yet the same pure uncontaminated Creature he left her; he continued the Conversation, still disguising his knowing who she was, and she supported it in the same Manner.

HAVING talked in this Way some little Time, his Lordship asked, 'if she would accompany him to his Lodgings, and sup with him?' It was with Tremulation he asked this Request, and with much Reluctance *Lydia* could refrain from resenting the Question; however, she answered, 'that she had never yet supp'd with any Gentlemen at his Lodgings.' 'At a Tavern then, Madam?' says the Earl. 'That, I think, Sir, is even worse; for which Reason, I shall less likely comply with your Proposition.' These Answers recalled his Thoughts something in her Favour. 'Will you permit me, Miss,' says the Earl, 'to wait upon you to your Abode?'

THIS Question suggested the Thought of making herself known to him, and placing her Wretchedness in full View, she imagined the striking Circumstances of her Story, a dead Parent, and her other Calamities might influence his Bosom in her Favour, when the Thought returning strongly, that probably her Mother might not yet be expired, she told him, 'that she would permit him to wait on her home, if he pleased.'

THEY then left the Seat together, and passing, each silent from deep Concern, thro' St. James's Palace, his Lordship put her into a Chair, when *Lydia* directing the Chairman where to go, my Lord bade his to follow her's; in this Manner they arrived at *Lydia*'s Lodging, with Bosoms differently agitated; *Lydia* trembling

trembling for the Event, his Lordship fearing he should discover that she was totally undone; and believing his Apparel so different from what she had seen him in, had concealed him from her Knowledge, and created this Behaviour in her.

YET he could not entirely reconcile the present Dress of *Lydia*, and her refusing to sup with him, with her being a Prostitute; his Heart, that faithful Advocate, was strongly pleading her Justification: He thought it impossible that so much Beauty could so suddenly be reduced to so wretched a Situation, as her Apparel and Countenance expressed; yet as he could fix on no satisfactory Idea to explain this Appearance, and had infinite Reluctance in believing her undone, he past the Moments in Anxiety and Suspence during his being carried to her Abode.

AT length the Chairs stopt, and *Lydia* flew from her's to the Chamber of her Mother, followed by the Earl.

AT opening the Door, Mrs. *Fairchild* lifting her Head, exclaimed, 'My Child! art thou still in being?' when *Lydia* rushing to her Parent's Embrace, she again fainted away.

THE striking Appearance of Wretchedness in this Chamber had great Influence on the Heart of the Earl; he instantly took from his Pocket a smelling Bottle which *Lydia* applied to her Mother's Nose, the Earl assisting her to recover her Parent from Swooning.

'MY Child,' says Mrs. *Fairchild*, embracing *Lydia*, in a trembling Voice; 'do I hold thee in these Arms once more! Blessed be the Will of Heaven that has thus withheld thy Hands from Suicide, and restored thee to my aged Arms. Did you imagine me departed, that you determined on this Violence? Oh! what Distraction has that Paper given thy poor Parent's Heart?'

THESE Words sounded like the Voice of Death in the Ears of Lord *Liberal*; when taking up the Paper he read what *Lydia* had left behind her. Unable to resist a Moment longer from declaring that his Bosom was still fraught with sincerest Passion, he caught her

in his Arms; ' My Life, my *Lydia*, my Soul's Ambition, I am *Probit*, whom you knew on board the * * * * *, who loved you then, who loves you now to Distraction: Change of Fortune has influenced nothing on this Heart, which beats for you alone, my Wife, my *Lydia*!'

THESE Words drew the Attention of Mrs. *Fairchild* on the Earl; she had been hitherto totally inattentive to every Thing but her Child; when looking on him, and hearing the Word Wife, his Dress and these Words were irreconcilable to her Imagination. *Lydia* blushed, and hung her Head in Silence for a Moment in her Bosom, her Heart dancing to the enchanting Sound of Wife.

' AM I yet dear to you, my Lord,' she said, with a Face of infinite Sweetness, her Eyes shining with Tears: ' Does the wretched *Lydia Fairchild* yet find an Interest in your Heart?' ' Dearer than Safety to the shipwreck'd Mariner,' says the Earl, pressing her Bosom to his, and his Lips to her's, ' you possess my whole Soul.' Even the Arms of *Lydia* stealing softly round the Earl in this Embrace, she then said, ' but did you not follow me, suspecting my Virtue? tell me, now, did you not, indeed?' ' I did,' replied the Earl. ' I wonder not,' says *Lydia*, ' at your Suspicion: what then has changed your Sentiments, or at least confirmed you that I am not yet abandoned, but worthy your Esteem?'

' THIS Wretchedness about you, this Resolution of Death, this paternal Fondness, and filial Piety, this Paper,' says the Earl, ' convince me, that *Lydia Fairchild* is still the virtuous Maid my Soul first knew her; had you deserted that, your Beauty would have supplied you wherewithal to live in Affluence, whatever your Bosom must have suffered from the dreadful Situation. My Wife! my Soul!' he uttered in Extacy, again clasping her in his Arms. ' Generous Man,' she replied, almost returning his Embrace, with equal Force, each gazing in Tears and Silence on the other, the venerable Mother not knowing what to conclude from this Appearance, so much like Fairy-land and Vision, for she had never heard from

from *Lydia's* Lips one Syllable of her Passion for the Earl.

At length, she cried, ' Sir, are you some Angel
' come to our Deliverance, to save my *Lydia* from
' starving, to shield that Daughter, that best of hu-
' man Beings, from Destruction? Welcome Death, let
' me now die in Peace, lest that Wretchedness, which
' has ever been the Companion of my Life, still fol-
' low and contaminate your Bliss. Is she, Sir, your
' Wife? is *Lydia Fairchild* wedded to your Arms?'

' Yes, Madam,' says the Earl, ' by all the Vows
' of Tenderness and Truth, which nothing shall di-
' vide or make me violate: She is my Wife.' ' Happy
' Hour!' says the Mother. ' The rising Sun shall be-
' hold that Ceremony which unites me for ever her's,'
continued the Earl.

LYDIA heard these Words with the utmost Sensi-
bility and Joy; her Hand graspt fast by his, their
Eyes meeting in Beams of Extacy, that shone through
Tears of Love; ' my Lord,' she cry'd, ' tho' I freely
' own with Rapture, I hear this Resolution; yet
' many Things have interven'd since I saw you, which
' have sullied my Reputation; these must be all
' cleared off; the Mist, which hangs upon the Cha-
' racter of her you love, must be driven away, all
' shall be bright and becoming the Woman, who is
' to be blest in your Embrace; your Wife shall be
' clear as the Morning Ray, from all Stain and Sus-
' picion; and though my Heart is pure as Virgin
' Snow, and even Distraction may be the Consequence
' of this Resolution, Proof of this Innocence shall be
' obtained before I dare to give myself, wretched as I
' appear, to your Arms, the best of Men.'

THE Earl then asked her, ' what could be suffici-
' ent Reason to delay his Bliss? I am satisfied, that
' you are Virtue itself, my lovely *Lydia*, your Passion
' pleads my Cause.' ' My Lord,' says she, ' but
' Reason too shall confirm it; then,—then,—she said,
beholding his Lordship with ineffable Tenderness.
' Tell me all,' he cry'd again, taking her to his
Bosom.

LYDIA

LYDIA then began, and was proceeding in the Story of her Treatment by the Viscount *Flimsy*; at which Time, *Frank*, who had been searching her, was returned to the Chamber; who hearing her Voice within, animated with this Sound, opened the Door, and rushed in to *Lydia*; when falling on his Knees, he caught her Hand and prest it to his Lips, 'are you yet alive? why did you terrify my Soul in this Manner? why urge your Mother to Distraction? why did not you tell me your Distress? my all should have been yours; these Hands have worked for your Support. Oh! *Lydia! Lydia!* dearest Maid,' he pronounced, bursting into Tears. The Earl seeing this, began to imagine, that *Frank* was his Rival, and probably that *Lydia's* Bosom had felt some Influence in Favour of him; Jealousy began to operate with all its Powers.

WHEN *Frank* rising at *Lydia's* bidding, and seeing the Earl, bow'd, and asked ten thousand Pardons. She thanked him sincerely for his intended Goodness; 'but,' says she, 'Mr. *Frank*, how could I imagine you had ever thought of me?' 'Oh! Miss!' says *Frank*, 'I have been dying with Desire to acquaint you, that the Diamonds, which that cursed Earl of *Flimsy*, my Master, that wicked Man, accused you with having stolen from his Lady, for which you were confined in Goal, were found in his Casquet at his Death; he had done this villainous Action to oblige you to his Will.'

AT these Words the Earl trembled to the Soul.

'THOUGH your Virtue is not to be conquered by any Distress,' added *Frank*, at which Words his Lordship was calmed from his Disquietude.

THE Story was then related to the Earl by *Frank*; and *Lydia*, cleared from that Imputation, when his Lordship rushing into her Arms, swore the next Day should unite them inseparably for ever; endear'd beyond Expression by this Trial of her Virtue.

THIS, poor *Frank* heard with Pain, and yet with Pleasure: He had fondly imagined that *Lydia's* Distress might plead in his Favour, and induce her to wed him; this Hope was vanish'd, yet his Soul was

too honest not to rejoice in this Happiness, which attended all he loved ; he had a Heart within his Bosom, which was filled with sentimental Passion, and would have become the Breasts of Men behind whose Chairs he had frequently served, that harboured those of quite a different and inferior Nature.

‘ MAY you be happy,’ he pronounced, weeping, ‘ tho’ I—He said no more, when the Earl looking first on *Lydia*, and then on *Frank*, the last suspecting by the Expression of his Lordship’s Face, what his Bosom entertained, cry’d out, ‘ indeed, my Lord, I own I love Miss *Lydia* to Distraction, but till this Moment I have never uttered one Word which might have been construed to explain that Design: The Joy of finding her alive hurried me into this Excess; she was ever too fair and too amiable, even for my warmest Hopes: I knew myself and her.’

THIS *Lydia* heard with Pleasure uttered by the Voice of Nature; the Earl himself received it with Delight.

‘ ALL I ask,’ says *Frank*, ‘ and yet I fear to ask it, is to wait upon her, to attend her Footsteps, and see that Face I ever must adore and honour.’

‘ THIS you shall enjoy,’ says the Earl.

‘ THEN I am happy,’ answered *Frank*.

LYDIA herself thanked his Lordship for this Politeness.

THE Earl then returned to the old Lady, and saluted her by the Name of Mother ; ‘ Madam,’ says he, ‘ whatever your Sufferings have been, here they end ; all I ask is, that you will have the Goodness to present me this lovely Creature, this Woman whom I have long loved, and searched in vain since my Change of Circumstances.’

‘ MY Lord,’ she answered, ‘ you have her with all my Soul ; may Happiness be yours.’ He then caught her again to his Arms, and cry’d, ‘ Now, thou art mine, and mine alone for ever.’

THE Earl then turning to *Frank*, asked if he was in Service? To which, answering in the Affirmative, his Lordship said, ‘ You will leave your Master as be- comes a good Servant, and then you shall be Lady

' *Liberal's*. *Frank* bowed with the utmost Respect and Pleasure, and that Evening determined to give his Master Notice of his Intention to quit his Service as soon as he could find a Servant to his Liking.

' BUT, *Lydia*,' says the Earl, ' you and your Mother must instantly quit this despicable Abode ; this Place of Wretchedness, shall be no more your Companion.

LYDIA told his Lordship she had many more Imputations to be acquitted of, before she could consent to be his Wife ; all which being related, his Lordship only became more enthrall'd in Love by her Virtues ; he therefore determined to remove them both that Night from that House.

FRANK took his Leave, and going down Stairs, paid Mrs. *Clinch* for the Lodgings, and left her with a thorough Detestation of her Behaviour.

LYDIA now acquainted my Lord with the long Distress of her Mother, and herself. The Earl weeping with Attention to the Face of *Lydia*, who was relating this Story : But when she came to that Part, which gave an Account of Mrs. *Clinch's* Behaviour, his Soul shiver'd with Horror and Resentment at the Idea of this Woman. ' Call her hither,' he said, ' let her be paid. Let us instantly fly this detested Place, and this inhuman Woman.' When being summoned, his Lordship beheld her with Horror ; and asking her Bill ; she answered that she had been paid by the Gentleman who was just gone ; and withdrew immediately. This Action of *Frank's* his Lordship remarked with Pleasure.

HE then gave *Lydia* Money, and bade her prepare to leave the House in three Hours : ' During which Time,' says he, ' I will provide an Apartment fit for the Reception of you, and your Mother, till To-morrow ; when I shall take you to my Arms, and place you in my own Abode ; the Abode of Happiness.'

HE then took his Leave, to wait upon her at the above Time.

C H A P. LXVIII.

Lydia's Reflections on the approaching Change of her Condition. Mrs. Clinch repents of her Behaviour, from the same Motive which created the Offence. Mistaken in her Judgment. Lydia becomes Countess of Liberal.

THE Earl being gone, *Lydia* embracing her Mother, cry'd out, 'Behold the Will of Heaven! What Change has it produced in one Day! From starving to Affluence; from Despair to Joy; from Death to Life! In all our Miseries, my Soul has oft presaged the coming Happiness.' She then gave her Mother a short Account of the Story of her Love, and her Reasons for concealing it from her; and then left her to redeem those Things which she had pledged. During this Time, the venerable Matron kneeling addressed herself to Heaven, pouring forth her Prayers of Gratitude to the Author of her Being, for this manifest Interposition in their Favour.

LYDIA returning with their Apparel, dressed herself and her Mother with great Simplicity and elegant Neatness. The Flower of Beauty, refreshed by this friendly Shower, seemed re-animated; and lifting its Head, though feebly, spread Abroad its Leaves with some increased Lustre.

IT seems, *Mrs. Clinch*, being greatly possessed with that Spirit, which in general is so little to be found in Women, an Inquisitive Impertinence of Listening, and being acquainted with every one's Affairs, had, during the Time of the Earl of *Liberal's* being with *Lydia*, exercised that Talent with much Skill, and overheard what past in their Conversation.

HOWEVER, she was not so foolish a Woman to imagine an Earl would marry a poor Girl who was in the utmost Necessity? No! no! she had cunningly conceived, that all this Wifeing and Matrimony of their Conversation, was only designed to disguise the real State of the Case from the Mother; and that this

marrying

marrying was to terminate in *Lydia's* being kept by my Lord.

SHE therefore began to repent of her having treated *Lydia* in the Manner we have described. She knew that Kept-Mistresses and their Keepers, pay dearer for every Thing, than other Lodgers; a very prevalent Recommendation in her Opinion. And having received her Rent, she was now determined not to let an over-nice and squeamish Morality prevail over her Love of Gain; and thus lose a Lodger, that might now probably be ten-times more lucrative than before.

SHE therefore, as soon as the Earl was gone, and Miss *Lydia* returned, went into Mrs. *Fairchild's* Chamber, and began with 'a Lord bless me, Madam! To be sure one would think that I have been mad for some Time past. To be sure Miss *Lydia* must think so too. Or how could I have behaved as I have to you! To be sure Passion is a great Sin; and, the Lord have Mercy upon me! I am dreadful passionate. There the Cat broke one of my best China Plates, last Monday was Fort-night, the very Day I was in such a Passion with you first, Madam: And our Mary, the great lazy Slut, burn'd one of my best Aprons in Ironing it: You may run your Fist through the Hole: That put me into a Passion the second Time. Lord knows my Heart, Madam, I should never have thought of behaving so, had it not been for these devilish Accidents: Nobody knows how to behave better than I. Thank God, I was bred up to it from my Cradle. Sure, I hope, Miss, you will not take it amiss. Methinks I should be loth to lose you; and little Tommy, I'll warrant you, will break his Heart with crying, if you should leave us. Poor Child!'

'MADAM,' says *Lydia*, 'you need make no Apologies. I am satisfied: I look upon you as a Machine, in the Hands of Providence, which he has used to bring me to this happy Moment.'

'To be sure, Miss, you are in the right of it: I am in the Hands of Providence: And I am overjoy'd to do you any Service. There's my best Apartment, she whisper'd to *Lydia*, now void; and then

‘ then you may have it to yourself, and Mrs. *Fairchild* may lye here? and then when my Lord comes, you will be always ready to receive him: Old People must not know every Thing, you know, Miss,” with a Leer and a Wink.

‘ MADAM,” says *Lydia*, ‘ you are still as much mistaken as ever; this Earl I believe incapable of that Baseness which you suspect; and, believe me, I am not returned from the Threshold of Death thro’ fear of Dying, or to barter Virtue in Distress, for Splendor in Infamy. Your Manner of Thinking is no Stranger to me; therefore retire, and let me not behold in you, what I detest in Woman.”

AT these Words, Mrs. *Clinch*, finding herself still mistaken in her Suggestions, withdrew, muttering to herself.

THE Earl was now return’d with his Coach, and in it took Mrs. *Fairchild*, and his lovely *Lydia*, to an Apartment which he had provided; where an elegant Repast was prepared for their Reception. During which, *Lydia* smiling on her Mother, said, ‘ Madam, I have often told you Heaven had Blessings yet in Store for you.’

‘ And for you too, my dearest *Lydia*,’ said the Earl, looking fondly on her, taking her Hand, and pressing it to his Lips, ‘ if my Fortune and whole Life’s Attention can impart them to you.’

‘ NOTHING but you can bequeath me that Felicity,’ she answer’d. *Lydia* would have protracted the nuptial Day for a little while, but the Earl persisted in his Resolution. Accordingly the succeeding Morning they were united in the willing Bands of Matrimony; the Sun seemed to rise with purer Lustre on this happy Day, pleased with beholding so perfect a Union of Hands and Hearts, in this amiable Pair of Lovers.

THE Ceremony of Marriage being finished by the Divine, the Earl turned to his *Lydia*, and caught her to his Bosom; she could no longer restrain her willing Arms, but throwing them around his Wasse, pressed her rosy Lip with mutual Ardor to his. Her Soul fill’d with Gratitude and Love, urging from her Breast, ‘ my Lord! my Husband!’ ‘ My *Lydia*! my Wife!’

replied the Earl. The Tumult of Joy, in each prohibited every other Expression from escaping

C H A P. LXIX.

In which Lady Betty Wringle, and some of her Acquaintance, are introduced to the Reader's Acquaintance. An Exhibition of the true Spirit of that Dame, and many other Right Honourables. Her Speech and Disappointment. The last much alleviated by a Fib of Lord Flimsy's Sister.

NEXT Day the Papers declared, That ' Yesterday Miss *Lydia Fairchild* was married to the ' Earl of *Liberal*; a Lady of great Merit, Wit, Beauty and Family.'

This alarmed half the maiden Ladies of Nobility in *London*; they could not conceive who this Female of Merit, Wit, Beauty and Family could be; it seems they had all in turn made a dead Point at this young Earl, tho' unsuccessfully; but most particularly Lady *Betty Wringle*; she had rallied him at Masquerades, ogled him at Plays, leer'd and curtesied to him at Operas, return'd to the Church which she had forsaken, to see the Earl, because he frequented it; she had played in the same Party at Routs, talked of herself and her good Temper at Cards, hinted that such Dispositions generally made good Wives, and had once desired his Lordship to rub her Back, beginning with a Smile, and she verily believed she was lousy all over; it seems she had a fine Skin.

THIS Lady yet entertain'd Hopes, tho' he had never given her any Ground for them. She was justly more disturbed than any other Woman in *England*, to know who this *Lydia Fairchild* could be. A Milliner's Shop is an Office of Intelligence for Ladies; and Mrs. *Make-mode* it happened, was Lady *Betty's* Milliner. To this Woman she posted in her Chair, in an Undress, to learn if this intelligent Dame could give any Account of the new Countess of *Liberal*.

HAPPY for this noble Maiden, Mrs. *Makemode* could lay this inquisitive Spirit of Curiosity, and Satisfy her Ladyship to great Perfection, by acquainting her that *Lydia* had been a Servant to Lay *Flimsy*, and accused of stealing her Diamonds, confined in a Prison for it, and since that Time, not being able to get Service, had lived in a starving Condition with her Mother at one Mrs. *Clinch's* in * * * * * Lane.

READER, if you have ever seen a spendthrift Heir at the opening a Letter which tells him of his avaricious Father's Decease, or my Lord *Bubblebet*, when *Slyboots* has won the Plate, such was the Transport of this right honourable Lady, at the Words which Mrs. *Makemode* uttered.

So pleased was she, that she bespoke several new Things which she had not the least Occasion for, and promised to recommend her more than ever; then taking Mrs. *Clinch's* Direction, hurried away to that tender-hearted Woman, to get yet farther Account of this new-married Lady.

ARRIVING at the above-nam'd Mrs. *Clinch's*, she ask'd, 'if she had Lodgings to let?' To which the Matron of the House answered, 'yes,' with a Curt'sy. Now it happened that Lady *Betty Wrigle* being drest in what the tunesul Part of the Streets of *London* have distinguished in their Songs by the polite Term of the *Niggledigée*; her Cap standing beyond her Eyes like a Coach-horse's Winkers, stuck close to her Cheeks like Paper on Paste-board; her Hat, like my Lord-Mayor's Barge, cock'd before and behind, with Streamers flowing down on one Side; was mistaken by this Matron for a Woman of the Town; Mrs. *Clinch* not being endowed with the Power of distinguishing a Lady of Honour from a Lady of Pleasure, when both are drest exactly alike, and the Colour of the Blood cannot be seen thro' the Skin.

Lady *Betty* then asked, 'if Miss *Fairchild* had lodged there?' To which being answered 'yes,' her Ladyship then desired to see that Apartment.

'LORD, Madam,' says Mrs. *Clinch*, , that Room 'is not half good enough for you; here is my best Dining-room, and a Bed-chamber behind it, as pret-

'tily furnished as Heart can wish to behold; pray, Madam, take that.'

'No matter,' says her Ladyship, 'show me hers.' Which was accordingly done. This Apartment was the thing she wished to see, tho' not to live in. When turning round to Mrs. *Clinch*, she said, 'it would not do for her;' and then wishing to see the other, she added, 'she was sorry that neither of them would serve her Turn.' When opening her Purse, she presented Mrs. *Clinch* with a Guinea, saying at the same time, she never gave People Trouble without some Reward.

'AND pray, Mrs. *Clinch*,' says her Ladyship, 'is it possible that Miss *Fairchild*, who has married an Earl, could live in this Apartment?

'PERHAPS, Madam,' says Mrs. *Clinch*, 'you know not who she is.'

'You say true, indeed,' says her Ladyship, 'I do not. Pray who may she be?' Now the desired Conversation began.

THIS good Matron then, her Heart being opened by the opening of her Ladyship's Purse, resolving to be liberal in her turn, gave her Ladyship more than a full and true Account of all that she knew of *Lydia*; relating her Distress, and her being at Mother *D——*'s, without pronouncing one Word of Miss *Fairchild*'s Behaviour on that Occasion.

LADY *Betty* was now truly satisfied, and had succeeded much better in her Commission, than many *English* Embassadors at foreign Courts; she was now perfectly prepared for the Dutcheſs of * * * * *'s Rout, and to ſate her Envy in discovering who this *Lydia*, now Counteſs of *Liberal*, was. She withdrew, promiſing to recommend Mrs. *Clinch*'s Lodgings, with a Smile, and a Curt'ſy; then hurrying into her Chair, ſhe was carried Home to arrange the Circumſtances of this Story. She longed like a hungry Bat for the Cloſe of Evening and Darkneſs, when ſhe might fly abroad and ſpread her Intelligence: With this Intent, ſhe dreſt herſelf to the beſt Advantage, kindled by the ſarcaſtic Deſire of traducing the Character of this moſt amiable Woman.

THE Servants were Spruc'd and Powder'd, the Knocker rattled, the Door trembled, the Wax lights blazed, the Chairmen and Chairs groaned with the two fat Countesses, the Card-tables were in order, the Parties were disposing, when the precious Burden of Lady *Betty Wringle* was reposed in the Hall of the Dutchess of * * * *.

SHE enter'd the Apartments with Joy flashing from her Eyes; indeed she would have been there sooner, but she purposely delayed her going, that she might deliver this Account with full Spirit at first coming, to a full Company, and not by brooding over it spoil the whole Story, by being obliged to retain it too long, like a Dinner which waits for it's Devourers.

SHE knew the Conversation of the Evening would turn upon the Subject of the Earl's Marriage, and that some gentle Sparrings might probably be aimed at her Ladyship; as the Watchful Eye of Woman must have observed she had paid some peculiar Attention to him.

SHE therefore, at coming, having first made her Curt'sies round, began to Lady *Charlotte* * * * *, with 'Madam has your Ladyship heard who this *Lydia Fairchild* is, whose Wit, Merit, Beauty and Family have seduced the Heart of the Earl of *Liberal* to marry her?' closing this Sentence with a Laugh.

LADY *Charlotte* answering in the Negative;

LADY *Betty* added, 'well, it is impossible to tell you.' Now it seems Lady *Betty*, in her Accounts of Things, resembles the 'Change-alley Jobbers, who can no more suffer a Story to lie still without improving, than these Money-mongers can their Cash without Interest.

SHE therefore began abruptly, with 'it is impossible to surmise to what length Things of this Nature will go. It is long since, Madam, you know, that Noblemen have degraded their Rank by marrying amongst the Plebeian Kind; and indeed there are many Excuses for their so doing.' During these Words the Circle thickened round her.

'Some

‘ SOMETIMES the Situation of their Affairs requires
 ‘ a Fortune to reinstate them ; at other times Beauty may
 ‘ have captivated a Nobleman’s Heart, for really one
 ‘ sometimes sees what one may call pretty Women
 ‘ amongst low People, and then some Reason may be
 ‘ given for the Indiscretion ; at other times Wit has
 ‘ its Powers of Charming, and Men of Quality are fre-
 ‘ quently enamoured of that Excellence ; as to Family
 ‘ that indeed you know, is always a satisfactory Rea-
 ‘ son for wedding a Lady without Fortune or farther
 ‘ Consideration. •

‘ ALL these indeed have something to plead in their
 ‘ Favour ; nay, even marrying Common Women, which
 ‘ has been so often put in Practice by some of our Nobili-
 ‘ ty, which I thought was as far as it could well go,
 ‘ is short of this Action of my Lord *Liberal*. He has
 ‘ taken a Woman from the Plantations, who, by what
 ‘ I can learn is a *Mulatta* ; that Circumstance speaks
 ‘ her Beauty and Family, you know : She was con-
 ‘ fined in a Jail at *Bristol*, for stealing Lady *Flimsy*’s
 ‘ Diamonds, to whom she was a Servant ; since which
 ‘ time she has frequented that House in *Covent-Garden*,
 ‘ where all the Women of the Town resort ; I never
 ‘ remember Names ; this speaks her Merit, your Lady-
 ‘ ship sees ; besides which, she is the most violent *Vi-*
 ‘ *rago*, that ever lived ; and one of the best kind of
 ‘ Women in the World. Mrs. *Clinch*, as I am informed,
 ‘ was obliged to turn her and her Mother out of Doors,
 ‘ they kept such an eternal Scolding together, the
 ‘ poor Woman could get no one to stay in her best
 ‘ Apartment for their Quarrels, by which she must
 ‘ have been undone ; this speaks her Wit, your Lady-
 ‘ ship will observe. It seems, Madam, she was redu-
 ‘ ced to one Linen-gown ; so intamous that not a Soul
 ‘ came near her ; the Chamber in which she lived re-
 ‘ sembling that in Mr. *Hogarth*’s *Harlot’s Progress*, or
 ‘ rather worse ; one broken Chair, and a Bed without
 ‘ Curtains, make the whole Furniture ; Such she was,
 ‘ and such the Earl has taken her to his Arms. A true
 ‘ Sample of Sea Education !

‘ THUS, Madam. this Countess is happily composed
 ‘ of four Qualifications, which one dares not name.

‘ and which, bad as some Women may be imagined, are as rarely found in one Person, as the four cardinal Virtues; which, without doubt, make her a Curiosity, and worthy a Nobleman’s Distinction, by way of Wife.’

‘ PRAY, my Lady, what are these Qualities?’ says a Prig, who had increased her Circle by coming at the latter End of the Account.

‘ ONLY Bastard, Brimstone, Thief and Scold,’ says Lady *Charlotte*, to whom this Tale was recounted, ‘ that’s all.’

‘ A very handsome Collection indeed!’ answer’d the Coxcomb; ‘ and tho’ but four, really enough for any Lady.’

‘ AND this is the Countess of *Liberal*, upon my Honor,’ says Lady *Betty*.

THIS Story was received with general Applause, and not quite so general a Belief.

The Evening before this Rout, Lady *Flimsy* being return’d to Town, found a Card from the Dutchess of * * * *; when, notwithstanding her little Taste for Routs and Drums, she imagined it would not be polite to refuse this Invitation from her Grace; accordingly she came into the Apartments just as Lady *Betty* had finished this History.

Now it came into Lady *Betty*’s Head, that Lady *Flimsy* might strengthen this Report of hers, and give it a Sanction of Truth, which all Stories utter’d from one Lady to another, do not constantly obtain. Those who know the World, know that Histories of this Nature, like Attornies Bills, are often made to be taxed, and bear cutting off prodigiously well in many Parts.

SHE therefore drew near Lady *Flimsy*, and dropping easily into Conversation, ask’d ‘ if she had heard that the Girl, who had robb’d her Ladyship of her Diamonds, was married to the Earl of *Liberal*.’

‘ YES, Madam,’ answered the Viscountess, ‘ not an Hour since, and with infinite Pleasure. I am glad your Ladyship ask’d me this Question, that I may have an Opportunity of doing Justice to the best of Women, and retrieve a Character that has been long treated with the utmost Injustice. The Diamonds

‘ which

‘ which were most iniquitously said, by the late Lord
 ‘ *Flimsy*, to have been stolen by the present Countess
 ‘ of *Liberal*, for which she was confined, were found
 ‘ in his Casket, after his Lordship’s Death. It seems
 ‘ she had resisted every Temptation which he could
 ‘ offer her, to yield him up her Virtue. He therefore
 ‘ took this last Expedient, of secreting my Diamonds,
 ‘ and charging her with it, on purpose to terrify her
 ‘ into Consent; in which he fail’d, as in all the
 ‘ former.

‘ THIS I know, and farther, that there is not a
 ‘ more deserving Woman in *England*; there are few
 ‘ who have so much Beauty and good Understanding,
 ‘ and fewer who have Resolution to withstand all the
 ‘ Temptation of Rewards, and the Terror of Threats,
 ‘ in favour of Virtue. She must do honour to her Rank,
 ‘ and to the Understanding of that Nobleman, who
 ‘ has made her his Choise.’

THIS Relation Lady *Betty* did not relish in the least; the Eyes of the Company were turn’d upon her; at last, one of Lord *Flimsy*’s Sisters who had disagreed with Lady *Flimsy*, on the Affair of his Lordship’s Monument, whisper’d that one *Sweetwood* was imagined to have had an Intrigue with her Ladyship, and that this Wench, now Countess of *Liberal*, was supposed to have been in the Secret; for which Reason this extravagant good Character was so lavishly bestowed upon her.

THIS Narrative gave Peace to Lady *Betty*’s Breast, and many more. The next Morning Lady *Betty*, Lady *Charlotte*, Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Bab*, Lady *Sophy*, Lady *Caroline*, and Lady *Susan*, from this Center of the Rout, driving every Way, like Rays from a Lamp of bad Oil, communicating a dingy Look, and ill Odour, to all it reaches, were piously employed to spread this Tale of Infamy on the Character of Lady *Liberal*.

C H A P. LXX.

Lady Flimsy's Letter to the Countess of Liberal well received by the Earl and Countess.

LADY *Flimsy* was engaged in writing the following Letter to the Countess of *Liberal*.

Dear Madam,

IT is impossible to say, whether I have felt more Pain from your secreting yourself from me so long, and fearing what your delicate Mind might suffer, or more Pleasure in this Account of your being wedded to the Earl of *Liberal*.

I, who know your Soul, rejoice doubly in this Event, because you have taken Possession of all you love, and what I hoped; I shall not pay his Lordship so ill-judged a Compliment, as to wish he may adore you.

I have yet a greater Pleasure in this, than may by many be easily credited. I shall now be happy in seeing you above me in Rank, as you are in every Qualification; and shall rush this Evening to your Arms, to tell you by my own Lips, how sincerely I rejoice in your present Happiness.

Don't be jealous; but I really love your Lord already, tho' I have never seen him; keep this secret, and he shall never know it from me. I am,

Your most obedient Servant,

ARABELLA FLIMSY.

THIS Epistle was received with great Pleasure by the Countess of *Liberal*: the Earl himself read it with vast Delight and Satisfaction.

THE Evening brought Lady *Flimsy* to the Earl's; where he was an Eye-witness of unfeigned Friendship in the Breasts of two Women. The Viscountess manifesting every Token of sincere delight, and the Countess receiving and returning them with equal Truth and Candour.

‘My Lord,’ says Lady *Flimsy*, ‘I wish you Joy of
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‘ the most amiable Woman in *England*; and this I say from Demonstration.’

‘ MADAM, says the Countess, ‘ I have acquainted his Lordship with all my History, and many Distresses which have attended me, since I left your Ladyship.’ ‘ In that Concealment alone,’ replied the Viscountess, ‘ you are blameable; for, believe me, I had long sought you with Pain, fearing your Distress; and in Consequence of a Letter received from the Servant which I left in *London*, who told me you were here, I am now come to Town with design to have made you my inseparable Companion for Life, to enjoy an equal Share of my Possessions; but this noble Earl has prevented me. You, my Lord, will enjoy that Happiness I am robb’d of, and tho’ I love your Lady, I envy you not; there is something in refined and true Love, which Woman cannot taste with Woman, nor Men, I believe, with their own Sex.’

At these Words the Earl smiled, agreeing with her Ladyship’s Opinion. ‘ I see,’ says she, ‘ by your Countenance, my Lord, you have misconstrued my Expression; but I really meant it innocently, and to express that sentimental Passion which is the Result of Souls in Unison, not to be found between two of the same Species.’ This Evening happily past, finished the Conversation and the Chapter.

C H A P. LXXI.

Frank figures with great Eclat in this Chapter. ‘ Squire Rifle brings himself into great Tribulation; and Jack Bonnefoy gets him out again, by persuading him to ask Pardon by Letter; in which the Orthography is preserved for the Study of all Men of that Character.

FRANK, the Servant which we have mentioned, returning to his Master, whom he had served since the Death of the Viscount *Flimsy*, gave him Notice of his Inclination to quit his Service, yet not till he could provide himself with another who was agreeable to him. ‘ Sir,’ says he, ‘ I would not leave you, but

‘ but that I can now be situated, where I hope to finish
 ‘ my Days, and with whom I wish to be, above all
 ‘ People on Earth.’

THIS Gentleman was a Man of Fortune, of a gay
 Cast of Mind, good-natured, and sensible. He would
 have very willingly retained *Frank* in his Service; but
 at the same time told him, as by his Expression he seem-
 ed to like the Place he proposed going to, he would
 not hinder him from being happier than he was with
 him; ‘ for I imagine,’ says he, ‘ my Life does not
 ‘ agree with you damn’d sober Fellows; therefore I
 ‘ shall give you a good Character, and dismiss you as
 ‘ soon as I find another.’

FRANK thank’d him, and was then acquainted that
 some Company would dine with his Master the next
 Day, and ordered to provide Things handsomely.

IN the mean while, this Story so derogatory to the
 Honour of Lady *Liberal*, was propagated with the
 Swiftnefs of a Comet’s Motion. Every Mouth was
 full with it.

AMONGST the rest of the Guests invited to dine
 with *Frank*’s Master was *Squire Rifle*, whom we have
 already mentioned in the fifty ninth Chapter of this
 History, as the Hero who attempted to perpetrate the
 Ruin of *Lydia* at Mother D——’s.

THE Conversation at Dinner turn’d much on the
 late Marriage of the Earl of *Liberal*. One of the
 Company, *Jack Bonnefoy*, said he did not blame the
 Earl for marrying the Girl he liked. ‘ I saw her
 ‘ Yesterday,’ says he, ‘ and upon my Soul, I never
 ‘ beheld a more amiable Woman; with an Air of
 ‘ Sweetness and Modesty, so genteel and easy, as may
 ‘ justify any Nobleman in his Choise of her; and, give
 ‘ me Leave to tell you, there are few Women of
 ‘ more Beauty, and if one may judge from what she
 ‘ said, fewer of so good an Understanding.’

‘ WELL said, *Jack*,’ says *Billy Ramble*, ‘ thee hast
 ‘ a distinguishing Taste for Modesty, I find. Why
 ‘ here’s *Rifle* at my Elbow, swears he had lier at Mo-
 ‘ ther D——’s.’

‘ SAY you so, *Rifle*,’ says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

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 ' from Demonstra
 ' MADAM, say
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‘but that I can now be situated, where I hope to finish my Days, and with whom I wish to be, above all People on Earth.’

THIS Gentleman was a Man of Fortune, of a gay Cast of Mind, good-natured, and sensible. He would have very willingly retained *Frank* in his Service; but at the same time told him, as by his Expression he seem'd to like the Place he propos'd going to, he would not hinder him from being happier than he was with him; 'for I imagine,' says he, 'my Life does not agree with you damn'd sober Fellows; therefore I shall give you a good Character, and dismiss you as soon as I find another.'

FRANK thank'd him, and was then acquainted that some Company would dine with his Master the next Day, and ordered to provide Things handsomely.

In the mean while, this Story so derogatory to the Honour of Lady Liberal, was propagated with the Swiftness of a Comet's Motion. Every Mouth was full with it.

Among the rest of the Guests invited to the
 Master was *Squire Rife*, whom we have
 joined in the fifty sixth Chapter of the
 History, as *Here* who attempted to perpetrate the
 Mother D

The Countess of the Earl of Liberal. One of the
 the Marriage. But he did not know the
 Company, Jack the Girl he liked. I saw her
 for marriage he, and upon my soul, I never
 yesterday, to a woman, with an air of
 which seemed and early, a
 of her; and she
 are few words of
 judge from what he
 understanding.

‘ Yes, damn me,’ says *Rifle*, ‘ I say, I had her at
‘ D——’s.’

DURING this Conversation, *Frank*, who had been greatly pleased with the Beginning of it, and as much stung to the Soul with the latter Part, was ordered by his Master to give him a Glass of Wine and Water. His Mind was so discomposed at this Account given by *Rifle*, that, not knowing what he did, he took the Glass half full of Small Beer, and then adding Wine and Water to it, gave it to his Master.

‘ ZOUNDS, *Frank*,’ cried his Master, after tasting it, ‘ what have you given me? by——, you have
‘ poisoned me.’ The Servant by this Expression recalled from his *Reverie*, asked ten Thousand Pardons for his Mistake. ‘ But, Sir,’ says he, ‘ the Account
‘ which that Gentleman,’ pointing to ‘Squire *Rifle*,
‘ has given of Lady *Liberal*, was the Cause of it; not
‘ thinking what I was doing, when I intended to give
‘ you Wine and Water, I have mixed these Liquors
‘ together. I am sure, Sir, you will pardon me, when
‘ I assure you, there never was a more amiable Woman,
‘ and that I am convinced, that there is not one Word
‘ of Truth in all he has spoke.’

THIS Speech of *Frank*’s summoned the Eyes of the whole Company upon him. His Master then asked, what he knew of the Countess of *Liberal*? When *Frank* gave an Account of the Affair of the Earl of *Flimsy*, his secreting his Lady’s Diamonds, and what Lady *Liberal* had refused and suffered for the Cause of Virtue; concluding that it was impossible that a Woman who had done this could have been had at D——’s, and that he did not believe a Word of it.

‘ NOR I,’ says *Jack Bonnefoy*.

‘ AND so,’ says *Rifle* to *Frank*, ‘ you say I lye;
‘ do you, you Rascal?’

‘ No,’ says *Frank*, ‘ I have not yet said so.’

‘ BUT you think so, you Scoundrel.’

‘ THAT I do, indeed,’ answered *Frank*.

‘ RASCAL,’ replied *Rifle*, ‘ I’ll break every Bone in
‘ your Body,’ rising in great Wrath.

‘ INDEED, you will not,’ says *Frank*; ‘ I wish you
‘ would touch me with one Finger. I dare say, that

‘ the

‘ the whole Company would be pleased to see you thrash’d within an Inch of your Life; which you shall certainly be. Sir,’ says he, turning to his Master, ‘ you will have the goodness to Pardon me, in defending the Character of all that is virtuous, from the Slander of that Man, who calls himself a Gentleman; and if I do not prove this to all your Satisfaction, I will consent to any Punishment you shall think fit to inflict upon me.’

‘ A SENSIBLE Fellow, by——,’ says *Jack Bonnesoy*.

‘ NAY, *Frank*,’ says his Master, ‘ I cannot blame you, if what you say be true: I think *Rifle*’s Slandering an innocent Lady has reduced him, at least, to your Level.’

RIFLE then vow’d Vengeance against *Frank*, and swore by his Maker a Thousand Times, ‘ that he had her at D——’s;’ till *Frank* out of all Patience, swore ‘ he lyed, and he would prove it to the Company.’

THERE was besides the apparent Air of Truth, which was visible in *Frank*’s Face, the known Character of *Rifle* for slandering Women of Reputation, and endeavouring to lye away their Characters, which inclined the Company to believe the Servant rather than the Gentleman.

AFTER Dinner the common Healths were drank; *Rifle* swearing between each Toast, ‘ That he would be the Death of *Frank*, and insisting on his being turn’d away by his Master.’ To which it was answered, ‘ That he was already leaving his Service.’ ‘ But faith, *Rifle*,’ says the Master of the Treat, ‘ you have so often vaunted of Affairs with Women whom you never saw, that I cannot say, that I am sorry to see you so treated by a Footman: And give me Leave to tell you, that this Fellow has never told me a Falsehood during his serving me; and at present he leaves me much against my Will.’

‘ He has something in him above the common Rate of Domestics; and will be very apt to search this Thing to the Bottom, to your no very great Honour; if what you have said, be not true.’

THE whole Answer to this was, ' that by—— it was true.'

DURING this Time, *Frank* was determined to take ample Vengeance of this infamous Fellow: He first thought of acquainting the Earl of *Liberal* with it; but then, fearing for the Life of that Lord, which was so dear to the Countess of *Liberal*, his Affection for that Lady preferring her Ease to his own Safety; he determined in a Letter to *Rifle*, to personate the Earl, and demand Satisfaction for thus treating the Countess's Character.

HE therefore, whilst the Company was still at his Master's, wrote the following Letter, which he contrived to be brought by a Porter, and delivered into Squire *Rifle*'s own Hand.

S I R,

I Am this Minute acquainted by the Servant, who this Day waited at Dinner, that you have said, That you had my Lady Liberal at D——s's: If you can prove this to be true, I shall forgive you: if not, as I am convinced you cannot, I here require Satisfaction To-morrow Morning; and if you refuse meeting me, and appointing the Place, I will kick you wherever I meet you,

Yours,

LIBERAL.

THIS Letter being delivered, a ghastly Paleness stole upon the Face of Squire *Rifle*; and an Odour, less fragrant, though more powerful, than the damask Rose transpired from the Parts below.

THIS being perceived by Jack *Bonnesfoy*, Damn you, *Rifle*, says he, What News have you received? It operates strongly upon you, I perceive. *Frank* stood to ask if there was any Message to be returned, and beheld this Token of Distress with great Pleasure.

'Sirrah, you Rascal,' says *Rifle* to *Frank*, 'this is your doing, you Dog. Do you betray the Secrets which pass at your Master's Table?

'SIR,' says *Frank*, 'You irritated me to it.'

'READ the Letter,' says the Master of the House.

WHICH

Which being done by *Jack Bonnefoy*; and coming to these Words, 'If you can prove this to be true, I shall forgive you.' 'Why, *Rifle*,' says he, 'If you have any Proof of the Truth of what you have said, here is no Danger.'

'Ay!' says *Rifle*, 'but how do I know whether his Lordship will be satisfied with the Proof which I shall bring? I never intended this should come to his Ears!'

'That I believe,' says *Bonnefoy*; 'yet I cannot blame *Frank* for discovering it: There are but three Things which you can choose of; either to give him Satisfaction, like a Man of Honour; ask his Pardon, and own yourself a Scoundrel; or prove that which you have asserted to be true.'

At this *Rifle* was all in a cold Sweat; which *Frank* perceiving, told him the Porter waited an Answer.

This Moment, who should enter to the Company, but young Captain *Firebrace*, half cock'd: It seems he was designed to be of the Company, but being pre-engaged, had dined at another Place, and was come hither to finish his Evening's Potation.

After having saluted the Master of the House, he cried out, 'Oh! my old Friend *Rifle*! What are you here? I have not seen you since I met you at D——s's.'

'To this *Bonnefoy* replied, *Firebrace*, you are come in a happy Time, to extricate your Friend *Rifle* from a damn'd Dilemma, into which he is gotten. It seems the Earl *Liberal* has heard that this Gentleman has defamed his Countess, by saying he had her at D——s's, and has sent to him to demand Satisfaction; and at present he is at a Loss whether he shall fight him, acknowledge he has been in the wrong, or bring Proof of what he has said.'

And then says *Firebrace*, I am the Man in the World the best able to set this Matter right; and here I undertake, upon my Honour, to prove that *Rifle* had her at D——s's. This made *Frank* tremble to the Heart; as he knew this Gentleman was a Man of strict Honour, and the whole Company was stagger'd

at this Declaration; yet *Rifle* seemed to express no Satisfaction at these Words.

'PRAY tell us then,' says the Master of the House, 'how it was.' *Firebrace* then disclosed the whole Affair, as we have already related it; at which *Frank's* Heart dancing with Joy, he cried out, 'did not I tell you, Sir, he was a Liar?' All the Company beholding *Rifle* with Abhorrence, and *Frank* with Pleasure: *Bonnefoy* saying, 'I ever believed the Dog was an arrant Scoundrel; yet I could not have imagined him so thoroughly abandoned and infamous, as he now appears to be.'

'WELL,' says *Firebrace*, 'what do you intend doing, *Rifle*? You will not fight, I know; and your proving the Truth of what you intended is impossible.' At this, *Rifle* fancied he had conceived a lucky Thought, 'I did not say I lay with her at D——s, I only said that I had her there; and this is true, and you can prove it.'

'You base Fellow,' says *Firebrace*, 'this screening yourself under the double Meaning of your Expression, is yet more infamous than the Thing itself. Did not you intend that this Company should believe that you had enjoyed this virtuous Lady; and to contaminate her Character?'

'WRITE a Letter to the Earl, and acknowledge your being a Rascal; and then hide your infamous Head in the Country, from all human Society,' says *Bonnefoy*.

'I CAN do the latter, without acknowledging that I am a Rascal, under my own Hand; and I'll decamp To-morrow,' says *Rifle*.

'INSENSIBLE Brute,' says *Bonnefoy*, 'Here, *Frank*, I give him over to your Chastisement.' 'Then,' says *Frank*, 'he shall write before he leaves this House; and give an Account of his Behaviour, under his own Hand, or I'll die if he escapes.' 'Well said,' *Frank*, says *Firebrace*.

ACCORDINGLY, 'Squire *Rifle* being supplied with Pen, Ink and Paper, would have written an Answer; when, after many Attempts, he cried, 'Damn me, if I know what to say.' 'Write after me,' says *Bonnefoy*.

When taking the Pen, he wrote what follows, as *Bonnefoy* dictated.

My Lord,

I N Answer to yore Lordship's Letter, whitob demandt me ether to gife you Proofs of what I have propigated against yore Countis, or Satisfaction; I bear acnolitch the bole to be an infamus Ly. And that I am a most notorious, (here *Bonnefoy* pronouncing the Word Scoundrel, *Rifle* desired to be excused from inserting that.) 'Write, damn you,' says *Bonnefoy*, 'or Frank shall twig your Nose from your Face.' (*Frank* stretching forth his Hand in Readiness) at which he wrote, *Scoundril*, for baseing tradused the most virtuus of *Weemin*. I ask yore Lordship ten thousand Pardons for this scandalus Behafior. And am,

Your most obedient,

humbel Servant,

THOMAS RIFLE.

'SEE how the Rascal spells,' says *Bonnefoy*, taking the Letter. 'Is it not a Reflection on human Kind, that such illiterate and infamous Fellows can find Admission into good Company, thro' the Deceit of a laced Coat, and a Thousand a Year; when Merit and Learning are almost excluded, what is mistakenly called, the best Society, because it may happen to want these Requisites?'

The Letter was folded, sealed and given to *Frank*, to send it to his Lordship. *Rifle* was committed, at the same Time, to be turned down Stairs by *Frank* also, by the general Consent of all present.

The next Day he withdrew into the Country, for a few Months; debauched all the pretty Girls in his Neighbourhood; till afraid of being justly treated, according to his Deserts, in that Part, he returned to *London*; and, at present, his whole Life is spent in Taverns and Bagnios; seeking new Faces to ruin and destroy, and to be duped by Bawds and Pandars.

Frank's Character gains universal Applause.

THIS Transaction soon got abroad into the World; and in a very little Time, reached the Ears of *Earl Liberal*. When his Lordship being ask'd, 'if he knew any thing of the Story,' answer'd, 'that he believed the whole to be false; because he was sure he had never written any Letter to *Risfe*, or heard of his Name. At the same Time,' says he, 'Lady *Liberal* was really treated in the Manner this Story relates it; but as she knew not the Name of the Person, I never could find an Opportunity of chastising the Villain, or thank the Gentleman who rescued her from his Hands; both of which I had most certainly done. However,' says the Earl, 'I think I saw the Servant, who is said to have been engaged in this Affair, enter my House, not six Minutes since; we will know the Truth of this Story.'

ACCORDINGLY *Frank* being introduced, the Story was told by him as it really pass'd. When the Earl asking *Frank*, how he came to use his Name without his Consent; 'I would not run the Risque of giving Pain to my Lady, by your punishing so bad a Man; and therefore presumed to use your Lordship's Name in the Letter.'

'Ah! but *Frank*,' says her Ladyship, 'what if this Man had accepted the Challenge?'

'THEN, Madam,' says he, 'I would have met him disguised in my Master's Cloaths; defended your Innocence, and preserved my Lord, whom you love so well, from all Chance of being injured.'

'DESERVING, generous Creature!' answer'd her Ladyship. My Lord, and all the Company agreeing in that Truth. *Frank* bowed very low, rendered almost immortal in his own Opinion, by the Pleasure which these Words imparted to his Soul.

HE then gave the Letter, which *Risfe* had written, into the Hands of the Earl; which afforded no little Diversion to the Company present, and retired.

C H A P T E R LXXIII.

A small Incident at Ranelagh, which turns out to the no great Honour of the right honourable Captain Charles Bounce.

THIS Evening, the Earl and his Lady were to be accompanied with Lady *Flimsy*, and a Gentleman, his Friend, to *Ranelagh*. This was the first Time that she had made her Appearance in any public Place since her Nuptials. She was dressed extremely neat, without Show or Ostentation, with few Jewels, the Earl even pressing her to wear those she had on: And, as she was now recovered from that pale and languid Look, which her Distress had imparted to her Countenance, she appeared extremely beautiful. Being accompanied with Lady *Flimsy*, who was also a fine Woman, the Eyes of all the Company were upon her; the Men, in general, praising her Beauty, and the Women darting the malicious Arrows of Envy, which rebounded on themselves, without injuring her.

AMONGST these was the Earl *Braggard*, the Father of the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, who was also himself then present, being returned from his Voyage. It seems, as hath been already hinted, this Earl delighted much in Accounts of his Son's Amours; in Compliance to which Disposition of his Sire, this Son, as in Duty bound, had framed many a lascivious Tale, to entertain his aged Parent, to make his Hours of declining Life pass away pleasantly, and prevent him from uneasy Thoughts of another World: A rare Instance of filial Piety in Sons, in this wicked, degenerate Age! Amongst which Histories, the manner, in which he had succeeded in debauching the Lady *Liberal*, was one.

And here we cannot avoid lamenting the indiscretion of too many Parents, who cannot patiently bear that their Sons should give an Account of their Amours and Gallantries before them, as did this right honourable Lord *Braggard*. A more general Disposition in

Fathers to this Behaviour, we presume, would probably inform them of their Sons true Inclinations, prevent them from seeking other Company, and frequenting Taverns; and, if they would but kindly indulge their Propensities, keep W——es in their own Houses, for their Childrens Amusement, as they grow up, they might certainly, in a great Measure, prevent their frequenting Bagnios and Brothels, and squandering their Money: the only Thing belonging to Man, which, at present, is thought worth saving. Indeed, if it was not for the kind-hearted Dispositions of some Maid-servants, contrary to their Masters and Mistresses Knowledge, Things would be much worse than they are; however, we are not quite out of Expectation, to see a kept Mistress provided by every noble Father, for a young Lord, in the Place of a Tutor; and inferior Families, making it one Article in their Agreements with the Maid-servants, that Mr. *Jemmy* and Mr. *Jacky*, shall lye with them, as soon as they are big enough to begin an Amour; as the most frugal and safest Method of Education, and providing what is now allowed to be so universally necessary for all young Gentlemen, and to the utter Ruin of Bawdy-houses and Taverns.

THIS Earl then, seeing the Countess of *Liberal* at *Ranelagh*, was relating the Story of his Son *Charles*'s Amour with her, to a Circle of surrounding Toad-eaters; his old gummy Eyes twinkled with Lust, like two Farthing-Candles in two greasy Sockets; and the Slaver ran from his toothless Mouth, in the Recital, like a Hound's which had been hard hunted; his two Legs and his Cane scarce supporting him, whilst his Head nodded Time to the Relation, like a *Chinese* Image put in Motion.

THE Earl of *Liberal* having been divided from his Company by an old Friend, was again following them, when, seeing a Circle, he stepped up to this which surrounded the old Lord *Braggard*; where being unobserved and unknown to the Company, he overheard what this old Debauchee was lasciviously relating.

THIS infamous Narration pierced his very Soul; however, he had Temper sufficient to restrain his Re-

sentment against this Veteran in Lust and Impotence, reserving it for his Son *Charles*, from whom he knew this Lye must proceed.

THE Earl of *Liberal* had seen him in the Room; but having a thorough Detestation of the Man, he had not exchanged a single Word with him; and, to say the Truth, the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* had carefully avoided meeting the Earl in walking round, urged to that Behaviour by conscious Guiltiness.

THE Earl *Braggard* finish'd his Account, by saying, '*Charles* shall tell you more of the Matter when he comes.' At these Words the Earl of *Liberal* withdrew.

HAVING joined his Lady, Lady *Flimsy*, and another Gentleman, who accompanied them, in the succeeding Round, he saw the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* in the Middle of this Circle, alertly relating the Account, the old Lord tittering with Joy at it, and the Company turning their Eyes on the Countess and her Companions; as they pass'd, one of them spoke loud enough to be heard, 'She is a delicious Piece!'

These Words pierced the Soul of Earl *Liberal*; to hear his Lady's Fame and Honour traduced before his Face was beyond all human Bearing. He therefore stept on one Side, and speaking to a Waiter, shewed him the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*; when, giving him a Guinea, he bid him speak to him secretly, and say, 'that he came with a Message from a Lady, who waited for him at the lower End of the Right-hand Side of the Canal, in the Gardens, going towards the River.'

To this Place the Earl of *Liberal* pass'd with all Haste; and the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* follow'd him immediately; thinking nothing less than some Intrigue would be the Consequence of this Rendezvous. The favourite Singer was at that Time performing, and the Gardens quite empty.

How great was the Surprise of this Captain, when he discovered the Earl of *Liberal*! His Joy sunk away at the Sight, like the sensitive Plant contracting at a Touch; however,

however, he said, ' my Lord, your most obedient
' Servant. Is it you who have favoured me with this
' Message? Some Joke, I suppose.'

' VILLAIN! draw your Sword,' replied the Earl.

' PRITHEE, Pox! my Lord, leave your Joking!
' You will always be the same Man, I see. What is
' the Matter now?' says the Captain, not a little sur-
ter'd.

' You know too well,' answer'd the Earl: ' Did
' not you most scandalously traduce the Character of
' Lady *Liberal*, not five Minutes since, furnished with
' that Circle of Coxcombs? Sir, I heard your lascivi-
' ous old Father give an Account of your having en-
' joyed my Wife, which, you know, is an infamous
' Lie; therefore, Villain! instantly give me Satis-
' faction'

' My Lord!' says the Captain, ' you know that
' old Men will be prating silly Stuff; his Head is
' quite gone; it's not my Fault.'

' Yes,' says the Earl, ' but not without your
' first having invented, and told him this Lie; there-
' fore, by Heavens! I will have Satisfaction in-
' stantly.'

THE honourable Captain *Bounce* then looked be-
hind, to see if any one was coming who might part
them, if he should dare to engage; when no one ap-
pearing, he cried, ' Dear *Liberal*! do pardon me;
' upon my Soul, I will never offend again in this
' Manner; I will ask Pardon on my Knees.'

' Yes,' says the Earl, ' in the Middle of that Cir-
' cle, where you have endeavoured to blast the Re-
' putation of all my Souladores; therefore, give me Satis-
' faction instantly, or march before me to the Ro-
' tunda.'

THE Captain then intreating, told him, he must
' be undone for ever, if he persisted in this Demand!
The Earl replied, ' and my *Lydia*'s Fame must be
' for ever blighted, if it is not complied with; there-
' fore, Scoundrel! march, or your Nose and you shall
' follow these Fingers.'

No Intreaties could prevail. The Captain's Land-
courage was left on board Ship, and he had not
brought

brought on shore enough of the Sea, to give his Right-arm Vigor to draw his Sword; he therefore followed the Earl, who, directing him to the Place where the Earl *Braggard* stood, spoke aloud, 'Here, Mischreant! on this Spot ask Pardon of this Father of yours, and of the Company, for having abused their Ears with Lies, relating to your Amour with Lady *Liberal*. On your Knees directly!' This drew the Company about them; when some interfering in Favour of the Captain, the Earl related the Story and insisted on his doing Justice to his Wife, by speaking Truth on the very Spot where he had utter'd the Lie, or giving him the Satisfaction of a Gentleman. This being thought reasonable by most present, Captain *Bounce* was obliged to ask Pardon on his Knees, for what he had said, and to declare that the whole Account was a Lie, as he had related it.

Thus the Character, of the most virtuous of Women was publicly justified, from the malicious Lies of infamous Cowards; and the Tongue of Slander much silenced, from speaking to the Dispraise of *Lydia*, Countess of *Liberal*.

C H A P. LXXIV.

True Instances of filial Piety in the Countess; paternal Fondness in the Mother; and humane Politeness in the Earl. The true Test of sincere Love.

THE filial Piety which the new-married Lady had manifested to her Parent, was now more conspicuous than ever. The good old Woman recovering with amazing Progress, by this Change of her Circumstances; it was an Object more delightful than flowery Lawns, and falling Waters, waving Woods, and craggy Rocks, diversified with all that is picturesque in Architecture and Animals, heightened by Sunshine, to behold the beauteous Face of *Lydia*, Countess of *Liberal*, at the Approach of her venerable Mother; her Eyes shed innumerable Rays of Piety and Joy; Duty exalted every Feature; and this, because the

most

most captivating Powers of the Soul must animate the Face of human Nature, at these Moments: An Idea of Pleasure, which must for ever be deficient in surveying the Objects of Still-life, where those active Virtues are known not to reside.

No Company, no Engagement in her own House, could prevent the Countess from attending her Mother when she retired to rest; The Lip of Duty was always prest to that of paternal Love; whose Blessing following the Action, imparted infinite Delight to the Heart of *Lydia*.

‘Go, my Child,’ she said, ‘may the God of all continue to shew those Blessings on thy Head, with which he has already distinguished and rewarded thy Piety and Virtue.’

SUCH are the Effects of Minds at Ease, Mrs. Fairchild became gay again; and like one who had renewed the Vigor of Life.

THE Earl himself being vastly delighted with her Company, and contriving, by every amiable Action, to give her Pleasure, who was the Source of so great Joy to his lovely *Lydia*, often conversed with her, and was much entertained with her Conversation; and when the deep impressions of her former Anguish, would seduce her Tale to deviate into Accounts of past Sufferings, so natural to Age, the Earl with all the Politeness of Good-nature, led her from these melancholy Relations, and told her, ‘That Miseries to Mankind were only the Moments of Eclipse, which heightened and endeared the Hours of Sunshine; Means in the Hand of Providence, like Shades from the Painter’s Pencil, which give Strength and Beauty to the whole; without which, Life would be one Glare of undistinguished Folly, or flat Exhibition of Indifference, without Relief, Attraction or Pleasure.’

‘INDEED, my Lord,’ answered the venerable Mother, ‘I believe this may be true; and yet, alas! I fear, miserable as I have long been, that I shall even have Reason to repent my being known to you.’

‘ To me, Madam,’ says the Earl, ‘ not a little amazed! How can that be apprehended?’

‘ My Lord,’ says she, before I was caress’d and distinguished by your Affection and Goodness, before my dear Child was rendered the happiest of Women in the Arms of the best of Men, I hourly wished for my leaving this World! Now, alas! such is the Weakness of human Nature, I fear your generous Behaviour has made my Days so agreeable to me, that I shall relinquish this Life with Reluctance, and view my Hopes of Heaven with more Indifference than before.’

THE Earl, pleased with this Reply, could scarce express, the rising Tear hindering him, that such Apprehensions should not deter him from behaving in the same Manner, and wishing her Days may be many. ‘ Happy, Madam, they shall be, as far as human Means have Power,’ he said, ‘ to make them so.’

AT these Words the Countess enter’d the Apartment; when the Earl ran to her, and catching her in his Arm, seized a Kiss, telling her how elegantly he had been complimented by her dear Mother: Then still pressing her to his Bosom, he said to Mrs. Fairchild, ‘ Is it possible, Madam, for my grateful Heart to accomplish half the Happiness I wish to impart to the Mother of this lovely Woman; who has given me my all, my dearest *Lydia*?’

‘ Happy Parent! happy Daughter!’ said the Mother, when Excess of Joy held their Tongues mute.

AFTER this Silence, the Earl, addressing himself to Mrs. Fairchild, said, ‘ Madam, I wish you would assist me in prevailing on this rebellious Hussy to decorate her Person with Jewels, as becomes the Rank she is now intitled to. Is there a Woman in *England* besides, who would refuse Five-thousand Pounds-worth of Diamonds, which I solicit to be permitted to present her?’

‘ My Lord,’ replied the Countess, ‘ If that could make either you or myself happier, I would, with Pleasure, accept of them: Will your seeing me con-

vered

‘vered with Gems, create one Grain more of true Love for me?’

‘No,’ says he, ‘that’s impossible.’

‘To what Intent shall I adorn myself then?’ she replied.

‘To prove to the World how much I love you,’ says the Earl.

‘My Lord, you give me and the World, what is infinitely a greater Proof of sincere Passion than the Gems of *Indostan*, can bequeath; Vanity even may induce a Lord to decorate his Consort; and many other Motives: But he that gives me his Time, who hears all I say, with Delight, and gazes on my Face with Rapture, bestows me the most essential Proof of sincerest Affection. Give me that Boon, and let whatever Wives that approve of them, receive the Bawbles of Finery from the Hands of their Husbands: She that truly loves, will think with me; and she who does not, possesses a venal Soul, bought by fallacious Presents, and is at Bottom open to the Purchase of every Man that chooses to bid high for her Heart.’

‘VERY sublime indeed, Madam, and extremely sentimental. Will this continue?’

‘YES, my Lord, it will, I am sure; because my Heart will not permit me to believe that you will ever desert me.’

‘GENEROUS Creature!’ says the Earl. ‘You think of me as I will deserve.’

C H A P. LXXV.

The Countess's Opinion of Dress. Lady Flimsy's Arrival; and a Resolution to go to the Masquerade.

AT this Time there was a Masquerade preparing to be held at *Ranelagh*. The Earl pressed his Countess to go thither; and as the Ladies had intended making the most splendid Appearance; he desired she would be dressed in the most magnificent and costly

costly Manner. ' Here you will be disguised; and
' Lady *Flimsy* will gladly be your Companion.'

' My Lord,' says she, ' I shall soon be known,
' tho' disguised: And as I am myself already the En-
' vy of many Women, who wish to enjoy the Happi-
' ness of your Comfort; there may be many displeasing
' Things utter'd from behind a Masque, which the
' same Lips would not have Courage to pronounce
' with a bare Face; and this Finery will but distin-
' guish me the more conspicuously the blazing Star of
' ill Omen to their Felicity.'

DURING this Conversation, Lady *Flimsy* came to
visit the Countess: When the Conversation continu-
ing, the Viscountess said, ' Madam, it is my Opinion,
' that you will do well to see a Masquerade; and I
' dare say one will suffice for your Life; for to Peo-
' ple who examine their Pleasures, this can have no
' Charms to create a Repetition.'

' AT the same time, Madam, what you say has
' much Truth in it: The Tongues of Malevolence
' will snatch this Opportunity of invading the Ears
' of Innocence, if you are distinguished by your
' Dress. Therefore to avoid that disagreeable Task,
' I will appear as the highly decorated Person; and
' you as you please; by which Means the whole
' Power of their Malice against you, will be direct-
' ed to me; out of which we shall draw some amuse-
' ment.'

IT was then agreed, that Lady *Flimsy* should be
drest with great Magnificence; and Lady *Liberal* with
great Simplicity; and that in this Manner my Lord
should attend them to the Masquerade.

MY Lady *Flimsy* had yet another View, which was,
That of meeting Mr. *Sweetwood*, who she heard had
followed her to Town, and intended being at *Ranelagh*;
as he concluded the Viscountess would be pre-
sent at this Entertainment.

THE Evening being come, the Ladies prepared,
and, accompanied by the Earl and another Gentleman,
proceeded in their Coach to *Ranelagh*; where what
happened to be the Conversation and Incidents, shall
be seen in the following Chapter.

C H A P. LXXVI.

Lady Betty Wriggle mistakes her Object, and meets a Defeat in her Raillery. Reflections on the Characters at Masquerades, and that Entertainment. A Resolution.

HOWEVER, before we set the Company forth, we shall comply with the Request of those Ladies, who delight in descriptive Finery; Lady *Flimsy* was habited like *Diana*, in a pastoral Dress, of white Satin, with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows on her Shoulders; her Fore-head was adorned with a Crescent of Diamonds; and her Head, Neck, and Bosom, decorated richly with Jewels; she had blacken'd her Hair, to give herself the greater Resemblance of the Countess. Lady *Liberal*, and the two Gentlemen, were in Dominos.

THIS Figure, so fine, soon attracted the Eyes of the Assembly, which was very numerous: At first, a thousand Guesses were made, who she could be; till, at length, it was universally agreed, she could be no other than the new Countess.

LADY *Betty Wriggle*, beholding this Profusion of Diamonds, was not a little incensed against her happy Situation: For, in Truth, it was the Expectation of Pomp and Dress, that had attracted this Lady's Liking to the Earl, and no sympathetic Sensation of true Passion, answering in Unison and Delight to the Touches of celestial Love in her Bosom.

SHE therefore determined to mortify her, as much as she could; and, as she believed herself unknown to the Countess, she was the more free in engaging in that Design.

SHE therefore began with Lady *Flimsy* (mistaking her Object) who had learnt her whole Proceeding with Mrs. *Makemode*, and Mrs. *Clinch*, and knew her Voice.

'PRAY, Madam,' says Lady *Betty*, 'how does Mrs. *Clinch* do?'

'You

' You can better inform me, Madam,' says the Viscountess, ' as you are the Woman that have taken the Lodgings, which I left, I suppose.'

THIS was no very promising Beginning; however, being nettled with this Answer she proceeded.

' You grow pert, Madam, since you have caught your Sea-Calf: Pray is that the Bow and Arrow with which you wounded the Monster?'

' MADAM,' says Lady *Flimsy*, ' I am pert and proud too, in wounding that Heart which you shot at, and was invulnerable from your Shafts.'

' I shoot at his Heart! pretty little Innocent; you will one Day bequeath that Crescent on your Head, to the Forehead of your Deeree, I presume.'

' MADAM, he tells me he would rather have it from my Hands, than yours; but I shall endeavour to keep it myself, because I know you envy it me.'

' WHY, really, Madam, you profited much by your Studies in *Covent-Garden*,' says Lady *Betty*.

' THAT will be an Encouragement for you, I hope, Madam, to ply there, and finish your Character, which wants only that to compleat it.'

DURING this time the Laugh ran high against Lady *Betty Wriggle*: She therefore withdrew, with saying, ' Train up a Child; ' True,' says Lady *Flimsy*, ' and you prove that when it is old it will keep to the same Way it was bred in.'

THIS Stroke of *old* was the severest of all; for Lady *Betty*'s Years had already exceeded the Game, and the Symptoms of old Maid began to appear visible, or rather too visible in her Face and Disposition; she therefore sheer'd off, and changed her Domino.

MR. *Sweetwood*, believing this splendid Figure to be Lady *Liberal*, concluded the other was Lady *Flimsy*; the Head of her Domino was up, to conceal her Hair; he therefore began with asking her when she left *Worcestershire*? Lady *Liberal* answered, with saying, ' she never was in that Country; you are mistaken, Sir, you take me for the Lady, whom you persecuted at the *Wells*: I suppose she has left that Country to fly your Impertinence, and you are following

‘ following her. What you attempt a Dowager-Viſcounteſs? A modeſt Country Squire indeed! a Lady of Honour for a Country Squire!’

LADY *Flimſy* hearing, this, ſaid, ‘ She could give him ſome intelligence concerning his Fugitive; ſhe is To-morrow Morning to be married to my Lord *Beef*, and is come to Town with that Intent; you imagine, I ſuppoſe, the World is unacquainted with your being forbidden her Houſe.’

THIS Stroke was too intereſting for *Sweetwood* to trifle with: He ſaid, ‘ tell me, I implore you, Maſter, whoever you are, if what you ſay is true, that I may fly this Kingdom: I cannot bear to live, and behold her in another’s Arms.’

‘ POOR Love-ſick Swain!’ ſays Lady *Flimſy*, follow me, and I’ll explain the whole Matter to you,’ the Company that was with her, accompanying them; when being withdrawn into a Corner, ſhe began to tell Mr. *Sweetwood* a Tale of well-imagined Falſehood, aſſuring him, that Lady *Flimſy* had abuſed his Paſſion for her, that ſhe was ſeduced by the Love of Riches to marry Lord *Beef*, as he was called, and many other Things; all which being founded on Paſſages that he knew to be true, and heightened by Fancy, with much probable Circumſtance, had a ſtrange Effect upon him. ‘ And now, Sir,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ that you may not be induced to believe, that becauſe this is ſaid from behind a Maſque, it contains nothing but Railery, I will diſcover who I am to you;’ when juſt taking off her Maſque, *Sweetwood* beheld the Face of her he adored.

How great and unexpected was this Diſcovery! The Tide of Joy, which had been ebbing from his Boſom, during this Relation, returned with ſuch Impetuouſity, it almoſt overwhelm’d his Soul; the Eyes of Lady *Flimſy*, the Maſque being removed, like the Sun-beams, when an Eclipse paſſes off, darting Light, Heat and Chearfulneſs through his whole Fabric.

SWEETWOOD then joined the Party.

DURING the Evening, Lady *Liberal* could not avoid drawing this Reflection from the ill Accord between

tween the Characters and Dresses of the Masquers,
 ' How little human Kind was acquainted with itself.'

' WOULD that Harlequin,' says she, ' have been
 ' so dress'd, who is as ill adapted for it, as Sir *John*
 ' *Falstaff* for a running Footman, if he knew himself?
 ' or that *Arcadian*, who, instead of rural Innocence,
 ' has all the Marks of *Covent-Garden* in her Behavi-
 ' our?'

' THERE's a Devil,' says the Earl, ' without one
 ' Bit of Subtily; a Quaker that damns me for ask-
 ' him whether his righteous Spirit intends defending
 ' his Country, by Arms or not; and a Sailor, who
 ' does not know one End of a Ship from the other.'

' THERE's a Doctor *Faustus*, who, I am sure, is no
 ' Conjuror; a Hussar, who never drew a Sabre; a
 ' Shepherd who makes Love in the Language of *Wap-*
 ' *ping*; and a Poet, without Verse or Repartee,'
 ' says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

' THESE are all Proofs indeed,' says Lady *Flimsy*,
 ' how much we are Strangers to ourselves, and the
 ' Parts we are fit for; and I doubt not, but more
 ' than one half of the Company act as preposterously
 ' bare-faced in common Life, as they do in Masque-
 ' rade.'

' AND lest we should catch the Infection, let us re-
 ' tire,' says Lady *Liberal*; ' for I am thoroughly sa-
 ' ted of this Folly and Nonsense, and play the good
 ' Wives without Disguise.' Which was accordingly
 done. And this ended the Masquerade.

C H A P. LXXVII.

*A Return to the History of Lady Flimsy. The Descrip-
 tion of her Lovers. Mr. Sweetwood's Anxiety.
 His Letter to her Ladyship; and her Answer. Some
 tender Escapes in the last Affair.*

HAVING delivered *Lydia Fairchild* from her
 Distress, we hope, to the Satisfaction of all our
 Readers; and given exalted Virtue, the Reward,
 which every good Heart must be pleased to see; ac-
 cording

according to the true Narrative of our History, we shall now proceed to lay before our Friends what passed in *Worcestershire*, at *Fairland-Court*, the Seat of Lady *Flimsy*.

A RICH Widow is seldom destitute of Admirers; and when Beauty, Nobility, and Youth are joined to the former Qualification, it is less to be wondered at, that Suitors should throng in Crowds to offer their Tenders of Affection to such Persons.

IN Consequence of these Qualifications, *Penelope* had scarce more Suitors at her Palace in *Ithaca*, than *Arabella* Viscountess *Flimsy*, had at her Country-Seat; and, indeed, the Situation of these two Ladies was in some Respects resembling each other; each of them being determined never to crown the Addressees of those who solicited their Affections.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Likeness between *Penelope* in *Greece*, and *Arabella* in *England*; the Situation of *Ulysses* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were extremely different.

THE Hero of Antiquity, wandering thro' Perils, which kept him from being acquainted with what past at his own Court, and with his Queen; whilst Mr. *Sweetwood* was continually alarmed with the Intelligence of new Lovers; *Ulysses's* Pain arose from his knowing nothing of what befel the Idol of his Heart; and the *Briton's* from being too intimately acquainted with all that pass'd at *Fairland-Court*.

AND yet notwithstanding, the great Pain of each was owing to his being withheld from visiting the Abode of his Soul's Desires.

AMONGST the Lovers which rendered their Vows to *Arabella* Viscountess of *Flimsy*, were four more remarkable than the rest; the Herd being no more than the Herd, are not to be distinguished by any thing worth an Historian's Notice.

THE first was Sir *Timothy Lhughbloud*, a Baronet of an ancient Family, of four-thousand a Year Estate; he was about thirty Years old, of a chearful Countenance, being six Foot high, and much inclining to be corpulent; his Knee had long been in a total Eclipse,
by

by the Disk of his Belly, to his own Eye in a direct Position; but as the Eclipses of old, by the Noise of Brass-Kettles, and other Instruments of Metal, it was restored to Visibility, by the Sound of the House-Bell, at the Time of Dinner; when, being obliged to seat himself, his Knee again emerged from behind that opaque Body which had concealed it.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Bulk, he was a great Fox-Hunter, and Adept in that Science which distinguishes the rational Being from the Brute Creation; and proved himself syllogistically to be a Man in this Manner :

Major. ' **WHATEVER** Animal is distinguished by laughing is a Man.'

Minor. ' **I AM** an Animal distinguished by Laughing.'

Conclusion. ' **THEREFORE** I am a Man.'

IN this Manner of reasoning also he proved himself to be more a Man than any one alive; 'for,' says he, 'if Laughing distinguishes the human Kind from all the other Beings of the World, he that laughs most is most distinguished; and therefore, I that laugh more than any ten Men, am more a Man than any others to that Number;' in Proof of which, like *Yorick*, he often set the Table on a Roar tho' in another Way, by his own Laughing. Good-Chear was his chief Delight, though he was rather better to precede than follow at a Haunch of Venison, being excellent at discovering the best Part, and as well skilled in dissecting it as the best Anatomist in Europe: Indeed, his being equal to ten Men was an Idea very apt to intrude into his Thoughts on this Occasion, and direct his Hand at the first Slice of this favourite *English* Viand, which sometimes created no little Surprise, and frequently no less Displeasure, in those of the Company who came after, and were not acquainted how many he was eating for.

HOWEVER, though, as hath been already said, most good Appetites would have chosen to go before him in eating, yet in drinking he was most admirable to follow; and no Man in his Majesty's Dominions

knew how to fill and circulate with more Grace and Expedition; the Bottle, like the Sun keeping its perpetual Course, rising in one Part of the Circle, and setting in another: No *Joshua* ever bidding it stand still at his House, till the Battle was decided; the Host being equally prepared for nocturnal as diurnal Combats.

He was most admirable at the plain Joke, and single Entendre, constantly prefacing his Potation with that venerable Health which has for Ages held its Ground, and continued unrival'd in this Island till the glorious and immortal King *William*, of ever pious Memory, introduced another, to his unspeakable Honour, to the Subjects of *Great-Britain*: In I—— it remained supreme till the present P——, with such exemplary Piety, fill'd the Throne of * * *. These Men, such is the Force of Novelty, and Power of Virtue, have converted the Hearts of some of their Subjects and Fellow-countrymen from the old Toast to the new, by which they have made them much more conspicuous Lovers of *Mankind*, and humanely considering the frail Nature of our Species, taught them to look, like the *Janus* of the Ancients, behind as well as before, for their Pleasures and Toasts.

THE Introduction of this sole Improvement, has cost this Nation Millions of Men, and Millions of Money; all which is yet considered as cheaply purchased by Dissenters of all Denominations, throughout the Kingdom; so grateful are they to the crown'd Head, which introduced this new Blessing to the Nation; though the *Irish* seem to receive their Patron in this Affair in quite a different Light; but they are a dull Set of Beings.

THIS Baronet then had a Month's Mind to the Dowager Viscountess: his Heart, being deeply hidden in solid Flesh, was secured from the little Arrows of those Cupids, which lurk within the Dimples, and lye in Ambush in the Eyes of Beauty; like *Hudibras*, those Shafts which wounded him, were directed from that cunning Archer, who took his Stand upon the inviting Spot of her Jointure-land.

IN

IN fact, he concluded, that more Estate would produce more good Chear, more good Chear more Company; and moreover the Venison of *Fairland-Court* Park was reputed to be of excellent Flavour; as a Woman she might bring him an Heir, and which was all he desired of her as a Woman; he knew himself too well to imagine he should die of a Disappointment in Love.

THIS was the Foremost of the amorous Troop.

BESIDES this Gentleman, there was a sleek Divine of the Church of *Worcester*, who came there only as a Visitor in Appearance, though secretly designing to sap the Citadel of Widowhood, and change the Governor of the Castle.

HIS Name was *Lurcher*; he was smooth and simpering in Speech, well formed, of a healthy Complexion, very white Teeth, and white Hands; to both which he was more attentive than to Prayers, and his Duty on Saints Day; never forgetting to pay his Devotion to the first, and scarce ever remembering to attend to the second.

THIS Gentleman played the Harpsichord well, and sung not amiss; he was preparing his Soul, and adapting it for the heavenly Mansions, by a close Application to the Study of Music, more than to Divinity; he was a Beau to the Extremity of divine Permission: his elegant Pumps were fastened by as elegant a hollow Silver-Buckle, at a Distance much resembling those set with Stones; his Stockings were of Black-silk; his Breeches of Black-velvet; his Waistcoat of Black-sattin; and his Coat a dark-gray, of the *French-frock* cut; the Chiterling of Lawn, waved down his Shirt-bosom, from a Neck most accurately plaited; and round the Slits of his Wrists creapt a little solitary Fril of Lawn also, which only served to wake the Heart-felt Sigh, at viewing this diminutive Ornament. Alas! it reminded him of the unhappy State of his two white Hands, which his inconsiderate and rash Vows of Religion had totally condemned to a severe Abstinence from all Lay-ornament.

HIS Peruke was priestly smart, and his Hat wanted but a Button to make it like that of other Men.

He accompanied every Speech with a Smile (it seems he had been distinguished by Nature with a dimpled Cheek) and read a Play to great Perfection, quoted *Shakespeare* with great Readiness, but was somewhat dubious in Evangelical Citations, for which Reason he scarce ever risqued them. To balance this Failing, he was extremely learned in all the new Productions of the Year, and hit off an Epigram or a three stanzaed Song with some Reputation. However, to save himself the Drudgery of a Divine, he had purchased a Collection of Manuscript Sermons, warranted Originals, which had gained him the Reputation of a pretty Preacher; he was not much a Lover of the Bottle, but a constant Tea-drinker with the Ladies; and, tho' it must be allowed the Common-Prayer Book was as seldom found in his Pocket, as in that of any other Divine; yet, to his immortal Honour, he never defiled it with a Cork-screw.

THIS *Enamorate's* Pursuit was not directed in a straight Line towards the Attainment of his Wishes; he acted an indirect and inferior Character, accompanied all he spoke to the Viscountess with a most peculiar Mark of polite Distinction, and heard all she said with the most profound Attention; he confirmed the Justice of her Remarks with Observations of his own, was all Obedience to whatever she desired, and sought every little Occasion to manifest the most disinterested Respect, without hinting the least Intention of his Design, whispering ten Thousand Admirations to those Ladies which were often in Company with the Viscountess, of her Understanding, Delicacy, Beauty, and other Perfections, extolling her playing the Harpsichord, and singing beyond every thing.

IN fact, he crept along the Zig-zag of Possession, which, like Roads cut from Side to Side down steep Hills, frequently lead more safe and surely, though less speedily than the straight Line, to the obtaining our Desires, and the Journey's End.

THE next Lover was Earl *Juvenile*, a Nobleman of Fifty in all Appearance, and according to his own Account; but his Calculation of Time, was neither agreeable

greeable to the *Julian* or *Gregorian*, the Old or New-Style: He had introduced into his Kalendar Leap-Year once in every six, of quite a different Nature from what is distinguished by that Appellation in the common Almanacks; for, whereas, in every fourth Year, in the vulgar Method of Computation, a Day extraordinary leaps into it, more than in the other three; in his Account a whole Year leapt entirely out of the Kalendar once in every six, by which Manner of Computation he was but fifty in his Style, and sixty in that of all others.

THIS Nobleman was one of the Buck-order of mortal Beings; no Man rid the great Horse, danced a Minuet, fenced, or perform'd his corporeal Exercises with more Applause than he had done during his Youth, or had been engaged in more Intrigues.

INDEED he had led a Life of Gaiety and Pleasure in his earlier Days, and yet was hale and active, especially after Dinner, when he had taken almost his Bottle of Claret; there remained in him, walking or riding, Symptoms of his former Excellencies in those Exercises; and a certain animal Vivacity, very rarely found at such Ages and in Men of such Dispositions, was remarkable in him.

IT seems he had for many Years passed the solitary Life of a Widower; but being now in his latter Spring, his Head ran upon a Wife, and his Imagination had a fresh Vegetation of matrimonial Desire; though most of his Friends believed the Produce would be but waterish, and want Sun-shine to ripen it.

THERE was also one favourite Subject in which he peculiarly delighted, and never seemed to be tired of, which was himself, and his own Exploits; every single Circumstance of his Life being, as he conceived, an interesting Subject to the World; so very modest was he, and so little did he require from others in Conversation; that, provided his Companions would but lend an Ear to his Tales, he was as much, nay, more pleased with their Company, than if they had given him whole Hours of their Conversation, or

talk'd like *Socrates* or *Demosthenes*; such was the Humility, and so small were the Expectations of this Nobleman.

He required nothing but the Sense of Hearing from his Associates; and if they had been born dumb, provided they had not been born deaf too, he would not have thought it a Grievance or Want of social Faculties in his Companions, to have found Talking for the whole Company.

SUCH was this Earl, who was making his Addresses to Lady *Flimsy*; he was of a meagre Habit, and drest most flamingly fine in Gold-lace and Embroidery, like the *Glaſtonbury*-Thorn, crowned with Blossoms in the Winter of his Life; that is, according to the Opinion of those who reckoned by the *Gregorian* Style, and were ignorant of his internal Vigour and Manner of Computation.

THE last of the Four, which we have mentioned as distinguishable from the Herd, was one, whom the Laws of Honour will not permit us to style either Gentleman or Noble; being the reputed Son of a Duke, whose Mother had never been wedded, even so much as in the *German* Way, by the Left-hand, to his Grace. Yet, such was the perverse Disposition of the World, his Father, according to the Opinion of most, and particularly his Mother, who was deep in the Secret, was imagined to be a neighbouring Butcher, with whom the Lady, who had blessed the World with this Being, had formerly lived in much Intimacy; and such was her Benignity of Heart to her old Benefactor, that ever after, during Life, and her future Splendor, she was supposed to have retained a most grateful Sense of his former Kindness, and manifested it by every Favour in her Power.

NOTWITHSTANDING this rare Benevolence and Profusion of Goodness in his Mamma, so blind and inattentive was this Son to the Excellencies of his dear Parent, that in his Conversation he seldom mentioned her Name, because it seems her Virtues had been sullied by her being born the Daughter of an Hedge Ale-drab; but then his Duty to his reputed Sire, I mean

his Grace, was ever before his Eyes, and his whole Mind and Conversation were engaged in descanting upon that noble Original, from whence most People suspected he had not drawn one Drop of Blood.

ALAS! such is the undutiful Nature of human Kind, so little did the Virtues of his Mother, to whose Care of substituting a Butcher to a Prince, his whole Happiness and Existence was owing, and so much the Nobility of his No-father, influence his Mind and Behaviour.

THIS partial Attachment to Honour, beyond Virtue, however, did not convince the World of his being honourably descended; for, though his Grace was very fond of acknowledging him for his Son, yet there was a certain Argument which influenced very much the Opinion of his Acquaintance, that the Slayer of Oxen was mightily concerned in the making him; this was a most remarkable Resemblance between him and the Butcher, and not the least between him and his Grace.

THIS Phænomenon, however, we are not so ignorant of the Operations of sensible Objects on the human Mind, as to insist that it could take its Origin from no other Cause; since we have ourselves heard it frequently asserted by the Mothers of Children, who have resembled a Friend or Neighbour more than a Huband, that this Likeness has taken its Rise from their earnest thinking on that Man at the Moment of Conception; and this, as it has already frequently eased the Doubts of many a good Man, will, we hope, have the same Effect, and satisfy many of our Readers also on future Occasions of the like Kind.

THIS Resemblance, and some other Circumstances concurring, had given this neither gentle or noble Man the happy and distinguishing Appellation of my Lord Beef.

WE shall, however, describe his Person and Parts, and then leave it with all possible Impartiality to be decided by our Readers, to whom he was indebted for his Original, the Peer of the Realm or the Slaughterer of Oxen.

NOT to be too minute in his Description, he had a peculiar Clumsiness from Head to Foot, which is not easily paralleled by any thing on this Side the *Arctic* Circle, and the Hills of *Lapland*; his Limbs seemed to have been formed without Articulations, with that unfinish'd Appearance, which has bequeathed to the Elephant the Reputation of having no Joints; and indeed, his Manner of moving justified this Way of Thinking; his Knees seeming stiff in the Places of bending, like Hinges grown immoveable by Rust.

OWING to this singular Construction, it was, that in his Walk he did not move forward in all Parts of his Body, like Men in general; but first on one Side, and then on another, like a Wheel-barrow set on its two Handles, which a Person directs from behind, by first advancing one Handle, and then another; his Head and Face were rather colossal than human; this Accident had induced many People to believe, that his Mother, during her Pregnancy, had longed for the Head of a large *Dutch* Ship's Rudder, or that of the Giant in *Guildhall*, which had communicated that Set of Features to her Offspring.

HE was extremely like a Statue after the first Chippings, which a Sculptor has thrown aside, as not worth finishing.

NOTWITHSTANDING the singular Conformation of this Body, and these Features, they were most admirably adapted to the expressing the Dispositions of his Soul, the prevailing Faculties of the mental Part being conspicuously signified to all Beholders, in the happy Union of Pride and Brutality.

So perfect was Nature in her finishing this favourite Production, she was determined that no Man should err in perceiving her Design; that nothing therefore might be deficient to proclaim to all Mankind the true Characteristics of the Tenant of this Body, she had presented him with a Voice that was rather a Gurl, like an old Lion gnawing a Bone, than a human Sound; so that every Word which he pronounced, however delicate the Idea might be which was
annexed

annexed to it, created an Aversion in the Hearer, and lost its original Sense, by coming from his Throat.

PRIDE and Brutality being his characterising Qualities, he was constantly engaged in Acts of Tyranny over his Domestics and Tenants, and long Conversations of his noble Descent, with all other People.

HE was singularly remarkable in his Manner of considering Women. Beauty had no more Effect on his *Gothic* Organization of Soul, than Feathers on Diamonds.

HE conceived a Woman as a mere Machine to get Children upon, and that Man was turned loose amongst the Females of his Species, like a Bull amongst a Herd of Heifers, to propagate, without Preference, where Lust directs and dictates.

BUT as Money is subservient to the Ideas of Pride, and the Execution of brutal Power, he thought it worth while, on that Consideration, to tie himself nominally to one Woman, for the Sake of possessing that prevalent Ingredient, and getting Heirs according to Law.

AS to all the tender Sensations of the human Heart, and sentimental Ideas of pure Passion in its utmost Perfection, the Delights of Souls, enraptured and combined, he was an utter Stranger.

YET, to do him Justice, he possessed some Philosophy, and was much a Stoic in one Sense of the Word; no Man on Earth being less moved by the Pleasures and Pains, the Joys and Sorrows, which others knew, than this Man.

HIS own Feelings of the pleasing Kind were always manifested by Insolence and Triumph, and of the Displeasing by Rage and Blasphemy.

HAVING thus given a Sketch of this Person, his Soul and Body, let the World now judge whether he could owe his Original to a Being endowed with the characteristic Qualities of true Nobility.

THIS Man, however, had been left by the Duke, who was induced to believe him his Son, an Estate of three Thousand a Year: He had also taken it into his Head to conceive Lady *Flimsy's* Fortune a proper Match for his; in consequence of which he had ap-

peared at *Fairland-Court* to propose himself a Suitor and profane the Altar of Love by his pretending to sacrifice on it to that Passion.

THESE were the four Suitors who were forming Pretensions to the Person and Estate of *Arabella*, Viscountess of *Flimsy*: The Impressions which were made on her Heart by these humble Servants, were so exactly equal, that it was impossible for the nicest Hydrostatic-balance to decide which had the Preference in her Mind, and for this simple Reason, her being determined never to give the least Encouragement to any of them; so say the Truth, the Divine had kept his Design so much under his Subjection, that her Ladyship did not conceive the least Intimation of his Intentions, visiting her always in Company with Ladies from *Worcester*, on purpose to deceive the Eye, and hold still the babbling Tongue of Fame.

THESE Admirers of the Lady, or her Possessions, though they had not created the least Influence on the Heart of the Viscountess, had yet made no small Impression on that of Mr. *Sweetwood*; his Bosom was in eternal Palpitation, through Fear of losing all he loved.

FORBIDDEN, as he was, from visiting, and all personal Attendance, he was determined to write, and lay his Soul out upon Paper, though that Privilege had been denied him also.

IN Consequence of this Resolve, he wrote her the following Epistle:

MADAM,

IF my Heart could with Patience sustain the insupportable Task you have ordained me, of being whole Ages absent from all I love, I would have done it to prove how much I adore you, without complaining even on Paper.

But, believe me, I find it impossible; in pity then to the most faithful Bosom, which ever entertained the true Passion of Love, receive this Letter, though interdicted, with Compassion at least, and if you vouchsafe

me

me an Answer in this Moment of Distress, which may relieve my Anxiety, what celestial Benevolence must I deem it!

Hard Fate to be exiled from the only Land I love! like Dives to look into Heaven, behold you, be in Agonies at the Separation, and not have one Drop of tender Truth to soothe the Fever of my Soul.

How am I torn with Passions, which rend my Heart in Pieces by their different and distracting Powers!

Why must those, whose Souls are unequal to the Bliss of Loving, be permitted to gaze whole Days upon you; and I, without having once offended, by tasting the Joys which are interdicted, doom'd to a more severe Fate than our first Parent? though driven from Paradise be possessed his Eve.

I fear, oh! forgive me, I fear with all that is angelic, you may be yet a Woman: my suspicious Soul will not permit me to hear of those who now visit you, and feel a Moment's Quietude; consider what I once lost and suffer'd.

I tremble, even through Dread of the Success of those Men, whom I believe you condemn; and having so much to lose, am become sleepless in thinking of that Treasure which I am forbidden watch.

Now let me implore you, pardon this Diffidence in me, shorten my Exile, or, oh! at least, exhort my feeble Heart, by some tender Reply to this Letter, to sustain its Anguish, and regain ——— what shall I say? ——— that Confidence, which will never be complete till I possess you all.

I am,

With eternal Truth,

Yours,

J. SWEETWOOD.

THIS Letter was brought to the Viscountess; though she had absolutely forbidden Mr. Sweetwood from writing, lest that Intercourse being discovered, might give some Occasion to malevolent Tongues to satyrize her Behaviour; she received it with secret

Pleasure;

Pleasure, read it often, was pleased with it, and pitied his Distress. She wondered how he could suspect her of Infidelity to her Vows, in favour of such Men who now pretended to her; and yet her Heart felt a secret Satisfaction in his Fear of losing her: ' In pure Pity, says she, softly to herself, Love then cajoling and assuming that Shape, ' I must answer this Letter; It ' would be inhuman, as these Men will continue to ' haunt me, not to assure him, that I am inexorable ' and immoveable to their Prayers and Pursuits; if I ' had not resolved to make him and myself happy, I ' think I might with Justice and Applause, even soften his Anguish, by assuring him, that neither of ' these Men, who pursue me, shall be preferred to ' him; but as I am truly and justly engaged to him, ' as I am his, and he is mine, it would be inhuman ' not to return some Reply to this interesting Paper, ' kissing it (at that Time) and ease that poor Heart ' which throbs so distractedly with Love on my ' Account.

SHE therefore reply'd;

S I R,

THOUGH my Pride is a little piqued on your suspecting me capable of Infidelity, yet I own your Letter brought with it an Advocate, which effectually effaced that Sensation.

The Disquietude of your Soul, however painful it may be, do you imagine it more irksome than what I feel? Am I the more happy in being divided from you, because that separation arises from my Injunction? You can, at least indulge and foster the Thoughts of our coming Happiness in solitary Silence; whilst I, pester'd with the Conversation of those I despise, am withheld from that Pleasure; whose Designs, though I am not ignorant of, yet as they have not hitherto sufficiently declared them, I cannot forbid this House with Decency.

No love-sick Maid ever longed with more Enthusiasm for her Lover's Declaration, that she might clasp him to her panting Bosom, than I do for that of the Earl, the Baronet, and the Beast which is nick-named Lord Beef,

Beef, that I may with Decency shut my Doors against them.

The happiest Moments of my present Life, are, the Evening Walks which I take alone on the grassy Avenue, which winds along the Brook, that gurgles as it runs amongst the Pebbles; there the Sound of that Water, the Voice of every Bird, the Shape and Colour of every Object, is happily united with your Idea, which alone gives me Delight, and is constantly present to my Mind.

The Moments will pass, which the malevolent Custom and sarcastic Cruelty of the World have put betwixt us, when you shall be convinced, that this Bosom has never to this Day harboured one thought of tender Affection for any one but you.

Alas! I blush, when I recollect that it is a Widow yet in Weeds who writes this; but my former Misery, and my former Lord, will plead my Excuse in the Expression: These Ideas are prevailing Friends in your Favour, and will not permit this Heart to be twice duped and seduced by false Arguments and delusive Appearances, to wed what is detestable, because the World gives Sanction to the Choice of Titles and Riches, in Preference of Love.

I have too severely tasted the ineffectual Powers of every Thing on Earth but true Passion, to give a Heart like mine the least Satisfaction.

Be at Ease; no, I do not wish you that Indifference; believe only that I am invariably,

Yours,

ARABELLA FLIMSY.

P. S. Pray abstain from writing; you know the Reason.

THIS Letter gave much Ease to the anxious Breast of Mr. Sweetwood; he read it a thousand Times, and press'd it to his Lips with all the warm Enthusiasm of Love, yet every Kiss was terminated with a Sigh, in thinking that Arabella still was absent; Fairland Court is not six Miles distant from my Abode.

Abode, and yet the Distance of the Poles cannot seclude the lovely Inhabitant more effectually from my Eyes: Ye anxious Minutes which compose this Year, speed your Wings a little faster, and relieve me from Distress. Then sleep whole Ages if you will,' says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

Miss Molly Broadrib's Account of Lady Flimsy. Sir Timothy Laughloud's intended Declaration cut short by a rising Damp, which makes him deviate from Love to the History of his Bitch Comely. Earl Juvenile resolves to unbosom his Passion; a small Sparing between these two Suitors; they declare alternately; receive no Answer: The Baronet proposes to play at All-fours, hunt, or drink with the Earl for Lady Flimsy; refused; which is attended with a great Rupture.

THE Fame of these four Suitors, whom we have already given some Sketch of, was quickly spread over *Worcestershire*; Lady *Flimsy*, and these Gallants, made the Conversation of the whole Company; Mr. *Sweetwood* was considered as totally rejected; and, indeed, the Divine was hardly received as a professed Lover, but as a Kind of Greyhound, which, though the slowest of the Course, very frequently catches the Hare, from its being turned into his Mouth by Dogs. who, running faster, over-shoot their Game, and give him that Opportunity.

MANY female Tongues were let loose against Lady *Flimsy*, as having rejected Mr. *Sweetwood*. 'Aye,' says Miss *Molly Broadrib* of *Worcester*, 'you see this Lady's first Lord has not yet tired her of being married to a Nobleman; the World has been extremely busy in lamenting how unhappy she was, poor Thing; and how much she suffered in being divided from Mr. *Sweetwood*, during Lord *Flimsy's* Life; and now she's a Widow, I'll engage you'll see she'll play the same Game over again, and marry the Earl of *Juvenile*;

‘ she is as fond of Rank as the best of them, and a Countess is one Step higher than what she at present possesses: I admire those sentimental sighing Ladies, who pretend that Love alone is worth enjoying, and then wed an old Man of Sixty, when the Person she pretends to die for, is dying for her, and nothing prevents her having him but her own Inclination. Poor *Sweetwood*! I pity thee, but it is no more than I have always expected; I always said she was a Jilt.’

THIS was the general Conversation and Opinion which every Lady entertained, not forgetting to add some other sarcastic Strokes on Lady *Flimsy*, who was considered as a Monopolizer in Love, and consequently not regarded very favourably by the other Females of *Worcestershire*.

As yet no one of these Gentlemen had broken his Mind, or declared his Intention to the Viscountess.

THIS did not arise from that Timidity, which often possesses the Hearts of those who are deeply in Love, and long prevents their Lips from uttering what their Souls are totally engaged in.

THIS State of the Mind speaks itself by Ten Thousand Expressions more convincing than Speech; every Look and every Motion conveys the Idea, *I love*, to those who are the Object of that Passion, till the throbbing Heart in Tumult and Surprise forces the Tongue to utter in Trembling and Disorder some rapturous Declaration of Truth, Love, Sincerity, broken and unconnected Speeches, which convey more Delight and pathetic Influence, than the most studied and well chosen Harangue to those whose Souls are in Unison with the Speaker.

THE sole Cause of the Delay in each, was the want of true Passion, which, not prompting the Bosom, had not suggested in what Manner to begin the Declaration; the Baronet had several Times run the Risque of breaking his Neck at a Fox-chase, since he resolved breaking his Mind to the Lady, and yet was preserved from both.

ONE Day, however, he was determined to call for Wine very frequently at Dinner; and thus, by bracing

up his Resolves to the true Pitch, most manfully declare the Intentions of his Visit.

Now whether this Effect was not happily produced, or the Baronet was mistaken in his Quantity and Feelings, it most unluckily happened, that just as he was opening his Mouth to declare his Passion for the Lady, he let the cold Air in upon his Heart, which, spreading a sudden and chilly Damp over his Resolves, absolutely checked the rising Declaration, and turned him all trembling from Thoughts of Love to ask her Ladyship, 'if she had never heard of his Bitch, *Comely*,' which he asserted was the best Fox-hound in all *England*, 'and I'll run her, and my Pack, against any Gentleman's, let the other be whose it will,' says he.

LADY *Flimsy*, who, from the preceding Uneasiness of his Countenance, and Restlessness of his sitting on the Chair, had perceived an Expectation of his asking what she should rejoice to deny, was most horribly disappointed by this Question; yet she could not avoid answering, with a Smile, that she had not the Honour of knowing his Bitch *Comely*.

THIS Answer struck the poor Baronet to the Heart; Rustic as he was; he perceived he had blunder'd in his Speech; but how to extricate himself from the Dilemma, was the Difficulty: Had he been surrounded with Five-barr-gates, corpulent as he was, he knew that Crop would have cleared him from the Inclosure; but hemm'd in, in this Manner, he was grown dizzy with the Situation, when luckily at that Minute of Torment, he found Relief from his Rival, the Earl *Juvenile*, who was arrived to pay an Afternoon's Visit to the Viscountess. The usual Compliments passing between the Earl and her Ladyship, gave the Baronet Time to recover from his Amazement, and relieved him from his imminent Distress.

THE Earl approached her Ladyship with a Simper on his Face, and a Bow most respectfully performed, his Toes turned out in the Minuet Style, upright as a Plumb-line; filled with the false Vigor of a Bottle of Claret, and charged with Resolution to declare his Passion, which he vehemently believed to be real, not a little encouraged in that Thought, by his Afternoon's Potation:

Potatoes. The Presence of the Baronet, indeed somewhat disconcerted his Design; however, he was extremely alert, and more than commonly active. After some little Conversation he deviated to that which was his Favourite, himself.

‘MADAM,’ says he, ‘I believe no Man in *England* is a Match for me at Fencing; the best of them all, all the Masters in *London* allow me the best Fencer in *Europe*; I exercise every Day in Town; in the Country I find no one who can hold a Foil! Do you fence, Sir *Timothy*?’

‘No,’ says the Baronet, ‘but I’ll ride a Fox-chase with your Lordship for a Thousand Pounds.’ Conceiving the Question a little inclined to Malice.

‘A FOX-CHASE,’ says the Earl, turning his Head, and looking with a Smile and a Wink to her Ladyship, ‘is hardly a human Employment, much less a Gentleman’s.’

Now the Baronet, though intimidated to his Soul, when about to speak his Mind to the Lady, was, by no means afraid of declaring it to any Man alive.

‘A GENTLEMAN’S,’ says he, ‘why my Family were Baronets before yours was known to exist.’ ‘What,’ says he, ‘because Lords are now made as sudden as a Pair of Shoes, and of as bad Materials; do you imagine that antient Families lose their Gentility. I am a Gentleman, and will assert it in any Lord’s Face in *England*.’

‘HAVE a care, Sir *Timothy*,’ says the Earl, with a Smile, pretending great Coolness, ‘or I shall call you to an Account.’

‘ME to an Account! Zounds, I’ll shoot at you, and you shall shoot at me for a Fortnight. What, does your Lordship think I am afraid of you? as to your Swords, I know nothing of them, but as to a Blunderbuss in a Saw-pit, have at you whenever you please,’ replied the Baronet.

THINGS proceeding in this Manner, Lady *Flimsy* interrupted the Dispute by peremptorily insisting on their leaving her House, or discontinuing the Subject on which they were engaged.

IN Consequence of this a profound Silence ensued, the Earl depending on his Skill in the Sword, longing to run the Baronet through the Body; and Sir *Timothy*, knowing himself a good Shot, to blow the Earl's Brains out. It seems, to aggravate their Difference, the Earl and the Baronet were of opposite Parties, and opposed each other most cordially at every Election, in every Borough in the County.

THIS Bickering between the Earl and Baronet had thrown their Souls into vast Commotion; and though each continued silent, the Agitation within was expressed by the Signs in the Countenance, as plainly as a Brewer's Kieve fill'd with new Beer speaks the Fermentation below by the Head above.

EACH was now peremptorily determined to carry the Viscountess; but, as a nocturnal Passenger in the Streets of *London*, by avoiding the Houses, may run against the Posts; or, as the Horse blind in one Eye, may fall over a Precipice on that Side, though he perceives very clearly what is passing on the other; so the Minds of these two Gentlemen, being either too partially influenced or blind on one Side, never consider'd, that though each of them might be vehemently resolved to wed the Viscountess, yet that she being of so different Inclination, their Passions might run against a Post, or tumble over a Precipice, and be quite disabled from pursuing their Designs.

EACH, however, was determined to declare his Sentiments at this very visiting; but to obtain that Opportunity to himself, and avoid giving it to his Rival, was a Matter of much Policy and Precaution, and might have puzzled the sage and political Head of our great Minister to conduct.

It happened, however, at this Time; that each Hero was greatly press'd by an Occasion, which a true born *English* Woman would rather crack than let a Man suspect she is born with the Frailty of being obliged to do, though every one knows she must; and a *French* Dame would as freely perform before a male Creature, as she would take a Pinch of Snuff, or drink a Dish of Coffee.

THIS

THIS Distress then being only known to each Man's individual Breast ; that is, the Earl knew the Weakness of his own Citadel, unsuspecting the Baronet's Condition, and Sir *Timothy* his without surmising the Earl's : Each, however, was resolute to hold out, though the Consequence might be fatal.

THIS Resolution cost them many a Heartfelt Twang, and grievous Wriggle ; at length, the Baronet perceiving from the Liquor which he had swilled at Dinner, that it would find a Vent below, and that his Galligaskins, like Meadows when Rains have fallen abundantly on the Hills, were in imminent Danger of being flooded, to save that Disaster withdrew.

THE Earl seeing this Retreat of his Adversary, proclaimed an Ovation in his Heart ; and the Moment the Baronet had left the Room, began ;

' MADAM, you see what a Rustic that Fellow is, he is really a Stranger to common Manners : is he not, my Lady, in your Opinion, more a Brute than the Horse he rides ; and by having followed his Dogs so many Years, at last become one of the canine Species ? Did not he bark, Madam ? What pity it is he is disgraced with a Fortune ! Methinks his Estate rather renders him more shocking, as one expects a better Appearance from him on that Account.

' HE eats like a Canibal, and drinks like the Center-arch of *Westminster-Bridge*. What a blessed Time a Lady must have, who is the Bedfellow of this delicious Composition, like Sir *John Falstaff*, all Guts and Midriff : ' Then softening his Voice, and bowing most respectfully, he continued ;

' MADAM, permit me to lay my Soul at your Feet — If I shall be made happy in the Paradise of those Arms, with what Joy shall I behold you presented to his Majesty ! — shine superior at Court, at your own and other Ladies Routs, Places to which the Brute can never find Admission : Every thing that is gay, delightful, elegant, polite, and noble, shall attend your Call ; and, I, Madam, will make the whole Pleasure of my Life the being devoted to your Ladyship's Service.'

In Consequence of this a the Earl depending on his Skill run the Baronet through the knowing himself a good Shot. out It seems, to aggravate and the Baronet were of opposite each other most cordially at Borough in the County.

THIS Bickering between them thrown their Souls into vast each continued silent, they pressed by the Signs in the City a Brewer's Kieve fill'd with mentation below by the Heat.

EACH was now peremptory the Viscountess; but, as a Streets of *London*, by avoiding against the Posts; or, as they may fall over a Precipice on ceives very clearly what is passing Minds of these two Gentlemen tially influenced or blind on that though each of them solved to wed the Viscountess so different Inclination, their a Post, or tumble over a Precipice from pursuing their Designs.

EACH, however, was determined at this very visit opportunity to himself, and avoid Matter of much Policy and puzzled the sage and powerful to conduct.

It happened, however, so was greatly press'd by a born *English* Woman Man suspect she is obliged to do, that a *French* Dame

stitution, marching to his Seat
Parade, and turning out

he disconcerted the Baronet,
le Answer, and imagined her
ly snap at it as *Quin* would at
John Dorée.

State of human Kind on Earth!
passeth away, and the Soul is
brighter Hours at Hand, than
erly Wind of Affliction, rises
dappled Wings, bringing Storms
shine of the Mind, and involve
bubulence and Tempest.

noble and semi-noble Galant, each
Heart, and entirely his Bladder,
ne that had appeared in his Fa-
ugh they had begun cutting down,
the Harvest of their Loves: New
arose, which were no less than
ace to his Rival, and retire first,
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was at three Miles distance, the
there remained, therefore, that
to see the other go first, which was
the Nature of Things, and the Num-
th should be able to precede or fol-
they in Amity sufficient, like the two
ford, *Simon* and *Jude*, or *Guildenstern*
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thought of their Love, as two Members
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ht have departed together, and not left
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from

THIS brilliant Declaration was thus advancing, when the Baronet returned; it seems the Weight of Water which had long pressed against the Flood-gates, had rendered them extremely difficult to be drawn up; however, after a short Groan, and putting his Shoulders to the Work, assisted with a small Curse on the Earl, the Obstruction was removed, the Stream gushed forth like a Torrent, and the Baronet was alleviated from the Danger of a Deluge; yet, not without much Regret for having given this cause of Triumph to his Adversary.

LUCKY, however, for Sir *Timothy*, the Earl had not finished his Speech, and consequently had gained no great Advantage to himself; though he had started first, he had not won the Heat.

THE Baronet being returned, the Earl felt the Occasion too pressing to be longer refused; he, therefore, having partly discharged his Heart, was now determined to ease his Bladder also, and withdrew, walking perpendicularly and alertly down the Room.

AND now, my bonny Baronet being seated, began in his Turn, ' Did your Ladyship ever see such a Coxcomb of an old Fellow? By—— he is no bigger than a Lath; I'll warrant you that he is at least seventy Years old, and all the Country agree, that he hath been damnably pepper'd in his Time; his Estate is mortgaged to the Devil, and his eldest Son must inherit all he hath, he can't make an Inch of Settlement; he may well talk of his Fencing, when a Man may as easily hit the Edge of a Knife as his Body.

' WHEREFORE, my Lady, if your Ladyship will prefer me to him, by—— I'll settle four thousand a Year upon you, as good Land as ever Crow flew over, and all your own Fortune to boot: Nay, more, I'll part with my Fox-hounds! Zounds 'tis a brave Offer, wherefore I would have you consider of it;' at the same Time, suddenly catching her Ladyship's Hand, and looking earnestly in her Face. Which Time for Consideration was much assisted by the Earl's entering the Room with a Hem, to shew the strength

of

of his Lungs and Constitution, marching to his Seat with much perpendicular Parade, and turning out his Toes.

THE unlucky Entrance disconcerted the Baronet, who expected a favourable Answer, and imagined her Ladyship would as certainly snap at it as *Quin* would at a Haunch of Venison or *John Dorée*.

How dreadful is the State of human Kind on Earth! one Affliction no sooner passeth away, and the Soul is flatter'd with Hopes of brighter Hours at Hand, than on a sudden the southerly Wind of Affliction, rises with grizly Mein, and dappled Wings, bringing Storms which darken the Sun-shine of the Mind, and involve the whole Soul in Turbulence and Tempest.

So it fared with the noble and semi-noble Galant, each having partly eased his Heart, and entirely his Bladder, in that small Sun-shine that had appeared in his Favour; in which, though they had begun cutting down, they had not saved the Harvest of their Loves: New Pangs and Difficulties arose, which were no less than who should give Place to his Rival, and retire first, for neither of them had ever yet passed a Night in the House.

THE Earl's Seat was at three Miles distance, the Baronet's at seven; there remained, therefore, that each should tarry to see the other go first, which was impossible from the Nature of Things, and the Number two, that both should be able to precede or follow; nor were they in Amity sufficient, like the two Kings of *Brentford*, *Simon* and *Jude*, or *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrantz*, to be always inseparable.

HAD they thought of their Love, as two Members of Parliament of opposite Interests do of their Country, they might have departed together, and not left the House lessen'd in Understanding or Interest on either Side; but this Expedient never came into their Heads.

To tarry last was the Resolve, which, being secretly conceived, was as silently concealed.

SUPPER being served and past, the Suitors seated on opposite Sides of her Ladyship, were extremely witty on each other, as the Glass vibrated like a Pendulum

from

from one to the other, the Earl as being Court-bred, was more polite in his Raillery, and let off several pretty Crackers and smart Squibs on the Baronet, against Fatness of Body and Mind; and the Baronet returned them a little less spiritually against *Pharaoh's* Lean-kine, and not paying Debts. At last, says the Earl, surveying him with Attention, and pitying his Horse, 'Pray, Sir *Timothy*, how many Stone do you ride,' 'Two more than you do,' replied the Baronet with a loud Laugh, 'or the World's a damn'd Lyar.'

At these Words, the Earl, who understood *French*, being a little touch'd, pronounced in a kind of Under-Voice, *Bête*; which the Baronet hearing, and taking it in the *English*, answered by, 'Damn me if I ever bate you a Hair, or any Lord in *England*,' accompanied with a loud Laugh.

It was now the Viscountess took Leave, and wished these Gallants a Good night, secretly hoping that some Accident might happen before Morning to justify her forbidding them the House.

HER Ladyship being retired, the two Swains, who were already advanced into a Situation not very pleasing to one another or themselves, surveyed each other with more than common Attention: The Earl, as he was without his Sword, thought it might be prudent not to provoke Sir *Timothy*, who was, by much, the strongest Man: And the Baronet, conceiving the Earl might have Pistols in his Pocket, because he had heard him say he never travel'd unarm'd, was unde some little Trepidation from that Quarter; Discretion and safety prevailing for a Moment over Love, and Valour.

THIS Prudence produced a Momentary Silence, and replaced them on their Chairs; when the Baronet, who, from his last Speech, imagining he had gotten some little Advantage over his Adversary, began with 'My Lord, I suppose we are come hear both on the same Errand. Now to prevent Differences, and as 'tis impossible that both can marry Lady *Flimsy*, if you will, we will amicably play a Game at All-fours for her, and let the Winner wear her.'

THIS

THIS the Earl refused, with saying, That it was the first Time a Viscountess was ever made a Stake at All-fours.

‘ I’LL ride a Fox-chase, or drink with you for her then,’ replied the Baronet.

‘ SIR,’ answer’d the Earl, ‘ these are Diversions I know nothing of.’

‘ BUT, if you like it, my Sword shall meet yours To-morrow, to decide the Affair.’

‘ WHAT an Oak to a Bull-rush,’ says the Baronet: ‘ No, no, I’ll Blunderbuss you in a Saw-pit, if you will.’

‘ YES, you will Blunderbuss me indeed,’ says the Earl *Juvenile*, tauntingly; ‘ S’blood,’ answer’d the Baronet, ‘ who do you Blunderbuss? I am of a better Family than you, notwithstanding your Title; my Estate is my own, and I owe no Man a Shilling that I cannot pay every Minute of my Life,’ clinching his Fists.

AT these Words, and the Look and Action which accompanied them, the Earl suspecting an Attack from the Baronet’s two Hands, rung the Bell, which, like the Tockin in foreign Countries, summoned a Servant to his Assistance.

THE Servant being entered, he told him he should be glad to be shown where he must sleep, ‘ for I think it too late to return home to-night.’ The Servant as he was ordered, told him that he was very sorry for it, but there was really no Bed in which he could sleep. At this Answer the Baronet gave the Hunter’s hollow, Tallihoe, which made the Room shake again, and swore he would lye in the Stable upon Straw, rather than quit the House that Night.

THE Earl then changing his Resolve of staying, not thinking his Love warm enough to prevent his catching cold, without being in a snug Bed, called for his Servants, and bid them get his Horses ready; which being done, he took his Leave with a Nod to the Baronet, saying, ‘ you shall hear from me, Sir.’

‘ WITH all my Heart,’ says Sir *Timothy*; ‘ Tallihoe, he’s gone! he’s gone! To him! to him! Honies, to him!’

THE Earl being withdrawn, the Baronet began to think of returning home also; but then as he was to pass before the Earl's House, he was most dreadfully afraid of some Ambuscade in the dark, and therefore determined to remain where he was, and sleep in the Arm-chair; which Resolution he had accordingly put into Execution. And here, whilst the Baronet is napping, we take the Opportunity to close a long Chapter.

C H A P. LXXIX.

The terrible Effects of a Dream on Sir Timothy Laughloud.

SIR *Timothy* then having told the Servants his Resolution of a Nap in the Arm-chair, bid them leave the Bottles and Glasses on the little round Table before him, and retire to Bed; 'I shall do well enough,' says he, 'never fear me.'

HAVING seated himself, and taken a solitary Glass of Wine, which, tho' he loved it least in Company, he was no Enemy to alone, he closed his Eyes, and surrendered himself into the silken Embraces of Sleep. As his Imagination had been a little flurried by the Earl, and as it is natural, that what has affected the Mind by Day, should be the Subject which possesses it by Night also, the Baronet's Eyes were scarce closed an Half-hour, when the Earl *Juvenile* appeared before him with all the Horror of his Sword drawn, in a Posture of attacking him.

THIS ghastly Appearance rousing him from his Sleep, he started suddenly from his Chair, with the Sound of Murder; and rushing forward, overset the Table, the Bottles and Glasses accompanying him in the Fall, and came down with horrid Din upon the Floor.

The Sound alarmed the Servants, who were not yet gone to Bed; on which one of them entered, and found the Baronet on the Floor, not yet recovered

from believing that he was run through the Body by Earl *Juvenile*, and calling him cowardly Son of a B——h to attack him in his Sleep.

BEING re-instated in his Chair, he was at length persuaded that the whole was a Dream; however, though the Earl's Sword had not wounded him, the broken Bottles and Glasses had done him that Favour, and left some small Marks in his Face, which being washed with Rum, were left in that Condition; the Baronet declaring that black Plasters were effeminate, as they resembled Patches. After this, he took another Glass of Wine or two to re-inflate his Courage, and once more resigned himself to Sleep, ordering one of his own Servants to remain in the Room with him; 'Who knows,' says he, 'but this Son of a W——e of a Lord may attack me again in my Sleep.'

THE second Sleep being sounder than the first, we have nothing to say farther on that Matter, but to conclude the Chapter.

C H A P. LXXX.

Lord Beef makes his Appearance; his laconic and indelicate Love, followed by the smooth and insinuating Speech of Parson Lurcher. Venus, in pity to Mr. Sweetwood, assists him: He is metamorphosed to a Pedlar, and turns Conjuror. Samples of his Skill, and Lord Beef's Behaviour.

THE Morning being come, Lady *Flimsy* was acquainted with what had passed during the Night; at which Recital she could not avoid smiling, but when the Baronet entered to ask her how she did, it was impossible to refrain from a loud Laugh; his Face, with the Wounds in it, looked exactly like a Buttock of Beef, just cut to be stuffed with Parsley; the Cuts running in vast Variety of Directions.

'SEE my Lady,' says the Baronet, 'what I have suffered on your Account.' 'On my Account! How so? pray, Sir *Timothy*,' says her Ladyship.

'SBLOOD,' says he, 'whilst I was sleeping in the Arm-chair by the Fire, after the Earl had taken his Leave, (it seems his Love will not keep him warm out of a good Bed) he returned again, and standing before me with a drawn Sword, swore he would kill me if I did not renounce all Pretensions to your Ladyship: Upon which, rising to seize him, I fell over the round Table, and throwing down the Bottles and Glasses, cut myself as you see.'

'BUT I mind it not; I saw him out. Your Ladyship, I hope, will consider him as a Flincher in Love.'

BEFORE an Answer was returned, Word was brought, that the Person, who was known by the Name of Lord *Beef*, was come to visit her Ladyship; this was the second Time of his visiting: And soon after, the Divine, and a *Worcester* Lady in a One Horse-chair, arrived also; and not long after, being fresh spruced up and cleaned, the Earl of *Juvenile* himself with his Sword on.

MY Lord *Beef* was come with a Resolution to declare his Errand very cavalierly; he considered the Earl as an old Fellow, whom no Woman could consent to marry; and the Baronet as an Animal below all Notice of a Woman of Quality, as bearing no Kind of Competition with a Duke's natural Son: Besides these Considerations, he had no more Respect for Beauty and feminine Delicacy, than a Cat has to the King's Throne; and was as impudent in his Behaviour to all Mankind, as a Bailiff, or even a Quaker.

He was therefore determined not to dally about the Matter, or demean himself with the Disgrace of dangling after a Woman; Love, the spiritual and refined Passion of superior Souls, was as little known to his Heart, as Music to the Giants in *Guildball*. He was therefore determined to know his Answer this very Visit.

BRING introduced to the Company, he was, at first, a little chagrined, to see the Earl and Baronet; but, however,

however, the Accident of their being present, he was resolved, should not prevent his Design; as to the Divine, he did not suspect him of entertaining so presumptuous a Thought, as that of addressing the Viscountess of *Flimsy*.

AFTER having been half an Hour in Company, Lord *Beef* took an Occasion to withdraw, and sent a Servant to her Ladyship, with a Message, that some one desired to speak with her.

THIS Summons her Ladyship obeyed, without knowing from whence it came; but her Surprise was not a little increased, when she perceived that it was my Lord *Beef*, who had required her Attendance in a separate Room.

‘YOUR Pleasure with me, Sir,’ says her Ladyship, with some little Air of Resentment, guessing the Occasion, and feeling the Manner of the Treatment.

‘MADAM,’ says he, ‘I have sent for you, to tell you, that I am come hither to offer you my Service, and to marry you if you think fit; our Estates lye very convenient to each other, and your Quality will not be lessened by a Duke’s Son: As to the other Fellows, that old worn-out Earl, and that fat-bellied Baronet, I am sure your Ladyship has too much Sense to think of marrying either of them; one is less than a Man, and the other more: So, Madam, if you approve of it, you may forbid them the House to-day, and we may conclude our Nuptials as soon as possible.’

‘INDEED, Sir,’ replied the Viscountess, ‘you surprise me by this frank Declaration of your Passion; but I am absolutely astonished at your Intimation of having me turn Gentlemen from my House with ill Manners.’

‘I HAVE been once, Sir, already miserable in Wedlock, and, believe me, I shall never resolve to enter on a second Marriage with any one, till I know something more favourable of him than I can of you, by twice being in your Company.’

SAYING this, she returned to the Company, not a little resenting the brutal Air with which she had been treated, and the vulgar Idea which he had conce-

of her, by imagining she could suffer such indelicate Behaviour.

'AM I,' says she to herself, 'like a Horse to be seen, liked, and bargained for? This Man, indeed, is truly formed with all the sentimental Feelings of a Lover; happy must that Woman be, who is linked to this Companion for Life!'

My Lord *Beef* not at all disconcerted, though somewhat disappointed, soon followed, and joined the Company.

THE Lady, who came with Mr. *Lurcher*, the Divine, being in the Secret of his Intentions, asked Lady *Flimsy*, 'if she would walk in the Garden before Dinner,' which being agreed to, Mr. *Lurcher* took the Opportunity of following, and left the three Lovers in solemn Silence.

HER Ladyship, who, to this Hour, had never suspected the Design of the Clergyman, began, with saying, 'Madam, do you believe any Woman is so pester'd with three such Lovers as I am; the Manner in which each treats me is beyond all bearing; each without once intimating the Happiness which I may communicate to them, is bidding for me like a Heifer in a Fair, or a Borough to be sold to Members of Parliament: Not one of them conceives the least Idea of what is to constitute the essential Happiness of human Kind.'

'THE Earl's Plan of Happiness, is, to shew me about from Courts to Routs, Operas, Plays, and public Places, dizen'd out as fine as a new May-pole, for the World to dance round. The Baronet's, to sleep in the same Bed, eat at the same Table, increase his Interest in the Country, and lord it over the Squires. That Brute, Lord *Beef*'s is no more, than to possess my Fortune, accompanied with the Circumstances which attend every Female upon Earth; like a Breeding Mare, I am to be kept for my Foaling only. Some Way shall be found to free me from this Persecution.'

'INDEED,' says Mrs. *Cudde* (which was the Lady's Name) supported by the Divine, 'your Ladyship is in the right of it.'

‘ For my part,’ says Mr. *Lurcher*, ‘ I am incapable of conceiving a more miserable Situation, than that of being obliged to be present with what must be odious to every refined Soul, form’d like your Ladyship’s. The priggish Affectation of yon thin old Coxcomb, the Earl, is so insipid and irksome, that it is intolerable. At the same time that gothic Rusticity of Sir *Timothy* is so nearly approaching to Rudeness, that one’s Mind is in eternal Uneasiness about what his Lips will pronounce next. And as to Lord *Beef*, his Brutality is such, that he looks more terrifying than Assassins in Tragedy. He is the Death-warrant of all Joy.’

‘ THEIR presuming on their Titles or Estate is to the greatest Degree preposterous. Your Ladyship enjoys more than sufficient for the Happiness of this World, and have already tasted the bitter Cup of marrying Nobility.’

‘ SWEETNESS of Manners, tolerable Person, Knowledge of Literature, and Love of Music, are the Qualifications of human Kind, which promise the greatest Prospect of Happiness in the connubial State.’ This he pronounced with an insinuating Look and tender Expression, when the Bell rung to summon them to Dinner.

HER Ladyship, however, from the latter Part of the Speech, perceived the Divine was attempting his own Picture, and for the first Time began to suspect his Design was of the same Nature with the others, tho’ conducted with Decency and Address.

THIS Discovery had no other Effect on her, than to wish the painful Minutes which composed the Year of Mourning were entirely fled (indeed nine Months were now past) when Mr. *Sweetwood* might be received openly, and their Souls happy in each other’s Presence.

DURING these nine Months, Mr. *Sweetwood* had constantly retained one of Lady *Flimsy*’s Servants to his Interest, who had sent him Intelligence of what pass’d in the House. This Morning that Man had dispatched a Messenger to *Sweetwood-Hall*, with an Account of what pass’d the preceding Night, and what Company was ther

at *Fairland-Court*. The Distance between these two Places was but small.

AT the Reception of this News, Mr. *Sweetwood* was seized with great Impatience, to see how Lady *Flimsy* behaved to her Suitors, to discover if no one was favoured above the other. It seems he had as much Apprehension from the Artifice and Insinuation of the Divine, as from the Estates and Titles of the other three. His Soul, though at the Bottom convinced of Lady *Flimsy's* Fidelity and Affection for him, was yet not satisfied. Anxiety and Jealousy, though not the gross material Passion, was too restless to permit his Bosom to be at Ease; like a Miser, who, notwithstanding he is convinced that he has concealed his Treasure from the Knowledge of all Mankind, yet his Love for it eternally solicits him to visit the Place where it is hidden.

NOTWITHSTANDING this vehement Propensity to behold the Face of her he loved, the Difficulty of Admission into the House, and then into the Presence of the Lady, undiscovered, was not lessened by his Desire.

THIS Obstacle appeared at first insurmountable: But *Venus*, ever propitious to all her faithful Votaries, sent him the happy Means of accomplishing his Design. *Cupid*, disguised in the Shape of a Jew who travels with a Box of Toys, was dismissed by his Mamma to the House of Mr. *Sweetwood*; and at this Time was asking him if he would buy any Thing in his Way.

THE same good Mother of the Loves, at Sight of this itinerant Trader, suggested the happy Thought, that by means of this Box, under Pretence of selling the Wares it contained, together with disguising his Person, he might find Admittance, and observe what was transacting by the Suitors at *Fairland-Court*; and satisfy himself whether Lady *Flimsy* was in Danger of being prevailed on by either of those Men who addressed her.

HE therefore proposed, and soon agreed with this Traveller to lend him his Box, his Cloaths, Wig, Hat, and Apparel of all Sorts: By means of which, with the Addition of an artificial Beard, and blackening his Eye-Brows, though he should not, like *Æneas*, be rendered

invisible, he hoped to become totally unknown to Lady *Flimsy*. In this Disguise he resolved to attempt being introduced to the Company at *Fairland-Court*.

DURING this Time, the Baronet having discerned the Earl's Indignation by his Side, Fear struck his mighty Stomach through Apprehension of what might happen; he therefore dismissed his Servant with all Expedition to his own House for a Brace of Pistols, not thinking himself safe, till he had gotten his cold Iron, which was to oppose that of the Earl's, in case of Attack. These being brought; and secretly pocketed, his Mind became tranquil, and all was well again.

DINNER being past, the Servant, whom Mr. *Sweetwood* retained in his Favour, entered with saying, there was a Jew without who sold Jewels and other Toys, that would be proud to have the Honour of shewing his Wares to her Ladyship.

THE Baronet took upon him to reply, and bade the Servant to send him in. *Sweetwood* then, disguised, entered with his Box, his Legs trembling beneath him at the Sight of the Viscountess. When approaching her, he asked, if she would chuse to purchase a Diamond Ring, Gold Watch, Snuff-box, or any other Toy.

THE Earl immediately would have presented her the best Diamond Ring; Lord *Beef* a Gold Snuff-box; and the Divine chusing the Ring of most Taste, tho' small Value, desired her Ladyship to accept what his little Revenue would afford. Sir *Timothy* cried out, 'take what you will, take the whole Box, my Lady, I'll pay for it.'

'I AM much obliged to you, Sir *Timothy*, and to all or you,' says Lady *Flimsy*; 'but I never receive Presents from Gentlemen, lest they should imagine I have laid myself under an Obligation of returning more than I think the Value of it.'

THIS Answer gave *Sweetwood* infinite Delight; tho' it displeased none, by preferring an Individual to the rest, it gave no greater Expectation of Success to one, than to all.

'My Lady,' says the Jew, 'here is a Diamond Hoop-ring, which I could wish to see put upon your Finger by the Man you love. There is a Heart

‘ that I am sure pants with true Desire for that happy Minute.’

‘ You wish to see that Ring put on my Finger !’ says Lady *Flimsy*, a little embarrassed ; ‘ Pray, whence have you that Desire ?’

‘ MADAM,’ replied the pretended Jew, ‘ it is not possible to behold your Face, and not be deeply interested in wishing you all possible Felicity.’

‘ THIS is the politest Jew I have ever seen,’ says the Viscountess.

‘ PRITHEE, *Ishmael*,’ says the Earl, ‘ does that Beard assist you in your Trade, as it does *Listard*. Methinks it would do better for a Conjuror than a Hawker.’

‘ I AM a Conjuror, and can tell you your Fortune,’ answered the Jew.

‘ AYE, pray let me hear it,’ says the Earl.

‘ LET me see your Hand,’ says the Jew. When, pretending to look in his Lordship’s Palm with great Attention, he said, ‘ I perceive, my Lord, from these Lines, with all your Skill in the Sword, you will never pierce the Heart of the Lady you are at present aiming at.’

‘ WELL said, Jew,’ cried Sir *Timothy*, ‘ Here, tell me my Fortune,’ giving his Hand to look upon.

WHEN, pretending to consider his also, he said, ‘ You, Sir, will never catch the Game you are at present pursuing ; believe me, your Hounds are on a wrong Scent.’

‘ WELL,’ says Lord *Beef*, ‘ Sir *Timothy*, you are answered. What’s my Fortune, Fellow,’ holding forth his Hand.

‘ I CAN tell your’s by your Physiognomy ; there’s no need of seeing your Hand,’ says the Jew.

‘ WELL then, what is it, tell me, Fellow,’ says *Beef*.

‘ As sure as ever your Father fell’d an Ox, you’ll miss what you think to possess.’

‘ ON my Conscience, the Jew is a Wit as well as a Conjuror,’ says Lady *Flimsy*.

‘ SIRRAH,’ says Lord *Beef*, ‘ you are impudent. I shall tear your Beard.’

‘ NOT in my House,’ says Lady *Flimsy*.

‘ NOR in any other, I am sure,’ answered the Jew. ‘ I can as well discover his Courage by my Skill in Magic, as his Fortune in Love, and know him to be very cool in both. Notwithstanding which, I am vastly obliged to your Ladyship for the Honour of your Protection; though I am under no Apprehension from his Valour.’

‘ SIRRAH, I shall chastise you,’ muttered Lord *Beef*, as he left him.

THE Divine then asked this Conjuror, if he would favour him with telling him his Fortune.

WHEN, pretending to consider his Hand with great Attention, he said, ‘ Your’s, Doctor, is of the Stamp with what I have already related to these Gentlemen. You make your Approaches with more Art, perhaps; but the Moment your Attacks are discern’d, you will meet with the same Fate with the other Assailants.’

THE Divine blushed with Confusion, and said, ‘ he did not understand him. Indeed,’ added he, ‘ there is one Proof of your being a Conjuror: You resemble the Oracles of old, by the Ambiguity of your Expressions.’

‘ ASK your Heart; is it not conscious that I have told you the Truth,’ says the Jew.

THE Viscountess then ask’d him, if he could reveal her Fortune.

‘ YES, Madam,’ says he, ‘ but not to be over-heard by profane Ears. There are other Ways of discovering your Fortune. I have a little Magic Glass in my Pocket, which shall shew you the Face of that Man who loves you to Distraction; and, if the Opinion of a Conjuror may be believed, who merits a mutual Return.’

‘ THIS must be something very extraordinary, indeed; pray give it me,’ says Lady *Flimsy*.

‘ ON Condition that no one but your Ladyship casts an Eye upon it, I will.’

‘ THAT you may depend on,’ answered the Viscountess.

SWEETWOOD then taking from his Pocket a Miniature Picture of himself, which he had painted, with Design to present it to Lady *Flimsy*, set in black Shagreen, gave it into her Hands.

WHEN, opening the Box, and beholding the Face of *Sweetwood*, she could not abstain from crying out, ' Good Heavens!' Struck by Surprize with this Picture, which he had given her, concluding that he must really be skilled in discovering Futurity, and knowing the Secrets of the human Heart.

THE Company alarmed, asked the Cause of her Ladyship's shrieking. She said, ' Nothing but a sudden Pain shooting a-cross her Breast.' When, turning to the Jew, she asked him, ' if he would sell that Magic Glass which has such extraordinary Power ; because,' says she, ' I will never be without it in my Pocket. It will afford me the highest Consolation, when I am alone. I shall be extremely fond of it.'

AT these Words *Sweetwood*, thrill'd thro' with Joy, would have presented it to her Ladyship ; but recollecting that it must be his Discovery, he answered, the Price was Five Guineas. When Lady *Flimsy*, taking Ten from her Purse, said, this Sum was infinitely too little for so great a Curiosity. Indeed, she had, at the Moment of receiving the Portrait, discovered that Mr. *Sweetwood* was disguised in the Jew ; and Love had dictated this polite Answer, to prove to him, how much he was truly the Object of her Affection. He was then dismissed ; but not till the Earl desired another such Glass. ' Sir,' says *Sweetwood*, ' I can furnish you with one which is ready made to fit your Constitution. Every Disposition must have a different Kind of Glass. As that Magic Mirror has discovered to that Lady, what I wish her to love preferable to every Thing on Earth, because the Person, whom it presents to her Eyes, adores her. Here is another,' taking a common Pocket Glass from his Box, ' which will shew your Lordship the only Object that you are truly enamoured of.' ' Give it me,' says Earl *Juvenile*. ' Sir, I am always paid, before I deliver these Kinds of Goods,'

‘ Goods,’ says *Sweetwood*; ‘ the Price for yours is Three Guineas.’

THE Money being paid, the Earl opening the Glafs, beheld his own Face; which genteel Satire, though his Lordship did not like it, he put up, with saying, ‘ he was pleased with the Object and the Bargain.’

‘ WELL, Jew,’ says Lord *Beef*, ‘ have you any Thing for me?’

‘ YES,’ answered *Sweetwood*, ‘ a Spy-glafs, which, if you would behold yourself with the End that diminishes all Objects, might be of great Service to you; but you are not to be trusted with so dangerous an Instrument; you will be looking through it the magnifying Way, and fancy yourself, even Ten Times bigger than you do already, which is Ten Times larger than you ought.’

‘ RASCAL, I shall pull your Beard off for your Insolence,’ says Lord *Beef*, stepping up to him.

AT which Words, Lady *Flimsy* shrieked out, and stepping forward, desired him not; trembling for her Lover, lest he should be discovered: ‘ You have provoked him to it,’ says she to Lord *Beef*. ‘ What Man can bear the insulting Names you have given him?’

‘ You are sacred in this House,’ says *Sweetwood* to Lord *Beef*, ‘ but in another Place I would have taught you better Behaviour.’

THIS Answer alarmed the whole Company, when the Viscountess desired the Jew to withdraw.

‘ MADAM,’ says he, ‘ your Commands shall never be a Moment delay’d by me;’ when bowing very politely, he withdrew.

THE Company agreed, there was something very singular in that Man, which was not to be found in People of that Rank; particularly the Divine, who said, ‘ he believed he was an Impostor.’ Lord *Beef* insisted upon it, ‘ that he was a *French* Jesuit in that Disguise, travelling as a Spy upon the Nation;’ which Sentiment was agreed to by all the Men of the Company; when Lord *Beef*, being a Justice of the Peace, talked of examining and committing him to Jail.

THIS, however, was prevented by the Lady of the House; *Sweetwood* returned to his Home, his Bosom fill'd with Rapture, when he gave the real Jew his Box, and the Three Guineas which had been paid him for the Pocket Looking-Glass. And in this Manner ended this Affair of his Visit.

C H A P. LXXXI.

Much Business in a short Chapter; being no less than the Dismissal of Three Lovers.

LADY *Flimsy* being determined to be no longer harass'd with the impertinent Pursuit of these Three Men, the Earl, the Baronet, and Lord *Beef*, (the Divine was gone back to *Worcester*) and feeling, with treble Disgust, the selfish Object of their pretended Passion to be her Fortune only, undertook the hardy Resolution of freeing herself from the Impertinence of their Company that very Evening.

SHE therefore, after Supper, took Occasion to say, ' My Lord, and you Gentlemen, who have honour'd me with declaring your Passion, lest I may be accused of treating you not alike, as I esteem you all alike, I here entreat it as a Favour, that you would never visit me more with that Intent, being determined to persist in my Resolution of never being married to either of you: ' When, rising, and dropping a Curtesey, she took a Candle, and withdrew.

THE Three Lovers being in Amaze, a general Silence ensued; during which we seized the Opportunity of concluding the Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXII.

Sir Timothy recovering from this fatal Affair, makes the first Speech, and exhorts the Company not to double Misfortunes, by leaving their Liquor, and losing their Mistress.

THE first that recovered his Speech, was the Baronet, by crying, ‘ she’s gone! she’s gone, to her ‘ Honies!’ The Pride of Earl *Juvenile*, and Lord *Beef*, did not bear it so easily; they were so greatly irritated that they rose to call for their Horses immediately.

Sir Timothy then insisted, that no one had Reason to complain, since all were treated in the same Manner; ‘ if the Lady likes us not, let us,’ says he, ‘ as it becomes honest Fellows, sit down, and take a Bottle a-piece to her Health, and shew her Ladyship, that, tho’ we can neither of us have the Happiness of being married to her, yet we part good Friends, and wish her a good Husband; and here it goes, with all my Heart, in a Half-pint Bumper of Claret; ’tis a Thousand to One if we ever meet again on such an Errand.’

This Adyice, though very good-natur’d, was not relished by the other two, their Stomachs could not brook such Treatment, on which they withdrew; the Baronet chagrin’d at their Folly, sat down to finish the Bottle, saying, ‘ a Plague of all leaving our Liquor behind; what need is there of doubling Misfortunes? This damn’d Blow requires good Tipple to keep up our Hearts, and these Fellows are leaving it: Mine, however, shall not want that Consolation whilst there’s any good Wine in *England*, and which honest *John Watson* will send me, if it be to be had in *London*; he hath never failed me yet.

The Baronet having finished his Bottle, called for his Servants, and his Horses; he then told her Ladyship’s Butler, ‘ That he was sorry that Things did not go on better; however,’ says he, ‘ I shall not fail to drink your Lady’s good Health twice every Day; and not like those two Slinkards in Love, refuse

' wishing her a good Husband, because she does not
' choose to have either of them or me.' Having
then distributed his Money to the Servants. he
took his Leave, desiring his Compliments to their
Lady.

C H A P. LXXXIII.

Lady Flimfy pleased with Mr. Sweetwood's Contrivance. Lord Beef is seen in the double Character of Bully and Coward; Mr. Sweetwood of Modesty and Courage.

THE following Night, tho' past in no Pain, was yet sleepless by the Viscountess; she could not keep the ingenious Contrivance, the Wit and Politeness of Mr. *Sweetwood* from her Mind. ' How different,' says she, ' are the Souls of Men? With what Delicacy and Attention did he run his Eyes over me? How tender and attracting was every Look and Behaviour? His whole Consideration is me alone, whilst the other three Brutes have been valuing the Timber of my Estate, and the Goodness of my House, and calculating what my whole Fortune is worth, deducting so much for the Life of the present Possessor.'

' I ALONE am his Happiness, and their Objection: He would receive me destitute to his Arms, and those Men would give me, and one Half of my Fortune, to any Man, to enjoy the other uninterrupted by my Presence; such Difference is to be found amongst the human Race! Thy Truth, thy Fidelity, thy disinterested Passion, shall meet their full Reward in these Arms; Nine Months are already gone, and ——— but must I be tied to these odious Ceremonies, for the Loss of what I had Reason to detest? It is too severe a Punishment!'

SHE then rose, and wrote Mr. *Sweetwood* a Letter, telling him, ' she knew him in his Disguise;' at the same Time, adding, she was not displeased with it; yet intreating him, ' not to undertake those
Kinds

• Kinds of Visits any more; I will rather find some
• Way of breaking through the three Months, which
• are to complete the Year, than subject you to this;
• and no longer live in constant Pain, in Complaisance
• to the Custom of the World, which formed it on
• the Presumption, that Husbands always deserved to
• be loved by their Wives, who for that Reason mourn-
• ed for a whole Year.'

THIS Letter gave infinite Joy to Mr. *Sweetwood*; he passed whole Hours in Rapture, pronouncing the Name of *Arabella*, and could not hold the rising Joy from bursting forth in a thousand various Ways. 'Now,' says he, 'more than human Felicity is soon to be my Possession, every Passion will be dead in me but Love: I shall have nothing to ask, and nothing to employ my whole Soul in, but in enjoying her Presence, except pouring forth my strongest Gratitude for this ineffable Goodness and Condescension in this more than human Being.'

THE Jew being well entertained, lodged, and satisfied, the next Morning took his Leave, and proceeding in his Itineration, stroll'd to the House of Lord *Beef*: This Pattern of human Perfection was walking before this House, ruminating on the Disappointment of the preceding Day; not that his Heart felt the dying Tenderness of Souls in Love, when their Suits are fruitless. His Pride was hurt, in finding himself rejected by any Woman; he was then cursing himself and her, when the Jew was approaching towards him, at some small Distance; the Cloaths, and all external Appearance being the same, his Heart rejoiced at the Thought of having it in his Power to wreak his Malice on the Man, who, the Day before, he thought, had treated his Pride with too much Contempt at *Fairland-Court*. As he advanced, and his Face became visible, he saw it was not that which he had seen the Day before, though the Cloaths and Box were absolutely the same. 'Were not you, Fellow, at *Fairland-Court* Yesterday?' says Lord *Beef* to the Jew.

'No, Sir,' replied the Hawker.

'YOUR Box and Cloaths were, I'll swear,' answered Lord *Beef* in a malicious Gurl: 'I must know who it was that wore one, and carried the other; some Scoundrel, I suppose, who is afraid to come hither, and yet has sent you, because he would not lose the Chance of selling something at the House. Now,' says he, 'unless you tell me who it was that was at *Fairland-Court* Yesterday in your Dress, that Pond shall receive you and your Wares, and then see what Satisfaction the Law will give you in such a Case.'

AFTER much terrifying, the Hawker confessed that it was Mr. *Sweetwood*. This nettled Lord *Beef* ten times more than before; he vow'd Revenge, swore it was a Trick of the Viscountess to affront them all, and damn'd her for a B—— of the first Order.

HAVING added to the Story all that his sterile Imagination could invent, he spread it abroad in the Country, to the Prejudice of the Viscountess, and Mr. *Sweetwood*! It was soon brought to Lady *Flimsy*'s Ears, who only laughed at the impotent Malice of the Brute. *Sweetwood* heard it with Pain on the Lady's Account, though there was nothing criminal in the Behaviour of Lady *Flimsy*, even as Lord *Beef* had related the Account, yet her Lover thought it little less than Profanation, that the Name of her he adored should afford the common Conversation of the Country, and be found in the Mouth of every Rustic; he wished for an Opportunity to meet Lord *Beef*, and give him to know his Sentiments on this Behaviour.

THIS Opportunity was soon offered him; the Assizes coming on at *Worcester*, Lord *Beef* was named Head of the Grand-Jury, amongst which Number Mr. *Sweetwood* was named also.

SWEETWOOD, with the best Disposition, and utmost Sweetness, had a true Courage at Bottom, which nothing could intimidate; he never assumed, but often declined the Causes of Disagreement. Lord *Beef* was, as we have already said, loud, and of that Species of Cowardice, which denominates a Bully; very very apt to insult and tyrannize where he fear'd no

Opposition,

Opposition, and to yield to the least manly Resistance He was, in Nature, extremely ready to give the first Blow, and receive the last at the End.

At *Worcester*, Lord *Beef* and Mr. *Sweetwood* being necessarily together after Dinner, some one of the Company, who detested the Arrogance of their Foreman, who knew that *Sweetwood* longed to shew him the Resentment he entertained of his Behaviour; asked, 'if he had heard what Lord *Beef* had spread relating to him and Lady *Flimsy*;' 'yes,' replied *Sweetwood*, 'very well, let his Disappointment work and prompt him to as many Falshoods as he pleases;' This he spoke loud enough to be heard by Lord *Beef*, who, in a Gurl, ask'd, 'What, does he say that I lye?'

'No,' says Mr. *Sweetwood*, 'I have not said you lye; I only reply'd, by saying, that no one regarded the Falsehoods you spread.' At which Words, being enraged, recollecting his great Estate, and the small one of Mr. *Sweetwood*, his descending from a Duke, and the other's being but a private Gentleman, together with his being rejected at *Fairland-Court*, and, as he suspected, in Preference of Mr. *Sweetwood*, he rose, and said, 'You Puppy, I shall chastise you.' 'Me, Sir,' says *Sweetwood* smiling. 'Yes, you, Ras-cal. Am I to be considered as a Spreader of Lies by you?' 'Yes,' answer'd *Sweetwood*, 'if you do spread them you must, as I know you have, by me and every one.'

'Paultry Scoundrel,' says *Beef*, coming towards him, 'you shall ask Pardon before this Company, or by—— I'll kick you.'

'INDEED you will not,' says *Sweetwood*, still smiling.

LORD *Beef* pretending then to approach him in great Wrath, one of the Company restraining him, 'Let him alone, pray,' says *Sweetwood*, 'there is no Danger,' laughing at the same Time. Irritated by these Words, Lord *Beef* swore heavily he would take Revenge: 'Is a Man of my Family to be treated by a Paultry Country 'Squire in this Manner?'

'Your Family!' says *Sweetwood*. 'what is it pray? According to the best Opinion the Bastardson of a Duke; the very Constitution which makes your Father a Peer, makes you less than a Gentleman. Do you imagine, that a base Birth cannot as effectually wash out, as Kings can impart, Nobility to Blood? Perhaps too this Descent is even more than most Men will readily allow you, though all agree that you are Son of *Moll Romp*; therefore, pray consider the Certainty on one Side, and Doubt of the other; think of your Mother, and learn more Humility.'

THIS pronounced with Spirit, void of Passion, stung Lord *Beef* to the Heart, and gave excessive Pleasure to all present, who hated his Arrogance. He then swore Revenge on *Sweetwood*, even the Law should not defend him from him. 'Will you,' says the latter to him, 'have Resolution to put what you threaten in Execution? Will you wave all Advantage, if I send you a Place of Appointment, and do yourself and me that Justice which you seem at present so fond of?'

THIS he replied to by an Oath of Confirmation.

THE Business of the Assizes summoning them to the Court, put an end to the Dispute at this Time: In the Evening this mighty Man of Valour talked of nothing but the Punishment and Revenge he would take on Mr. *Sweetwood*; he would mince him to Atoms; and, in the Conversation said several Things which reflected on Lady *Flimsy's* Virtue, and her having had an Intrigue with Mr. *Sweetwood*, referring to the Story at *Bristol Wells*.

FROM this Aspersions, one of the Company justified her Ladyship, and the next Morning gave Mr. *Sweetwood* an Account of it.

THIS Action of Lord *Beef's* was too heinous to be a Moment delay'd: The Soul of *Sweetwood*, that was as steady as the Course of Fate, from being alter'd by all the Sarcasm which could be let loose against himself, immediately became as susceptible of Impression, as the Element of Water is of the Force of Wind, when any Thing

Thing which derogated from the Honour of all he loved, but touch'd its Surface.

RETIRING therefore to an Inn, to prevent Suspicion, in which neither Lord *Beef* nor himself lodged, he sent him a Card as from another Gentleman, desiring he wou'd meet him there immediately on some Business of Importance. *Sweetwood* had prepared two Swords. Lord *Beef*, obeying the Message, asked where the Gentleman was who wanted to speak with him; when, being shewn into the Room, Mr. *Sweetwood* said, 'Sir, it is I, who have taken the Liberty to send for you; you remember your Promise Yesterday, of doing me and yourself Justice.'

No two things are more different than the Heart of a Bully, at the Times when he knows he shall be prevented from fighting, and when he knows he cannot; the very Soul of that individual Bouncer, which, surrounded with the Grand-Jury but Yesterday, resembled the Hurricanes of *Jamaica*, and swept all before him, was now as gentle as the Breath of *Zephyr*, which fans the happy Lovers in the shady Vale of *Tempe*.

'THERE are two Swords, do yourself Justice, take which you please,' says *Sweetwood*.

THIS Speech had the very Effect upon Lord *Beef*, which the ancient Philosopher conceived so difficult to be imparted to Man, γνῶσις σεαυτοῦ was written legible on his own Heart. *Sweetwood* was persuaded, that *Beef* then first knew his true Fabric. The latter therefore try'd every Argument he could suggest, to avoid the Duel; he said, 'his Affairs were in great Perplexity, that he only required Time for settling them, and he would meet him at a Moment's Warning.' 'Sirrah,' says *Sweetwood*, 'you and your Affairs ought to be prepared at all Times, to answer for the Slander of that Tongue, which is ever ready to defame the Innocent; nor shall you escape Punishment for it at this Time; take a Sword. Coward.'

LORD *Beef*, now in a worse Situation than *Damocles* at the Table of *Dionysius*, as he did not suppose that there was even the Strength of a Horse-hair to preserve him from Destruction, looked in the utmost Perplexity;

Perplexity; he sincerely repented his Yesterday's Insolence, but he knew internal Compunction would not efface external Injury: He said in great Trepidation, 'To-morrow I'll meet you, let me make my Will first:' 'Sirrah, I see your Cowardice, you will escape me at any Rate: What is become of your Yesterday's blustering? Tell me what must be done to provoke you?' At which Words *Sweetwood* stretched forth his Hand, and twig'd his Nose, which he seemed to feel no more than if he had been a Statue; he then kick'd him, which he received with equal Stoicism. 'Now, insolent Fellow. if your Tongue ever more pronounces the Name of Lady *Flimsy*, or even mine, with Disrespect, I will treat you in this Manner wherever I meet you, Hence, Coward,' says *Sweetwood*, with Eyes that flash'd Indignation. At which Words *Beef* departed, though in no very rapturous Disposition, yet contented with having escaped with Life; he therefore pretended sudden Illness; sent Word he could not attend the remaining Duty of the Assize, returned home, and Mr. *Sweetwood* discovered to the Grand-Jury the Cause of this Disorder, which communicated no little Joy to the whole Company.

C H A P. LXXXIV.

Lady Flimsy resolves seeing London, and Mr. Sweetwood to follow her.

THE Account of the preceding Adventure being spread over the County, Lady *Flimsy* wrote Mr. *Sweetwood* a Letter to thank him for the Care he had manifested for the Preservation of her Character; 'I am sensible of your Delicacy in my Behalf; But why will you,' says she, 'run the Risque of being ill-treated by that Brute? Who knows what Mischief he may secretly contrive against you? You know my Innocence: Why will you give yourself Pain concerning the malicious Tales of babbling Falseness? Justified in each others Heart, why should we seek it any where besides?

‘ I HAVE received a Letter which requires my Presence in *London*, to which Place I shall set out Tomorrow Morning ; my Stay will be but short, during this Time I may possibly contrive some Way of taking off the Restraint, which Custom has made necessary, and deprives us of seeing each other.’ This Design of seeing *London*, arose from the Letter which she had received concerning *Lydia*.

THE Viscountess set out, and Mr. *Sweetwood* understanding the Letter, as it was intended, though she would not plainly declare her Desire, prepared to follow her in Two Days, thinking it would be most agreeable to her Ladyship not to be seen with him on the Road.

NOTHING happening to Lady *Flimsy* on the Road worth relating, we shall say no more of her Journey ; but as Mr. *Sweetwood* followed her not quite so free from all Circumstances worth relating to our Readers, we shall make no Apology, but give the Story as it will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXV.

Mr. Sweetwood's Journey begun. A most political Dispute between Dick Mathematic the Schoolmaster, and Mr. Goodfellow the London-Rider ; in which Mr. Mathematic has the better of the Argument, and Mr. Goodfellow of the Dispute.

MR. *Sweetwood* having passed the first Day without any remarkable Occurrence on the Road, arrived at his Inn in the Evening, where he intended reposing himself for that Night.

As he was alone, he asked his Landlord whether there were any Gentlemen in the Inn ; ‘ for,’ says he, ‘ after a pretty smart Ride I should not be sorry to sup in Company with any Gentleman that chuses a Companion ; I don’t much like being alone ; otherwise I must desire your Company, Landlord.’

MINE Host was a jolly Fellow, kept his Hunter, and never missed a Race within Fifty Miles of him ;

he was thought to understand a Pack of Hounds, or a running Horse, at least as well as any Man in *England* : No Man had a better Palate for Port; Claret was rather too light for his Stomach, which rendered him not so much a Judge of *French* Wines; but possessing a vast Respect for the first, particularly as he drank a great Deal of it himself, he always kept a Stock of what was excellent, to favour those Gentlemen with, who had Complaisance enough to honour themselves with his peculiar Company : As to squeezing an Orange, and mixing the Ingredients, no Man in *England* was his Superior.

THESE Qualifications of Hunting and Racing, and his Skill in conversing thereon, together with a nice Palate in good Liquor, had made my Landlord a favourite Companion to all the Country gentlemen of one Side; he was what is called an honest Tory, Blue and all Blue, and had never changed Sides in his Life, though not untempted with considerable Offers.

THIS Host of ours, then replied to Mr. *Sweetwood*, ' Sir,' says he, ' here is to be a tight Dispute this Evening between Mr. *Mathematic*, the writing School-master, and Mr. *Goodfellow*, a *London* Rider. It seems, that one of our great Men at the Helm, (he must be a knowing one to be sure) not being acquainted where the River *Ohio* is, and that Part of the World through which it runs, and being ashamed to discover his Ignorance to the People of *London*, at the Instigation of one of the yellow Party at the War's beginning Abroad, procured this *Dick Mathematic* to be sent for to shew him in what Part of the World *America* lies. It seems the *French* playing the Devil there, has obliged the M—— to know whereabouts it is, that some little Care may be taken that they do not run away with it; for damn 'em,' says my Landlord, ' since my Time they have never taken Care of any Thing, but laying on Taxes enough, that they never forget, and then the Devil might take the Nation.'

' You are not very wide from the Truth, I believe, Landlord,' says Mr. *Sweetwood*, indeed.

• TRUTH,

‘TRUTH, Sir!’ says mine Host, ‘Zounds, can any Thing be more plain? There’s the *Oxford* Election, oh Lord! oh Lord!’ stamping at the same Time; ‘twill make me mad to give an Account of their Doings: ‘Sblood, Sir, if some returning Officers be not hanged, we never can be a Nation again; a Freeholder is no more the Man he was, than I am like the Grand-Turk; we are all undone, Liberty and Property, Sir, ‘Sblood, Sir, is all over with us!’

‘WELL, Sir,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*, ‘but to the Affair of Mr. *Mathematic*.’

‘RIGHT,’ replied my Landlord, ‘this Fellow then, Sir, being a little knowing in *Tomatry* or *Togratry*, I don’t know which it is, was sent for, as I was telling you, to shew some of the M—— where *America* lies in the Map: This was done partly to disguise their Ignorance from the *Londoners*, and as this Fellow was always meddling in the new Interest, to put a few Pounds in his Pocket.’

‘SINCE this Time the Son of a W——e being returned, is become Ten times a greater Coxcomb than ever; he pretends to correspond with this great Man, and the other, and they must be great Men which he could teach, by —— so there’s no keeping in with him, he runs so hard, he is a Mile before the Pack, for which Reason my Neighbour *Broadfig* the Grocer and Mercer, has desired Mr. *Mathematic* to meet Mr. *Goodfellow* the *London Rider*, who is a damn’d clever Fellow; and take a Glass here this Evening; he is to strap him to prevent his running so fast, and roast the Dog till he cracks. To this Company, if you think proper, Sir, I will introduce you, and perhaps it may afford you some Sport.’

THIS Mr. *Sweetwood* willingly consented to, and told his Landlord he was much obliged to him for the Favour.

‘THE first Heat will be hard run, I believe,’ says my Landlord, ‘but *Goodfellow* will have it all hollow at the latter End; he is a bottom’d one, a damn’d bottom’d one: It is at least three to two, in my Opinion; however, I believe we shall have good Sport.’

It

It seems, indeed, that *Dick Mathematic* from this late Employ of his instructing the M—— where *America* lies, had assumed an Arrogance at his Return, that could not be borne by his fellow Townsmen, and particularly by Mr. *Broadfig* the Grocer, and mine Host. This Appointment, therefore, was long premeditated between these two Gentlemen, that at Mr. *Goodfellow's* Time of taking his Journey to that Town, they would give *Mathematic* a Roasting, and humble him a little; for Mr. *Goodfellow* was looked upon as very profound in the Mystery of Politics by both these Gentlemen; and, indeed, to do him Justice, he knew as much of the Matter, as those who have lately managed public Affairs, if we may draw a Conclusion from his Speeches, and their Conduct.

MR. *Goodfellow* was the same Gentleman, whom, in a previous Work, we have mentioned as being attended with the Adventure of deserting his *Charlotte*, and leaping thro' the Window at *Hounslow*. It was the constant Method of this Gentleman's Proceeding, that into whatever Town he came, he always considered the Size of it; when inferring by Comparison, that *London* was either ten times, twenty, or any other Proportion bigger than the Town he was in, he concluded, that consequently every Man's Understanding that came from the great City, was in that Proportion so much greater than any Man's who lived in that Town: This modest Manner of Calculation in his own Favour, had led him into a sovereign Contempt of all Country-knowledge; and tho' it had seduced him into many grievous Mistakes, yet, as he never gave up, and his Audience could but seldom discover he was wrong, he generally was considered as getting the better of the Argument, by the same Manner of Proof that Boxers do of a Battle, by giving the last Blow, which indeed would be very true also by analogical Reasoning in this Instance, if a Conquest in Dispute, like that in boxing, was to be decided by beating the Argument to Pieces.

MR. *Goodfellow* being come to Town, was extremely glad to find this Appointment made; he knew his Order would be the larger on this Account from Mr. *Broadfig*, and swore he was ready to give *Mathematic* as hearty

heartly a Trimming as ever he had in his Life; ‘Damn him,’ says he, ‘he a Politician,’ shaking his Head with Contempt.

IN this Manner Things stood; the dreadful Hour drew nigh; Mr. *Mathematic* was come; my Landlord was in high Expectation of Mr. *Broadfig*, and his Friend *Goodfellow*, who being at length arrived also, Mr. *Sweetwood* was introduced to the Company; and Supper being served, during the Time of supping together, Mr. *Mathematic* frequently surveyed Mr. *Goodfellow* with Attention, as the latter Gentleman did the former.

DURING the Repast, nothing escaped worth remarking; after the Cloth was removed, Mr. *Mathematic*, tho’ he thought himself Master of the little Town in which he lived, was yet a little shy in engaging with a *Londoner*, whose Fame had been so greatly extoll’d.

IT seems Mr. *Mathematic* was at the Bottom against a *French War*, and had taken his Cue from the M——; he therefore was a little doubtful of our Success, and much inclined to pacific Measures. ‘Success to our Arms,’ says *Goodfellow*, ‘and may the *French* be driven to the Devil. Here’s our brave Admirals for ever!’

THE Health going round, Mr. *Sweetwood*, who thought the Battle too long delayed between these Champions, ask’d Mr. *Goodfellow* what he imagin’d of the Times. ‘The Times! Sir,’ says *Goodfellow*, ‘we are undone; unless the *French Fleet* is totally destroyed we are absolutely undone; Trade is at an End, Sir: Damn me, was I M——, I would not leave them a Boat as big as a Wherry; by G——, they should not have an Ounce of Trade swimming upon the Ocean: Damn their Tricks upon the *Ohio*; I would teach them to break Treaties; but the cowardly M—— suffer every Thing to be done that the *French Rascals* please; that damn’d H—— ruins us all; there lies the Mischief: But if we could but make a League with the King of *Prussia*, he would drive them from the *Ohio*, give him H——; by ——, was I a Member of Parliament I’d give my Vote for it; I’ll engage he drives the *Monseurs* from the *Ohio*: But as these *French Dogs* have already ad-

'vanced so far, the M—— are every Minute afraid
' they will enter and seize H——.'

'SIR,' says *Dick Mathematick* with a triumphant Smile, 'you are certainly mistaken; the River *Obio* lies in *America*, and is not less than Five Thousand Miles distant from H——; the whole *Atlantic Ocean* lies between.'

'THE *Atlantic Ocean* be damn'd,' says *Goodfellow*, 'will you pretend to tell me that the *French* on the *Obio* are not within Two Days March of H——; I appeal to that Gentleman,' meaning Mr. *Sweetwood*, 'and I'll back my Argument with any Sum you please; and I say done first. Down with your Money,' lugging out a great Purse of his Master's at that Time.

Mr. *Mathematic* agreed to the Appeal, but declined the Wager, because he was not provided with the Deposite; and Mr. *Sweetwood* having enjoyed much internal Laughing from this Conversation, refused the Decision, lest he should shorten his Pleasure; and pleaded Ignorance in such weighty Matters.

'SIR,' says *Mathematic*, 'I'll convince you in Mr. *Husk's* Map, that what you have said is impossible. I will send for it.' The Map being sent for, Silence and Suspence of Argument between the Chiefs ensued for a few Minutes, and the Glass circulated with some Freedom. *Mathematic* concluding he should triumph, and *Goodfellow* fearing a Defeat.

THE Map being brought, Mr. *Goodfellow* at first was a little alarmed, lest Mr. *Mathematic* should desire him to shew where these different Places were; particularly as he was subjected to a small Inconveniency in this Affair, which, though no more than the Trifle of not knowing Sea from Land in a Map; yet even that might have led him into some Disadvantage in the Dispute.

HOWEVER, Mr. *Mathematic* being ten times more inclined to shew his own Learning than to disprove Mr. *Goodfellow's*, and conceiving both might be done at the same Time, never thought of putting Mr. *Goodfellow* to the Tryal; which Tryal Mr. *Goodfellow* being not a little afraid of, and not penetrating Mr. *Mathematic's* Intention,

tion, avoided, by saying, as soon as the Map was unrolled, ' Well, Sir, now shew me the *Obio*.'

' THIS winding River, Sir, which runs into the River *Mississippi*, is the *Obio*,' says *Mathematic*.'

' WELL, Sir, and where are the *French*?' says *Goodfellow*.

' HERE, on this Spot,' putting his Finger on it, answered *Mathematic*.

' WELL, now,' says *Goodfellow*, ' shew us, if you please, where is *H——* ?'

' *H——*,' says *Mathematic*, ' is not in this Map.'

' DAMN me,' says *Goodfellow*, ' did any Gentleman ever see the like? I knew there was some infernal Trick at the Bottom. *G——* damn ye, they have left out *H——*, at the Instigation of the *M——y*, because the *Englisb* should not see what a damn'd Scrape it is like to bring us into. Sir, I am ashamed that any Man should have Recourse to so mean a Subterfuge to vindicate a Falshood, as to appeal to a Map, in which he must know *H——* was designedly left out. Gentlemen, is this fair Reasoning? I appeal to you.' The Landlord and Mr. *Broadfig* agreed it was damn'd unfair. ' Damn me,' says the Landlord, ' it is as bad as pricking a Horse in the Plateing, before he runs; but we, poor *Englisb*, are always choused in this Manner. By ——,' says *Goodfellow*, ' the Rascal who made this Map should be hanged, for leaving out *H——*, to deceive the Nation to its Ruin. It is a Scandal; I am amazed the People suffer it.' The Landlord and Grocer agreed in this also.

SWEETWOOD enjoyed this secretly; when *Mathematic*, smiling with Contempt, cried, ' Sir, it was impossible *H——* could be in this Map.'

' IMPOSSIBLE! 'Sblood,' says *Goodfellow*, ' is it not large enough to hold it, the Place is not so big.'

' SIR,' says *Mathematic*, still laughing, ' this is the best Map of Part of *America*, *H——* is in *Europe*.'

' IN *Europe*, Sir,' says *Goodfellow*, ' will any Man dare to say, that *H——* is in *Europe*. You intend to humbug us to our Faces, as if we knew not our A B C. 'Sblood, Sir, *H——*, all the World knows, is in *Germany*; is it not one of the *Nine Electors* of

' *Germany*. H—— in *Europe*, H—— in *Hell*. No, Sir, by G——, this is too much; we must beg your Pardon here. Ah! damn it,' lifting up his Eyes and Hands. ' This is too much.'

THIS Stroke clench'd the Conquest of Mr. *Goodfellow* over Mr. *Mathematic* in the Opinion of mine Host and Mr. *Broadfig*; when they desired *Mathematic* not to expose himself, by insisting that H—— was in *Europe*, when all the World knew it was in *Germany*. Mr. *Sweetwood*, still pretended Ignorance of these Matters. The Map being now dispatched, as that Argument was ended, Mr. *Goodfellow* filled a Bumper of Port, and said to Mr. *Mathematic*, ' Come, Sir, my Service to you, I never beat a Man in my Life, but I drank to him.' *Broadfig* and mine Host enjoying the Conquest with much Pleasure, leering upon each other. However, *Mathematic* himself was grievously nettled to be driven from the Truth, and lose the Triumph, when he had really got the Victory. A State of much Humiliation to all Disputants, where Honour is the whole Reward. Lawyers, indeed, at the Bar receive these Disappointments with much Philosophy, after having first received the consoling Fee.

MR. *Mathematic*, therefore, being extremely sore, internally, could not bear this Disgrace; he was determined once more to try his Hand, and see if better Success would not attend him. After having much belabour'd the Argument, who were and who were not our Allies, the Schoolmaster asserted, he could bring a mathematical Demonstration that it was impossible the *English* and their Allies could look in the Face of the *French* and their Allies. ' For supposing,' says he, ' that *France* has only two hundred and twenty thousand Troops, *Spain* a hundred and twenty thousand, and *Naples* thirty thousand; that the Kings of *Prussia*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark* are neuter, that makes three hundred and seventy thousand Men. Then,' says he, ' *England* furnishes in all fifty thousand, the *Austrians* a hundred thousand, the *Dutch* dare not move, thro' Fear of the *French*, and the *Russians* are in the same Situation, thro' Fear of the *Turks*, *Swedes*, &c. if we hire a hundred thousand *Germans*, which we must

' pay, where shall we find Money to support all this? and
' the whole makes but two hundred and fifty thousand
' Troops. Thus, by Demonstration, what I said shall
' be proved to be true. Here, give me a Piece of
' Paper, and a Pen and Ink.' Which being brought,
he took it, and soon gave the Paper back to Mr. *Good-*
fellow's Hand, in the following Condition, presuming
that he was as ignorant of Algebra as Geography. and
conceiving that the Words, mathematical Demonstra-
tion, would carry all before them.

$$\begin{array}{r} 2Id \\ \text{Or } + - Ir = 2Id \text{ and } \frac{\quad}{0 + 1} = 1. \end{array}$$

' THERE is a mathematical Demonstration, that we
' and our Allies cannot oppose the Power of *France*
' and her Allies.'

THIS Word, Demonstration, and this pretended
Proof of it, struck deeply into the Stomach of Mr.
Goodfellow, the Mercer, and mine Host, being a Word
of high Import. and capable of much deceiving in a
wrong Application. It was now, *Dick Mathematic*
appeared to carry the Day. It seems, Mr. *Goodfellow*
was afraid to dispute the Validity of the Question, be-
cause he was totally a Novice to all algebraical Man-
ners of stating Things. A Pause therefore ensued, at-
tended with a Dejection of Spirits, visible in the Tri-
umvirate above-mentioned, when the Rider conceiving
a lucky Thought, asked *Dick Mathematic*, if he reck-
oned only according to Numbers. 'To be sure,'
says *Dick*, 'I do.' 'And you reckon a *Frenchman*
' as good as an *Englishman*, do you, in this Demon-
' stration?' 'Why not?' says *Dick*, 'Gentlemen,
' will not this make a Saint to swear?' says *Goodfellow* ;
' when he must know, that one *Englishman* is, at least,
' able to beat ten *Frenchmen*. Damn me, compare
' Soup-meagre with Roast Beef, or imagine, that a
' Fellow who eats Frogs can fight an *Englishman* fed
' with Plum-pudding! So you reckon nothing for
' *English* Courage, hey, Master *Mathematic*,' (putting
his Arms a-kembo, and looking in his Face). 'In

‘ rage this damn’d Scrole of yours here, damn my Blood,
 ‘ (he continued) I am ashamed to see a Man so much
 ‘ an Enemy to his Country. *English* and *French* Cou-
 ‘ rage are equal, are they? Beef and Soup-meagre,
 ‘ Frogs and Plum-pudding, make no Difference in
 ‘ Men’s Fighting. Look you, Mr. *Mathematic*, by —
 ‘ I am convinced you know, that during all the Duke
 ‘ of *Marlborough*’s Wars we beat the *French* ten to
 ‘ one, and should have done the same Thing the last,
 ‘ if they had not been twenty to one, or the *Dutch* had
 ‘ behaved as they ought. Sir, you must excuse me,
 ‘ henceforth we never more dispute on these Matters.
 ‘ You first tried to humbug us with a Map in which
 ‘ you left out *H—*, and next with a mathematical
 ‘ Demonstration, and leave out *English* Courage:
 ‘ Wherefore, I am sorry to say it, I must look upon
 ‘ you as a Friend to the *M—* and the *French*, and an
 ‘ Enemy to your Country. And here ends out Dis-
 ‘ pute, by —.

Mr. *Mathematic* was discomfited, Mr. *Goodfellow* triumphed, Mr. *Broadfig* and mine Host joined in the Joy, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, after having sated himself with this Company, retired laughing at the Success of happy Impudence; and not a little pleased to behold the Chagrin of the Schoolmaster, who was tumbled from the Skies of his Greatness, like a Meteor, which shoots along its Flame till it expires in falling.

Thus ended the grand Dispute between the Rider of *London*, and the Mathematician of * * * *, in *Oxfordshire*; when the Parties separating, we leave the two Combatants, one to lye waking with excessive Joy, and the other with excessive Sorrow, whilst the Mercer and Landlord take a sweet Repose. At the same Time, taking that Liberty ourself also, we finish a long Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXVI.

In which Mr. Goodfellow reaps two Advantages from his last Night's Debate; an internal Triumph, and external Orders.

THE Sun rising with Ray resplendent, beheld the Souls of the two Combatants in very various Dispositions; that of Mr. *Goodfellow* chearful as the Month of *May*, all blooming, gay, and sprightly; Mr. *Mathematic's* dreary as *November*, sad and sable, the first wishing to display the Honours of his Victory; the other to hide himself in some Dungeon for ever: What added to his Pain was the Self-consciousness of his Superiority; and yet the Triumph which he knew the People of the Town would manifest on his supposed Defeat.

MR. *Sweetwood* early pursued his Journey to *London*, and my Landlord rose sooner than usual to spread the Defeat of Mr. *Mathematic*. Those who had been previously favoured with an Intimation of the designed Combat, were impatient to hear the Event; and, indeed, secretly wished that Mr. *Mathematic* might be defeated: Such is the human Composition, they could not bear with any Temper, that Superiority which the Schoolmaster had assumed since his Merit obtained him the Honour of shewing a great M—— in what Part of the World *America* was situated.

Oh, Envy! basest Passion of the Soul! When wilt thou be extirpated from the human Bosom? When wilt thou leave our great Statesmen, who excels all past, present, and to come, in fathoming the true Bathos of Policy, to sleep in Peace, unmolested by thy Sting?

MINE Host then being risen from his Pillow, walked into the Market-house, where he gave the gaping Audience a full Account of all the Affair, adding, that he imagined *Mathematic* would have shewn better Sport; 'but, rot him,' says he, 'he's a Jade; *Goodfellow* had it all hollow, he could have distanced him the first Heat; but he brought him in hand-

‘ somely, to shew the more Sport to the Company :
 ‘ Damn the Fellow, he’s a mere Jade.’ Joy universal spread itself on the Faces of the whole Assembly, and many of them, being Shop-keepers, determined to give *Goodfellow* an Order, who had never dealt with him before.

Mr. *Goodfellow* himself being now risen, waited upon Mr. *Broadfig*, who seizing him by the Hand, and looking with a Smile on his Face, thanked him for the last Night’s Entertainment ; affirming, that though he always knew him to be a clever Fellow, he did not imagine him so knowing as he had found him. Mr. *Goodfellow* thanked him for the Compliment, and then took a large Order.

AFTER this, as my Landlord had told him that many others would be his Customers, he waited on them, humbly requesting their Favours ; he was readily desired to walk in, and then intreated to tell them how the Affair stood between Mr. *Mathematic* and himself last Night. Mr. *Goodfellow*, therefore, after taking out his Book of Patterns, the other to give Orders, his Pen and Ink, began with, ‘ I’ll tell you, Sir ;’ the Wife, and all the Family being present with attentive Ears, ‘ the Affair in dispute was concerning the *Ohio* ‘ and *H——*, and where the *French* Troops are now ‘ situated :’ ‘ Well, Sir,’ says the Shopkeeper, ‘ how ‘ then ?’ ‘ Then, Sir,’ says Mr. *Goodfellow*, shewing the Patterns, ‘ what think you of these Patterns, they ‘ are very good ?’ ‘ I like them,’ says the Mercer, ‘ put me down six Pieces of each of these Checks.’ ‘ Sir, I thank you,’ says *Goodfellow*, putting them down in his Book. ‘ So, Sir, (he continued) *Mathematic* first wanted to prove that *H——* and the ‘ *Ohio* were five thousand Miles asunder.’ ‘ The Devil he did,’ says the Mercer, ‘ And how do you ‘ imagine he contrived it ? By —— he brought a ‘ Map, in which *H——*, to deceive the *English*, ‘ was purposely left out,’ continued *Goodfellow*. ‘ Ah, ‘ damn him,’ says the Mercer, ‘ the Fellow ought to ‘ be hang’d.’ ‘ To be burnt alive, Sir,’ says *Goodfellow*, ‘ he’s an Enemy to Old England, by ——.’ ‘ What think you of these Fustians, Sir ?’ ‘ Very

‘good,’ answered the Mercer, ‘send me six Pieces of each of these two.’ ‘Sir, I thank you,’ says *Goodfellow*. ‘Then, Sir, he began a damn’d Story of a Cock and a Bull, about the *French* Forces being better than the *English*: These Ribbands, I believe, Sir, you’ll think very pretty.’ ‘Send me twenty Pieces,’ says the Mercer: ‘Sir, I thank you,’ replied Mr. *Goodfellow*. ‘After this, Sir, he brings a damn’d Scrole, which he call’d a mathematical Demonstration, and never mentioned a Word of *English* Courage in the Thing.’ ‘Not a Word of *English* Courage,’ says the Mercer. ‘Not a Word, as I hope to be saved,’ answered *Goodfellow*. ‘Silk, Buckram, Tapes, or Inkles, Sir?’ ‘Twelve Pounds of the first, twenty Pieces of the second, and a Gros of each of the others,’ replied the Mercer. ‘Sir, I thank you,’ says Mr. *Goodfellow*. ‘But,’ says the Mercer, ‘is it possible the Villain could leave out *English* Courage?’ ‘Upon my Soul,’ says *Goodfellow*, ‘Pins or Needles, Ferreting or Canvas, Sir?’ ‘Yes, Sir, send me forty Gros of Pins, ten thousand Needles, twelve Dozen of Ferreting, and six Pieces of Canvas,’ says the Mercer. ‘Sir, I thank you,’ says *Goodfellow*, ‘not a Word of *English* Courage, by —.’

‘THEN, Sir, I took him off short; and cut him all to Pieces in a Minute. Any Kind of Threads, Sir?’ ‘Send me six Gros of all Sorts,’ says the Mercer. ‘Sir, I thank you,’ says the Rider. ‘Look you, Mr. *Mathematic*, says I, by —, I ask your Pardon, Madam, for swearing. (to the Wife) there was no avoiding it, you are an Enemy to your Country. Will you say Beef does not give more Courage than Soup meagre, and Plum-pudding than Frogs and Sallads?’ ‘Why, he had not the Impudence to say that, sure?’ says the Wife, ‘had he?’ ‘Upon my Honour, Madam,’ says *Goodfellow*, clapping his Hand on his Breast, ‘*Manchester* Velvets, Sir?’ ‘Half a Dozen Pieces of best black,’ answered the Mercer. ‘Thank you, Sir, they shall be the best you ever saw; we dye all these Things under our own Eyes,’ says *Goodfellow*. ‘So, says I, Mr. *Mathematic*, look

' you, Sir, a Man that will say what you have said, and assert, that Beef and Plum-pudding will not beat Frogs and Soup-meagre, must be a Scoundrel, by ———. And here ends our Argument. Madam, you know, one could say no less when he talked in that Manner of Old *England*.' 'To be sure,' says the Wife, 'I think you used him too civilly.'

'WELL,' says the Mercer, 'Mr. *Goodfellow* use me well, and you shall have my Dealings.' 'Sir, you may depend on it, no one can serve you so well in *England*; the Manufacturer cannot serve you so cheap as we can.' 'How so, Mr. *Goodfellow*,' says the Mercer. 'Sir, I'll tell you, we always keep twenty thousand Pounds in Cash at *Manchester*, and ten at *Coventry*; when the poor Tradesmen, wanting Cash, come immediately to us, and sell their Pieces for less than they cost the making, for the Sake of ready Money; by which Means we often furnish the Manufacturers themselves; some of them have left off making, and buy of us because it is cheaper, and perhaps they will all. And ——— but, Sir, you'll drink a Glass with me, and dine with me at my Inn ——— we'll be Jolly,' shaking the Mercer by the Hand most cordially. 'Then we'll have a little more Talk of this Affair; you may think of something else that is wanting, and I'll give you a Song.' He then took his Leave very politely of the Wife and Children, who wished Mr. *Goodfellow* a good Journey; the Mercer saying, as he went out, 'By *Jove*, he is a clever Fellow.'

IN this Manner the Story was told six different Times, and six new Customers added to his List. By this Accident, Mr. *Goodfellow* was immortal in the Opinion of all the People in the Town, and poor *Dick Mathematic* reduced to great Contempt: Alas! his Soul was so penetrated with Grief at this melancholy Affair, that he determined to quit the Place, and renounce his School.

WHEN, as being a Sufferer in a ministerial Cause, he was soon honoured with a Place in the Customs,

at a Sea Port in the West, worth a hundred a Year; where he still resides, not having yet shaken off the Gloom which he contracted on that Account.

C H A P. LXXXVII.

Strokes of Joy saddened by Affliction between Mr. Sweetwood and Lady Flimsy. Mr. Muckworm in great Tribulation and Distress; all which ends well at last.

MR. Sweetwood being arrived in London, met Lady Flimsy at the Masquerade, as we have already said, where, being made known to the Earl of Liberal by his Countess, who presented him to her Lord, by saying, 'I am greatly obliged to this Gentleman for his Civility to me when I was in Distress at Bristol.' Mr. Sweetwood bowed, and the Earl thanked him, with desiring him to be his Guest in Town. 'Suffer me,' says his Lordship, 'to be considered as one of your Friends. Sir, you have a Power upon my Heart, and a Right to my Esteem, which nothing else could so effectually procure you, and nothing can erase; serving my lovely Lydia,' taking her by the Hand, 'includes every Merit, in my Opinion.' 'I am only sorry I had it not more effectually in my Power,' replied Mr. Sweetwood.

BEFORE this Company left the Masquerade, Mr. Sweetwood desired Lady Flimsy to permit him to visit her the next Morning; she said, he would oblige her more by not seeing her at that Time, 'and we shall dine together at my Lord Liberal's To-morrow, when we will settle every Thing relating to that Affair.' Mr. Sweetwood obeyed, but with Reluctance. The Time of dining being nearly come, Mr. Sweetwood repaired to the Earl's, where Lady Liberal received him with great Politeness. After a little Pause, 'Madam,' says he, 'I must intreat you to be my Intercessor with Lady Flimsy, and prevail upon her to permit me to visit her: You have heard the cruel Quarantine I have performed, of more than

' nine Months ; certainly the Danger of Infection must be over by this Time ; and the remaining Time, which completes the cruel Year, may be dispensed with in Favour of former Love ; especially considering the whole Circumstance which attended Lady *Flimsy's* first Marriage.'

THE Earl hearing Part of this Conversation, joined with Lady *Liberal*, in agreeing, that the Conditions were extremely severe. ' We will try, Mr. *Sweetwood*,' says Lady *Liberal*, ' to break the Chains, which hold you from all you love : Shall not we, my Dear,' smiling in my Lord's Face ? ' Yes, we will free the Man,' says my Lord ; ' it can be no great Violation sure to make a Woman happy, in Opposition to a ridiculous Resolution.' ' Pray, my Lord,' says *Sweetwood*, ' let me intreat you not to be too resolute in this Attempt ; I would suffer any Thing rather than give Lady *Flimsy* a Moment's Disquietude.' ' Poor Swain,' says my Lord, ' have a Care now, don't profane the Idol of your Heart.' ' Indeed,' says Lady *Liberal*, ' you rally with a good Grace ; do you imagine yourself less delicate in such Matters than Mr. *Sweetwood* ? You, who have taken a poor Girl from the Moment of Destruction, and made her a Countess, and are now persisting in spoiling her with extreme and assiduous Fondness from Day to Day : You, who have dared to expose your Life in her Favour, and yet you presume to laugh at Mr. *Sweetwood* ; believe me,' smiling in his Face, ' I think you would behave in the same Manner : How can I imagine otherwise, since from the nuptial Hour, the happiest that ever shone on Mortals, you have been totally engaged in making me the Object of your Affection, and preserving me from every Disquietude.'

AT this time Lady *Flimsy* arriving, put a conclusion to the Conversation : The Hours were past in the utmost Pleasure between four Persons, all amiable and of Understanding ; Lord *Liberal* rallied Lady *Flimsy* on her Quarrel with her Heart, in interdicting Mr. *Sweetwood*, and almost laughed her from the Resolution

olution of preserving the Decorum of a Twelve-month's Widowhood.

' So tender a Husband, so faithful to my Arms, so honourable to all, the generous Protector of the Innocent and Amiable, snatch'd cruelly in the very Flower of his Youth from my Embrace; whilst all his Charms were in full Bloom, Death cropt the lovely Rose: Oh! how did Virtue suffer! the World lost a Friend, the Poor a Father, the Learned a Patron: Oh! my Heart will not permit me to proceed on this mournful Occasion, wretched Woman that I am.' ' These I know are the melancholy Ideas which possess your Heart, the Expression is so visible in your Face,' says the Earl to Lady *Flimsy*.

' PARDON me, my Lord, I am sure I pretend to no such Affliction.'

' INDEED you do, Madam,' say the Earl, ' what is all this Affectation of a whole Year's Weeds and Widowhood, but lamenting the Loss of a dear and tender Husband?'

' THE Decorum of the World, and Decency require it,' replied the Viscountess.

' DECORUM and Decency require us then,' says the Earl, ' to wear the external Tokens of Mourning, for the Loss of that which the Soul internally rejoices to be deprived of; to pay the same Respect which is due to Merit and Affection, to that which had never the least Degree of either; and, corrupting the best Part of the human Heart, by the continued Hypocrisy of a whole Year, smile through the sable Envelope, like *Cynthia* through surrounding Clouds.'

LADY *Flimsy* defended herself with that Kind of Force which Cowards use when they are obliged by Shame, or some other Motive, to resist: Her Heart yielded to the Power of Love, and restrained her from exerting her full Answer; she found a Reluctance to defend herself, and a few Days brought her to the Resolution of giving Mr. *Sweetwood* her Hand. No Happiness was ever superior to this of *Sweetwood's*; the Viscountess herself felt an Ease upon her Bosom, a

Complacency upon her Heart, which had long been alienated from it, during the whole Interdiction of Mr. *Sweetwood*. She had suffered on his and her own Account; the pathetic Passion had been ill at Ease, in being deprived of the Presence of its Object.

THIS Disquietude was at an End, the Clouds which obscured the fair Face of Love were dissipated; the Souls of this Pair were all Sun-shine and Pleasure, the Day was appointed for the Nuptials, *Sweetwood's* Heart was panting with excessive Bliss at the Thoughts of his being united for Life to his dear *Arabella*; he would frequently take her Hand in his as they sat together, and squeeze it with emphatic Eagerness: At the same Time, gazing in her Face with Eyes swimming in Floods of Love, uttering, ' my *Arabella*, my dearest Creature, my Soul.' She listening to the soothing Sound with Looks of reciprocal Affection, comparing the sweet Effect these Expressions had upon her Heart, with the Different ones which arose from the same Words uttered formerly by Lord *Flimsy*.

HEAVEN! she would say secretly, can there be such Difference in the same Expressions from different Objects? The very Words which, uttered by Mr. *Sweetwood*, thrill through every Fibre of my Heart, like Music from the Hand of the finest Musician, and attune my Soul to his in sympathetic Harmony, pronounced by Lord *Flimsy* were Discord and Distaste; my Soul shuddered at the Sound as odious as the hissing of an Adder.

LORD *Beef*, who, through he had no Inclination to oppose Mr. *Sweetwood*, in Arms, had a fixt Resolution to torment him in his Love: It is the Coward's Disposition never to forgive; he therefore finding that Mr. *Sweetwood* was gone to *London* after the Viscountess, took the Resolution of following her thither also; he was determin'd to defer, if not totally prevent, the Marriage and Happiness of this Pair.

WITH this Intent he waited on Mr. *Muckworm*, and told him that Lady *Flimsy* was about to marry Mr. *Sweetwood*; ' but,' says he, ' Sir, she is not yet of Age, and cannot marry without your Con-

‘ sent; surely you will not give her leave to ruin herself by wedding a Fellow, whose Estate, at best, is not six hundred Pounds a Year.’

‘ SIR,’ says *Muckworm*, ‘ I thought she had been free from my Guardianship after being once married.’ ‘ Not till she is of Age,’ says *Beef*. ‘ Now if you will oblige her to marry me, I’ll settle my whole Estate upon your Family if I have no Children, or in case they do not live.’

He then explained who he was, with adding, ‘ you see, Sir, there can be no one whom I care Six-pence for, but myself; wherefore you are as welcome to my Estate as another, provided I have no Children.’

THIS Offer struck Mr. *Muckworm* with much Force; he knew the Viscountess had a Year to be of Age, and concluded, that the Abstinence of twelve Months was a trying Circumstance to a Widow; he had ever formed his Judgment of the Sexes by himself and his Wife, and firmly believed, that every Man, and every Woman, were equally adapted for each other: Under this Conviction he determined to consult Mrs. *Muckworm* on this Affair.

‘ WHAT dost think, Mistress,’ says he, ‘ here’s a Gentleman hath been to see me, and tells me, Lady *Flimsy* is about marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*?’

‘ THERE let her marry him if she will, a proud Minx, she has never had the Manners to visit me since her last Marriage; let the World know how you disposed of her to a Lord, and she has thrown herself away on a poor Country Squire; I would not meddle in it, was I you.’ ‘ Ah, but Wife,’ says *Muckworm* he tells me I can prevent the Match, and that he will settle his whole Estate, which is very great, in case of Default of Issue, on my Family, if I can engage her to marry him.’

‘ AH that is quite another Thing, if you, or your Children, are likely to be the better for it, prevent her to be sure; I would make the proud Minx suffer for her Neglect, she should know what it was to offend her Guardian,’ says Mrs. *Muckworm*.

THE

THE Matter then being settled between Lord *Beef*, and Mr. *Muckworm*, the Merchant was to write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*, and forbid her marrying Mr. *Sweetwood*.

SWEETWOOD having passed the Evening with Lady *Flimsy*, in mutual Delight and Passion, said, ' Now, Madam, the last Sun has set upon our Separation, and my Misery ; To morrow makes me the happiest of Men ;' Lord *Liberal*, and his Lady, had promised to be early with Lady *Flimsy* ; his Lordship being to give her away.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. *Sweetwood* was convinced that the succeeding Day was to be the happiest since the Creation, when he pronounced the Words, *Now the last Sun has set upon our Separation* ; he felt an internal Sensation that seemed to give his Mind the Negative to this Expression.

He slept not the whole Night, attended with infinite Disquietude ; it was not the impatient Joy of coming Happiness, which seemed to prevent his sleeping, but a displeasing Distrust, which differs as much from the other, as the benign Message of an Angel from the terrifying Presence of a Ghost.

THIS, however, he still construed as arising from the timid Disposition of Lovers, eternally anxious thro' Fear of losing all they love, and no Presentment of approaching Evil.

THE Day appearing, after as long and as tedious a Night as he had ever passed, Mr. *Sweetwood* dressed, and repaired to Lady *Flimsy's* ; when being admitted, he found her bathed in Tears.

ASTONISHED at this Appearance, he ran to her, asking, with the most pathetic Request, what was the Matter ? trembling from the Center of his Soul : ' My *Arabella*, tell me what afflicts you, my Soul, tell me, I implore you.' She could not prevent her Bosom from being tortured by the Message she had received ; yet she was somewhat reluctant in answering this Question ; ashamed to confess, that the Delay of her Marriage a Year, which was all it could do, should give her such infinite Affliction.

How-

' HOWEVER,' she said, ' read that Letter,' pointing to one which lay before her; it was directed in this Manner.

To Lady Flimsy,

THESE Present.

MR. Sweetwood opening it, read, *My Lady, I am informed that you be going to marry Mr. Sweetwood; this is, therefore, as the Law directs, to warn you against it; you are not of Age, and I am your Guardian, wherefore I here forbid the Thing; and if you do marry this Sweetwood, I will make the Marriage null and void: I have another Man in my Eye who is ten Times as rich;*

Your humble Servant,

M. MUCKWORM.

MR. Sweetwood, at the reading this Letter, was, for a few Minutes, petrified; till his Soul, struck by this Message, like the Rock in the Desert, by the Hand of Moses, poured forth plenteous Streams of Water. ' My Arabella, my Soul,' looking in her Face, ' must this Message be cruelly complied with? is there ' no Way by which my Soul can be relieved from this ' Distress? does this cursed Law oblige People to be ' chained more than once to all that is detestable? is ' all Choice secluded from Lovers Hearts, and given ' to those who can have no Sensation of such Distress.' ' tress.'

SHE looked in his Face with flowing Eyes, more eloquent in Silence than Words can make her; at length she sigh'd, and said, ' 'tis but a Year; then this Thraldom ends.' ' A Year,' cried Sweetwood, ' an Hour ' is more than Ages at this Instant; but it shall be yet ' completed. Permit me, Madam, to fly instantly, ' and consult Counsel on this Occasion; I am almost ' sure that this Arrogance is contrary to Law: Shall ' we be so treated without knowing whether he has a ' Right or not.' ' As you please, Sir,' says she.

MR. *Sweetwood* then taking the Letter, took a Coach, and hurried to a Tavern very near Mr. *Muckworm's*: In the Way he called at his Lodgings, and took a Brace of Pistols in his Pocket. Being set down, he sent a Message to Mr. *Muckworm* as from a Tradesman, who intended to deal with him for the Commodities he sold.

MR. *Muckworm*, ever ready to turn the Penny, complied with the Message; and being arrived at the Tavern, was shewn the Room in which Mr. *Sweetwood* was; each of these Gentlemen was unknown to the other.

SWEETWOOD therefore began, with saying, 'Sir, your Name is *Muckworm*, I presume.' Yes, Sir, at your Service,' replied the Merchant. 'Pray, are you the Gentleman that are so rich, the Guardian of Lady *Flimsy*?' says *Sweetwood*. 'Ho, ho, ho, not so rich, Sir; but I am her Guardian, however,' answered *Muckworm*. *Sweetwood* then stept to the Door, and locking it, took the two Pistols from his Pocket, and said, 'My Name is *Sweetwood*, you have written a Letter to that Lady To-day, in which you have prohibited her marrying me; take your Choice of these Pistols; for you or I will die instantly, unless you revoke that Message.' This was pronounced with a Face of much Resolution.

MR. *Muckworm*, not liking this Speech, began to evacuate most powerfully; which, though not by Sweat, answered full as well; Physicians having observed, that frequently one Secretion effects the Purpose of another. Thus stinking and trembling, he said, 'I am worth a hundred thousand Pounds, and do not understand Pistols at all.' 'Sir,' says *Sweetwood*, 'if you were worth a Million, I would immediately shoot you; unless you give me, under your Hand, your Consent to marry Lady *Flimsy*. Must I be twice rendered miserable by your Villainy?' This Situation was too perilous to be dallied with; *Muckworm* therefore answered he would give his Consent.

A PEN, Ink, and Paper, being called for, the Merchant wrote a Revocation of his former Letter,

giving Mr. *Sweetwood* his full Consent to marry Lady *Flimsy*.

In the mean while, Lord and Lady *Liberal* came to Lady *Flimsy*'s, to attend the nuptial Ceremony; when seeing something unusual in the Face of Lady *Flimsy*, who affected a Kind of false Gaiety with a Pair of tell-tale blood-shot Eyes, as if to conceal some internal Disquietude; they were under some Dilemma as to the Occasion, looking in one another's Faces in doubt how to behave.

At length the Earl asked if Mr. *Sweetwood* was not yet come; the Viscountess answered, that he was gone to his Lawyer. 'Poor Lady,' says the Earl, 'What! the Writings are not finished, and the Wedding is to be deferred a whole Day, may be?' 'Not on that Account, I assure you, my Lord,' says she. This ambiguous Expression alarmed Lady *Liberal*, when she said to the Viscountess, 'Madam, I entreat you make me acquainted with what has happened; something I saw in your Face at the Moment of our coming has disquieted you, I know you will tell me.' 'I will retire,' says the Earl. 'Not at all,' says Lady *Flimsy*, 'read that Letter:' When reading *Muckworm*'s Letter, he burst out a Laughing. 'Poor Thing, did he intend taking away her Sweet-heart,' says the Earl. Lady *Flimsy* hung her Head, and the Countess smiled at the Account.

'HOWEVER,' says the Earl, 'here is one Consolation for you, this Fellow's Inclination has out-shot his Power, the Law gives Guardians no Authority over Widows under Age; he is mistaken in his Aim, though it proves him a Rascal.'

THE Words were scarce finished when Mr. *Sweetwood* entered with *Muckworm*'s Consent. Lord *Liberal* was much diverted at this Hurry of the Lovers, the Ceremony of Marriage was then finished, and the Day spent in great Pleasure; this Circumstance of Distress not a little contributing to the Sprightliness of the Conversation.

In two Days Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* left London for *Worcestershire*; to which Place, wishing them a happy Journey, we conclude this Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXVIII.

In which Lady Betty Wringle once more appears to our Readers; she endeavours to disturb the Happiness she cannot enjoy. Mr. Vainlove and his Character, make their first Entrance. A small Conversation.

LADY Betty Wringle, whom we have already mentioned, by no means satisfied with missing the Earl of *Liberal*, and taking no Joy in the rising Reputation of the Countess, was maliciously hatching how she might disturb the Quiet of this happy Pair, and poison the Stream of that Delight which they were drinking, and she was forbidden to taste.

JEALOUSY was the Seed, which she knew, could it be sown between them, would effectually, like Tares, choke the blooming Plant of mutual Joy.

SHE, therefore, laid about for a proper Person to dispatch as an Emissary to accomplish this Design: No long Search determined her to pitch on a young Officer in the Guards of her Acquaintance; he was six Foot high, well made, and of a good Family; this, with an excessive Self-love, and high Opinion of his Person, rendered him extremely open to the artful Insinuations of whoever flattered him in these Qualities: He was far from being void of Understanding, but that was almost drowned in an Ocean of Vanity.

THIS young Gentleman, in visiting Lady Betty one Day, was relating the charming Hours he had spent at Lord *Liberal*'s: 'Upon my Soul,' says he, 'Lady Betty, so much Beauty, and so much Modesty, mixt with such excellent Understanding, was never in one Woman; and yet all these are inferior to her Good-nature.'

'HER Good-nature, indeed!' says Lady Betty, sneering.

'WHY, Madam,' says young *Vainlove*, 'is she not good-natur'd?'

'To a Miracle,' replied Lady Betty; 'no one has given such Proofs so soon after Marriage, I believe.'

'MADAM, I fear you insinuate what is not true.'

'Good

‘GOOD luck, I am not acquainted with her being at an Affignation with Captain *Bounce*, am I? Do you imagine because he is a Coward, and had not Resolution to defend what he had said of her, that the Affair was all a Falshood? No, no, my Servant dogg’d her in her Chair to a Place of Rendezvous within six Days after she was married, with that very Man.’ She then rang the Bell, and bid *Thomas* enter. ‘Pray, *Thomas*, did not you follow Lady *Liberal* to a Rendezvous within six Days after she was married, and see Captain *Bounce* go into the same House?’ ‘Yes, my Lady,’ says *Thomas*, who understands always by the Question which Way it is to be answered.

‘WELL, Mr. *Vainlove*, what say you to this?’

‘FAITH, my Lady, I could not have believed it, but you Women are such confounded Hypocrites; I never saw such Appearance of true Tendernefs between a Man and Woman in my Life,’ says the Officer.

‘WHY, *Vainlove*,’ says Lady *Betty*, ‘she said such Things in Favour of you at a Place where I met her by Accident in a Visit, that, upon my Honour, I never heard the like come from any Woman’s Lips, attended with such wishing Looks and luscious Warmth in the Expression, that no one of the Company missed taking Notice of it; a Fortnight’s Pursuit carries her.’

‘POH, poh, my Lady, you rally, I am convinced you do.’

‘NOT I, upon my Word, it is sincerely true; but I shall say no more in this Affair: You will accuse me by-and-by of persuading you to an Intrigue, which, God knows, I would not do for any Consideration in Life; I would not be instrumental in spoiling their Happiness, that will come soon enough without my Assistance: For, upon my Honour, *Vainlove*, it is your Fault, if this Angel, of such celestial Qualities, does not prove a mere Woman in your Arms within this Month.’ The Visit ending, we end this Chapter.

C H A P. LXXXIX.

Mr. Vainlove commences an Intrigue which leads him to a French Refugee; and brings the Reader acquainted with a Doctor in Philosophy, a Doctor in Physic, a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Berlin, and a Writer of Reviews, and J—rnaux Brit-niques, almost illustriously combined in one Thing, happily distinguished in Soul and Body; in which his Physic and Philosophy, his Science and Literature, are truly displayed for the Good of all Students in these various Branches, without desiring a Patent for the Discovery.

THE Conversation of this Visit dwelt in *Vainlove's* Mind; he could not divest himself of what *Lady Betty* had told him: He, therefore, much assisted by his natural Prevention in Favour of himself, began to think it possible; particularly, as one Day dining at the *Earl's*, a Pistol fired in the Street made the Countess start suddenly from the Table, at the Noise, and catch hold of *Vainlove's* Arm, who sat next to her.

VANITY converts every Accident into real Design; and this Accident, together with the precious Story of *Lady Betty*, convinced *Mr. Vainlove*, that this Fright was all pretended; and that she had taken this Occasion to squeeze his Arm, and tell him by that Means that she had a Passion for him.

RESOLVED therefore to continue this Intrigue, so happily begun, he set about enquiring how a Letter might be conducted safely and secretly to her Hands; he was afraid to trust one of the Servants with the Conduct of it, lest that might hint the Intent, and discover the Design: He therefore found out that my Lord's Valet de Chambre was a *Swiss*, and that he was extremely intimate with a Refugee French Doctor in *Soho*. It seems these Fellows from their original Meanness of Birth, have ever made it a Rule to be intimately acquainted with the Valet de Chambre, or Lady's Woman, in all Houses where these Servants are Foreigners; and thus, by their being recommended to the Masters and Mis-

treffes, have not unfrequently crept into Favour with the Family.

THIS Man (having found him by the Account he had heard, truly adapted to his Purpose) *Vainlove* determined to employ on this Occasion.

Now this same Doctor is perhaps of all human Beings the most singular and contemptible; his Appearance being the meanest, and his Aspect the most depreciating in all human Nature. Added to this, it seems he has taken it into his Imagination, that a great Wig is essentially necessary to the Dignity of a Doctor; for which Reason, his Head is covered with as much Hair, as would, were it Straw, thatch a Cottage; and through this Integument, he peeps like King *Charles* in the Sign of the Royal Oak, a small Face surrounded with a Wood of Leaves. Nature to complete this happy Production has placed his two Eyes like *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, for ever following one another; the Left always turning to look after the Right, which cautiously avoids being seen by its Fellow; his Wig also, as if it was ashamed to be seen by these Eyes, or in his Company, is for ever stealing away from the right Side, and walking round to the Left; by this means the right Ear is eternally left uncovered, and the left Cheek in a total Eclipse.

THESE personal Faults, however, would, with Injustice, be imputed to him, if with all these, and an Understanding as much distorted and awry as his two Peepers, or his Wig, did he not take it into his Head to believe himself a Beauty, and set up for a Critic in Philosophy, and Literature of all Kinds, publicly declaring himself equal to every Thing, from the lightest Tale to the deepest Metaphysics, from Addition in Arithmetic to the most abstruse Mathematics, with all other Species of writing in Verse and Prose, gay and serious, and even in our Language, which he does not understand; a Sample of *Dutch* Ignorance, grafted on *French* Self-sufficiency, being of the Education of the first, and Race of the last. These ill-grounded Pretensions, together with the Meanness of his Heart, have rendered him the Contempt and Ridicule of all who know him.

THIS Being, *Vainlove*, pretending to be sick, sent for, intending by that means to open his Design, and not abruptly tell him his Intention of employing him in so despicable an Affair, as carrying a Letter of Intrigue.

THE Servant then being dispatched to *Tbr—st—street*, found the Doctor at Home translating the original Criticisms of his *J—r—l Br—t—n—q—e* from the trite Observations of the *Monthly-review* ready to go to his Patient before he knew where; however, having received the Message, he accompanied the Servant, and talked much to him in the Way, concerning his great Business amongst the Nobility.

BEING at length arrived at *Vainlove's* Lodgings, it was with great Difficulty that gallant young Gentleman refrained from laughing at the Sight of this despicable Being, this inverted Beefom; Dr. *Swift's* Meditation in the Manner of the honourable Mr. *Boyle*, coming into his Head, he scarce withheld himself from saying, surely mortal Man is a Broomstick.

HOWEVER, composing the Muscles of Risibility, which were almost again discomposed by the Doctor's reverential aukward Bow; he desired him to feel his Pulse, declaring he was much out of Order; the Ridiculousness of the Figure determining him to take some Diversion with him.

THE Doctor then taking *Vainlove's* Arm with all possible Solemnity of Phyz, began to feel his Pulse with profound Attention, when he cried out, 'tic, tic, tic, tac, tac, tac, vat de Devil be in the Pulse, I tink, vere be your Pain, tell a me, Ser?'

'IN this Part,' pointing to his Breast, says *Vainlove*. 'A—H—E,' says the Doctor, 'Tific poumonic, by Gar, de Pulse be very tific and poumonic, I tell you dat.'

'No, Doctor, you are mistaken, that is not my Disorder.'

'WHAT den?' says the Doctor, 'tell a me, Ser.'

'THAT I must leave you to decide, Doctor,' answered *Vainlove*.

'A—H—E, dat be no Matter, I cure de Pashan as vell ven I do not know a de Disese as ven me do, me

‘ vil tell a you my Manner to treat de Malade, you shall hear a me reson upon dat Matter.’

‘ DE Disese, you know, Ser, do ly in de Body in some Part or de oder. I no mind a de Principe, if I do kill a de Disese, by Gar, dat is all de Doctor can do.’

‘ IT is extreme true, Doctor,’ answered *Vainlove*.

‘ VEL, now you shall see I take a de Disese as Mare-shall *Saxe* did take a de Town, by Gar, me charge all a my Artillery vid de Electuare, de Bolus, de Julep, de Draf, de Apozeme, de Emulshou, de Tisan, de Bouillon, de Powder, de Pill, de Blister, de Glistre, de Purge, de Emetic, de Sudorific, de Diuretic, and all de Medicine in de Vorld, by Gar.’ (telling all these on his Fingers) ‘ Den I let a fly all dis at vance at my Pashan, as de Disese do lye in de Body, vere shall it hide to escape a my Discharge, by Gar; I hit all de Body, and kill a de Disese, it is no possieble it can escape: dat is my way to take a de Disese.’

‘ BUT, pray, Doctor, by this violent Manner of attacking the Body, do not your Patients sometime die as well as the Distemper?’

‘ BY Gar, dat be de only van diable d’ Accident dat do attend a my Pratique, de Pashan be so fond of de Malady he vill die for Grief ven I kill a de Disese; but by Gar, Ser, dat be not a my Faut if de Pashan vill die when I kill a de Disese; how can I help dat, Ser?’

‘ RIGHT, Doctor; but I am told you are full as good a Critic as Physician, and a better Philosopher than both; don’t you write the *J—r—l Br-t-n-q-e*, and treat Authors as you do your Patients, by letting fly your Artillery of Learning against Books, as you do Medicines against Bodies?’

‘ DAT is very true, Ser, I do write a dat Book, dere is de great Canon, Mr. *B — u*, de great Mr. *G — t*s, and his Lady, and a myself do write de Review, dere is de Book for you by Gar.’

‘ PRAY, Doctor, do you read all the Books you criticise in these Writings of yours?’ says *Vainlove*.

‘ ME vill tell you, Ser, how I do make a de Critique ; but as I am Doctor in Philosophy, I will make a de Syllogis for dat.’

‘ DE Man who be de Fool cannot make a de good Book, dat be de Majore.’

‘ DE Man who do not present a me his Book be very Fool, dat be de Minore.’

‘ DERFORE de Book be—hay—vat—by Gar, I have forgot a my Philosophy, vat a Diable is come a my Head? I no make a de Syllogis ner de Conclusion.’

‘ I UNDERSTAND you, Doctor,’ says *Vainlove*, ‘ you conclude, that all Books are extremely ill written which are not given you by the Authors of them ; and all those very well, that are, and so forming their Merit from these Circumstances, criticise accordingly without reading a Word of either.’

‘ DAT is de Ting, by Gar,’ replied the Doctor, ‘ ve do a de same Ting in de Review.’

‘ YOUR Method, Doctor, is somewhat singular ; however, as my Disorder does not require all your Artillery, prescribe me a purging Potion, and send your Journal along with it this Evening,’ says *Vainlove*.

‘ BY Gar dat be de right Jugeman, no two Ting in de Worlde do go so vell togeder, as my Purgative and my Book, all a my Pashan advise take a van vid de oder.’

‘ I SUPPOSE then, Doctor, you write in the new Way, the Leaves of your Journal are very detergent.’

‘ VAT is dat de detergent Writing? By Gar, me no understand a dat.’

‘ THE new Way, the wiping Way, its much in Fashion at present, Doctor.’

‘ A—H—E by Gar mine be much in dat Fashion, de wiping Way ; den I do assure you, dat mine be de very wiping Way : But, Ser, I desire one Ting, dat you vill mark the Reflexion and the Vit in my Journal.’

‘ You

' You may depend on it Doctor, every Leaf shall be marked by To-morrow Evening,' replied *Vain-love*.

' A—H—E, dat be too much, you are too good ; but I shall be very much oblige to you for dat, me vill show a your Remark to de Royale Societé, it vill do a me a much Honor dere.

' THAT is another Honour, I did not know you were distinguished with, Doctor.

' By Gar — and of *Berlin* too, me vill tell you dat, Ser ; de Royale Societé of *London* did chuse a me, because I vas de most singular Ting in de World, and de Society of *Berlin*, because dey did believe it in de Letter : Do you know de Reason why I vas made Member of de Royale Societé ?

' No, Doctor, indeed, I do not.'

' By Gar, me vill tell a you dat ; you know, Ser, dat de common Man begin his Vill vid, I give a my Body to be decently interr'd. How do you tink I make a my Vill ? by Gar, like de Philosophe ; I say, I give a my Body to de Royale Societé to be smok'd and dry'd, and to be put in de grand Collecshon of Sir *Hans Sloane*, to be placed on de Pedestel ; vere should de Philosophe be placed, but vid de Philosophy ; vid dis Inscription ; it begin like *Louis Quatorze*, here it is,' taking it from his Pocket, written as follows, de first be de *Lattain* for de Scholar, de rest be de *Englise* for all de World.'

Semivire immortalis.

Here continues to stand
In his original Perfection
J. M——y,
Doctor in Physic,
Doctor in Philosophy,
Fellow of the Royal Society in *London*,
And of *Berlin*;
That being so marvellously favoured
By Providence,
Selected
From all the Race of the Creation,
To be the distinguished Link
In the great Chain
Of Nature
That does so amazingly join
the Monkey
and the
Man.

‘VERY extraordinary, and very true, indeed,’ says *Vainlove*. ‘Providence has been extremely kind in thus favouring you above all Creatures, and you are grateful to remember it I find; for aught I see, Doctor, provided you are well dry’d and preserv’d, you may be personally known a thousand Years hence, to as great Advantage as at present.’

‘By Gar dat is my Invention to make a me immortal, ven my Book be eaten by de Vorm.’

‘Or used with your Physic,’ says *Vainlove*.

‘RIGHT, Ser, den I stand de Admirashon of all the World.’

‘INDEED,’ says *Vainlove*, ‘I greatly applaud the Royal Societies for having chosen so singular a Member, and you for this happy Thought of Immortality.’

‘BUT, Doctor, permit me to tell you that I have yet a farther Business with you; I am told no man in *Europe* delivers a Letter, or carries on an Intrigue with half your Address and Secrecy; you beat even

‘our Ministry in Secrecy, when they know not what they are doing.’

‘DAT be very true, by Gar, dere be no Man dat do keep a de Secret like a myself; de *Englisch* Docteur, be a Diable for de Intrigue, dat be reserved for de Honor of the *French* Docteur.’

SIR, you are right, the *Englisch* Physicians know nothing of it.’

‘BY Gar it may look like de Insolance; but I tink I could teach a de Royale Societé dat Ting myself.’

‘I BELIEVE it, Doctor, therefore I request you would find some means to deliver this Letter secretly to Lady *Liberal*, you are acquainted with the Family.’

‘LET a me alone for dat, by Gar me vill do a de ting; let me alone.’

VAINLOVE then gave him the Letter, and a Guinea, both which the Doctor very respectfully receiving, walked off with much internal Glee.

JUST as he was taking Leave, a Companion of Vainlove’s came into his Lodgings; he was dumb with Amazement at the Appearance of so odd a Creature; ‘In the Name of Goodness what can that Animal be, which is just gone from you? says the Visitor.

‘No less,’ says Vainlove, ‘than a Doctor in Philosophy and Physic, and Fellow of two Royal Societies; it seems he, B——w, and G——s the Bookseller, form the Alliance which produces the Monthly Review; this accounts for the singular Criticisms which are to be found in it, a dignified Informer, a *French* Refugee, and a Renegado from the Church of *England*, an excellent triumvirate of Critics indeed; by which Means, whatever Attacks the Infamy of the first, and supports our Constitution, is sure to meet Defamation; the latter prefers Translations from the *French* to our own Language, and the last all that this immoral, impious, schismatical, and against the established Church, to the contrary of these. This Discovery partly accounts for all the absurd Misrepresentations of that

‘ Review; but, indeed, the World now judges diametrically opposite to their Decisions, and never fails purchasing the Books they dispraise; this is my Rule, and the Approbation of the World confirms this Truth.’

AND with this Truth we end this Chapter.

C H A P. XC.

Vainlove enjoys the Idea of coming Happiness; writes a most lovely Love Epistle. Lady Liberal's Behaviour not amiss to be imitated by young Wives, perhaps. Master Doctor writes a second Purge, tho' the Patient has not taken the first; Reasons for such Proceedings. Mr. Vainlove's Dress and Impatience cured by a Look. A Parallel of the same Man, between himself and himself at two different Times.

THE next Morning Master Doctor, having thack'd his Noddle with his enormous Perriwig, and tuck'd on his Sword to his Side, sallied forth to pay a Visit to his Friend, the Valet de Chambre of my Lord Liberal. After having past the previous Ceremonies, he prevailed on the Swiss, without Difficulty, to deliver the Letter to his Lady. Now this Species of Europeans never suggest farther than they see, by which means, perceiving there was nothing amiss in the Superscription which he saw, concluded there was none in the Inside, which he did not see; he, therefore delivered it secretly to the Countess, as he had been desired; it was directed, To the Right Honourable the Countess of Liberal.

MADAM,

It is impossible for human Eyes to behold your Face without loving; and tho' my Lips could never presume to tell you this, yet my Heart will not suffer the Secret to rest within my Bosom: I am, therefore, compelled to this Manner of declaring it; you alone can complete my Misery or Happiness; look on me with Compassion, and permit me to lay myself at your Feet, to implore some

favourable Attention to my Passion; consider, Madam, that Heaven delights in communicating Happiness to Mortals; as you resemble it in Beauty, be like it in Mercy and save the Man who is dying for your Charms.

I am,

May it please your Ladyship,

Your most obedient,

Most faithful,

And most humble Servant,

FR. VAINLOVE.

AFTER Lady *Liberal* had read this Letter she said, ‘*Vainlove*, and a *Billet-Doux*, what can be the Cause of this Insolence? Has my Behaviour been such as can suggest a Thought of my being false to Lord *Liberal*? Or is it the present reigning Taste that creates this Spirit of Gallantry, and the contemptible Idea of Women? What a rattle of Words, without the least Feeling or Sensation, does this Letter contain? Yet these probably may have already conducted to ruin some of our thoughtless Sex. I will certainly know the Bottom of this.’

HER Ladyship then sent for the *Swiss*, when asking, ‘If he knew from whom he had received that Letter which he delivered her?’ He answered, ‘Yes, very well.’ ‘Do you know any thing of its Contents?’ says Lady *Liberal*. ‘No, indeed, my Lady,’ answered the *Swiss*. ‘I hope it contains nothing disagreeable.’ ‘Indeed it does,’ says Lady *Liberal*; ‘But I will give you a farther Account. You assure me you know nothing of the Contents?’ ‘I will make the Person swear before your Ladyship, that I do not; or I will cut his Throat,’ says the Valet, being grievously afraid of losing his Place, which was very lucrative; no inconsiderable Motive to Men of most Nations, and never neglected by a *Swiss*. ‘Very well,’ says the Countess; ‘but let every thing alone till you have farther Intelligence from me.’ The Valet bowed and withdrew.

LADY *Liberal* then determined, immediately, to send *Vainlove* a Card, and asked him to drink Tea with her that Afternoon: And who should be at *Vainlove's* Lodgings, giving an Account of his Embassy, when the Card came, but Master *Doctor*. *Vainlove* read aloud, 'Lady *Liberal's* Compliments to Mr. *Vainlove*; desires his Company, to drink Tea this Afternoon, as Lord *Liberal* will be from home.'

'DOCTOR,' says *Vainlove*, in Rapture, thou art a divine Fellow.'

'So me be, by Gar,' says the Doctor. 'Did I not tell a you dat dere vas no Man so great as myself to carry de Lettre in secret? Shall I write you anoder Purge, and send a you my Journal?'

'YES, Doctor, with all my Heart,' says *Vainlove*.

HE then wrote again, for the Doctor was afraid the Guinea would stick, if he did not pretend to prescribe for it. Having finished his Prescription, *Vainlove* gave him two Guineas. When the Doctor bowing would have gone on with his Speech but *Vainlove* interrupting him, said, 'another time, Doctor, your Servant:'. When again bowing, this Compound of Philosophy, Physic, Societies, and Intriguing, left the Room.

IT was now the Mind of *Vainlove* was elated beyond all Power of conceiving; he concluded this was a Rendezvous appointed to make him happy; 'To drink Tea, as Lord *Liberal* will be from home,' says he; 'by———Lady *Betty Wriggle* knows her Sex better than I do.'

HE then sent for his Peruquier, to dress his Hair with the utmost Elegance; he examined it with the Glass in his Hand every Moment; his Spirits were so fluttered he could not sit still; every Minute was an Age in a Dungeon, till that arrived which was to carry him to Lord *Liberal's*; he dressed himself in his most elegant Apparel, surveyed himself a thousand Times in the Glass, walked with his Sword on two Hours before the Time came that it was proper to go; asked his Servant if he was well dress'd twenty Times; and

and scented his Handkerchief again and again, lest the Odour should be lost by long tarrying.

At length, box'd in a Chair, he was happily landed at the House of Lord *Liberal*, and soon conducted to the Apartment in which Lady *Liberal* was to receive him.

He entered alertly, with Smiles upon his Face, bowing, and was approaching her Ladyship to throw himself at her Feet; but a Kind of a Coolness in her Looks, which he did not like, check'd his Impulse; like a keen Northern Blast let in upon the Plants in a Hot-house, it stopt the Vigor of his Passion for a Moment.

Her Ladyship then taking the Letter he had sent her from her Pocket, asked him if he wrote that Epistle; to which *Vainlove* replied, he did: 'Then, pray, Sir,' says the Viscountess, 'have the Goodness to tell me from what Appearance in my Behaviour you could suggest me capable of being false to my Lord *Liberal*?'

This Question, asked with Firmness by so fine a Woman, coming with the full Force of Beauty and Virtue, threw the poor Swain into the utmost Confusion.

'Sir,' says Lady *Liberal*, 'I must insist on your telling me, that henceforth I may guard myself against all such Appearances: It is not sufficient for me that I know my Heart incapable of deviating one Moment from adoring the Man I love, and to whom my Soul is indebted for all its Felicity: If my Actions, however innocent, seem to speak the contrary, I shall never be at Ease till I correct them.'

Vainlove, in Amaze, protested he had never seen any Action, which could possibly hint any Thought of her being untrue to her Lord.

'Whence then, Mr. *Vainlove*, did you presume to write to me in this Manner?'

The Officer, confounded to the last Degree by this Question, told her Ladyship the whole Affair of Lady *Betty Wringle*, as we have related it; then dropping on his Knees, asked her Pardon.

'Rise, Sir, immediately,' says Lady *Liberal*, 'you have my Pardon, provided you acquaint Lady *Betty* that her Malice has failed in this illiberal Attempt

‘ upon my Happiness. But, Sir,’ she continued, ‘ you can never visit this House again ; your past Conversation with Lady *Betty* must for ever banish you these Walls ; she shall never enjoy a Pretext, for saying, that the Man she had set on to attack my Virtue, can see the Inside of this Dwelling, after that Attempt. But, pray, did the Person who brought the Letter, suggest what it contained ?’ ‘ I believe he did, my Lady,’ answered *Vainlove*.

‘ SIR,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘ I hope this Rebuke will prevent you from all such Attempts on other Ladies.’ When saying this, she left the Room, and Mr. *Vainlove* the House.

No two Persons can be more unlike, than the *Vainlove* who entered the House, and the *Vainlove* who left it ; from the Summit of impending Blifs, to the Abyss of Disappointment. Such was the mighty Fall of *Vainlove*, ten Times higher than *Vulcan*’s, when *Jupiter* hurl’d him from the Skies into *Lemnos*.

C H A P. XCI.

Mr. Doctor, contrary to the general Complaint, receives a satisfactory and just Reward of his Merit and his Labours.

LADY *Liberal* then sent for the *Swiss*, and told him that the Person who had delivered him the Letter, knew the Contents ; which, as they were very unmannerly, she left him to chastise his Insolence according to his Merit.

FRANK, my Lady’s Servant, being acquainted with this also by the *Swiss*, who was really a very honest Fellow, they agreed together to take some small Vengeance on Master Doctor for his Impudence ; and the Resolution was to unite *Tom* and *Richard* in the Scheme, and give Master Doctor a gentle Toss in a Blanket.

THE next Morning the Doctor came to see his *Swiss* Friend, when being asked if he knew what the Letter contained, and answering, yes, with a Leer, the *Swiss*, without

without Hesitation, took him by the Collar, and led him into the Court behind the House ; when *Frank*, and the other two appearing with a Blanket, each took a Corner, and tumbled Master Doctor into the Middle of it.

‘ By Gar, vat vill you do ? ’ says the Doctor, vill you ‘ tofs de Doctor in Philosophy in de Blanket ? ’

‘ ONE Tofs for the Doctor in Philosophy,’ says *Frank*, and up he goes, the great Wig flying one Way, and the Sword spreading out another ; when being again received in the Cloth, ‘ I am de Doctor-in-Physic,’ cries the Culprit.

‘ ONE Tofs for the Doctor of Physic,’ says *Tom*, and up he goes. ‘ You Dog, by Gar, me be Member of de Royale Societé.’

‘ ONE Tofs for that too,’ says *Dick*, and up flies Master Doctor again. ‘ By Gar, me be of *Berlin* too.’

‘ ONE Tofs for *Berlin*,’ says the *Swiss*, and up flies Master Doctor ; ‘ and now,’ says the *Swiss*, ‘ one Tofs for bringing the Letter ; ’ which being done, Master Doctor was dismissed with a general Laugh and a Shout, in woful Plight ; *Frank* saying, ‘ Now go and clean yourself with the Leaves of your Journal, Master Doctor.’

THIS Chapter being full of Action, we chuse to make it a short, tho’ not a sweet one, and conclude.

C H A P. XCII.

Which includes Lady Liberal’s Behaviour, in an Article of more Importance than it may at first seem to be.

LADY *Liberal* breakfasting with the Earl, with a Smile, began ; ‘ My Dear, I shall never be able to confine myself to you, I am afraid ; my Heart is already attacked by a Man, whose Profession it is to subdue all Things ; how shall I resist ? ’

‘ WHAT Whim is gotten into your Head now ? ’ says the Earl. ‘ Upon my Word,’ says the Countess, ‘ it is true ; read that Letter.’ At which Words, the Earl

Earl reading *Vainlove's* Letter, could not refrain from laughing, and saying, 'Poor Swain.' 'Nay,' says her Ladyship, 'I am greatly advanced in the Spirit of Intrigue, I have given him a Rendezvous already, so very complying I am by Nature. When my Swain, alas! confessed, that Lady *Betty Wrigle* had insinuated to him that I had been already false to you with Captain *Bounce*, and this his Behaviour has been the Result of her Persuasion and Artifice.'

'Poor Devil,' says the Earl, 'how did he behave?'

'In the utmost Confusion,' replied the Countess.

'We must ask him to dine,' says the Earl, 'Tomorrow, my dear *Lydy*, and laugh at him for this Imposition.'

'No, my Lord,' replied the Countess, 'I have already banished him this House; Lady *Betty Wrigle* shall never have it in her Power to insinuate, from the least possible Appearance of my Conduct, any Thing to my Dishonour.'

'Surely, you don't think me capable of Jealousy, you little Fool,' says the Earl. 'No, but I am, and ever will be jealous of my Honour, since you have distinguished me from the rest of my Sex; I will be the Wife you have chosen, and never trifle with the least Article which can suggest a Diminution of that Virtue which you deserve, and I have always cherished.'

'You will gain my Approbation in every Thing; let it be as you please,' says the Earl, with a Kiss.

'You will take no Notice of this to *Vainlove*,' says the Countess. When saying this, the *Swiss* entered with an Account of Master Doctor's Treatment, which was Matter of no small Laughter to the Earl and his Countess.

C H A P. XCIII.

The different Sensations in the human Breast, which accompany what we love, and what we hate. Lady Flimsy's Letter to Lady Liberal on that Subject.

LADY *Flimsy* being now returned to *Fairland-ball*, wedded to the Man she loved, lived in the Enjoyment of one continued Ecstasy: The different Sensations which succeeded the nuptial Day of my Lord *Flimsy*, and those which attended her Union with Mr. *Sweetwood* were inexpressible; Horrors, Distaste, and Aversion increasing every Moment after the first; Delight, sympathetic Joy, and unsensual Desire, improving continually since the last; each Look was now attended with reciprocal Felicity, as the former was with mutual Distaste; those Lips which could not speak to the late Lord *Flimsy* without the utmost Reluctance, were now employed in all the pleasing Expressions, which Love dictates to those whose Bosoms are truly inspired with that celestial Passion; their Imaginations exalted every common Incident into Transport; they never wished for the Company of others, to lighten the Weight that hangs heavy on the Hands of too many married Pair: Time was only kill'd, when Company interrupted their mutual Endearments; the shady Walks, the Rills of Water, sequester'd Scenes, and rural Retirement, which suit the Minds of Man and Woman sentimentally in Love, were the frequented Places of this happy Pair of Lovers.

MANY were the Letters which passed between Lady *Flimsy* and the Countess of *Liberal*, one of which we shall give our Readers at present only, as it seems to contain something more interesting, and heart-felt than those which are generally written from Lady to Lady on such Occasions, particularly as it shews the Sensation which Love creates in the Minds of those who are truly formed for its purest Reception.

MADAM,

IN writing this Letter to your Ladyship, it is with Pain I am withheld from invoking every Power that Poets implore to their Assistance, so full is my Bosom with the Subject of it: How shall I explain to you the different Sensations of my Soul after this and my former Marriage? This Heart, which was once oppressed with eternal Pain and Aversion, is now dancing the flowery Round of Love exulting in Delight: The Name of Husband, which was heretofore more detestable to my Ears than the Raven's Croke, is now more charming than the sweetest Sounds of dulcet Harmony; my Eyes gaze, and gaze my very Soul away, meeting his with equal Ecstasy and Ardor; those Lips, which never could be forced to utter one pleasurable Expression to Lord Flimsy, my Heart is incessantly prompting with the tenderest Terms of Fondness for him I now possess; those Arms which loathed that Lord, are never weary of clasping my Sweetwood to my Bosom; each Touch is Transport thrilling to my Heart; our Souls are intimately blended, one everlasting Union and Bliss

What has this World to give which can atone for the Absence of this ecstatic State? What Motive could prompt that Rebel of Heaven and Nature to violate the first, best Law impressed on human Souls, and compel the Bosoms of celestial Mold to be divided from those they love, and tied to those they hate? Unnatural Law! destructive Institution! for which my Heart, and those of thousands more, have already severely sorrowed. I am convinced it would be impossible for you to conceive what I at present feel, from any Description Words can impart; but that your Heart, formed with infinite Sensibility, is now enraptured with Joys like those which I possess. Every Word, therefore, my dear Friend, will awaken some sympathetic Idea in your Mind, unknown to those who wiled for interested Views.

Can that Bosom, which delights in Pomp and pecuniary Possession, taste the Joy which now revels at my Heart? when my beloved Sweetwood reclining his Head upon my Bosom, pressing my Hand, gazing with Rapture on my Face, mingling Sighs and Vows, the Tear of Pleasure quivering

quivering on his Eyelid, pronounces, my Arabella! my Love! my Wife! Or when in Return, pressing my Lip to his, amidst unnumber'd Kisses, I cry, my Life! my Sweetwood! What inexpressible Sensation of Delight does the Soul at these Moments conceive? Celestial Bliss, untiring, unabated Rapture! But I must quit this Subject which would delude me to write eternally, if my Mind was to follow its beloved Propensity. I beg your Ladyship to keep this from the Sight of Lord Liberal. I remember he smiled at something he once said in Relation to Love; he may, perhaps, think this conveys very different Ideas from what your Bosom will conceive from it.

I am,

Most affectionately,

Your most obedient Servant,

ARABELLA FLIMSY.

THIS Letter Lady *Liberal* read, but when she came to these Words, Keep this from Lord *Liberal's* Sight, she said, 'indeed, my Lady, my dear Lord is as sentimental as any Man that breathes; no human Being has ever felt with more delicate Compassion, loved with more pathetic Sensation, or relieved with more cheerful Grace the Miseries of human Kind; indeed, I shall tell you that in my Answer.'

'WHAT will you tell in your Answer?' says Lord *Liberal*, who, entering, overheard the latter Part of this Soliloquy.

'WHY, I shall tell Lady *Flimsy* that she is utterly mistaken in what she thinks of you, and undeceive her.'

'How, my dear *Lydy*, does she insinuate any Thing against me?'

'INDEED, she does,' answered Lady *Liberal*.

'PRAY, let me see it;' when casting his Eyes on that Part, he smiled, recollecting what he had formerly said.

'Well, *Lydia*, I forgive her.'

'BUT, I will not,' replied the Countess, 'till she confesses that no Bosom ever cherished more tender Sentiments of Love, and Seeds of good Action, than

' than that to which I, happiest Woman, am now
' pressed.' Catching Lord *Liberal* in her Arms, whilst
his surrounded her in mutual Energy, the Tears of Love
and Gratitude stealing down the Cheek of Lady *Liberal*
in Silence, and mingling Kisses.

C H A P. CXIV.

Cannassatego returns to our Readers: His Distress relieved by the Earl and Countess of Liberal; wherein is shewn also his Sentiments of the People of England.

ONE Day as Lord and Lady *Liberal* were airing in *Hyde-Park* with Mrs. *Fairchild*, a Pleasure which this happy Pair enjoyed doubly, as it gave Health and Spirits to the Mother of this lovely Countess, Lady *Liberal* looking from the Coach, cried, ' Lord bless me, my Dear, see there is *Cannassatego* the *Indian* Prince! he looks extremely dejected, and his Dress bespeaks Misery.' ' The *Indian* Prince, thy Deliverer! can he be in Want when I have Power to relieve him?' says the Earl, ' or I?' says *Lydia*. When stopping the Coach, a more perfect View convinced them both that it was that brave Man whom we have just mentioned.

THE Earl perceiving him at a Distance, his Head drooping towards the Earth, treading the grassy Surface with most disconsolate Pace, left his Coach, immediately hastening towards him. As he approach'd, he perceived a Melancholy, of the deepest Dye, was spread over his Face, his Bosom heaving with heart-felt Sighing. At Sight of this touching Object, his Lordship cried, ' My *Cannassatego*! my Friend! tell me what causes this too manifest Dejection?' The *Indian*, not recollecting the Person who spoke, answered, ' Who profanes the Name of Friend? it is a Thing unknown in this Land. Mock me not: Be gone, leave me to my Miseries.' ' Have you forgotten me?' replied the Earl. ' I am that *Probit* with whom you came from *America*; and *Lydia*, the lovely *Lydia*, whom your generous Arm preserved from

‘ from Violation, is now beholding you from that Coach, impatient for your Presence; follow me, I pray; whatever be your Affliction it shall be relieved.’ Are you that *Probit*? Is that lovely Maid yet living?’ answered the *Indian*, lifting his Head. ‘ I am, and she is still your Friend with most inviolable Sincerity,’ said the Earl. ‘ Do not delude me, I am too miserable to be sported with,’ answered the Prince, sighing from his Soul. ‘ Believe me,’ said the Earl, ‘ my Lips shall utter nothing but Truth.’

THEY then walked towards the Coach, when coming near the Countess, she cried out, ‘ My dear Deliverer! my *Cannassatego*! why this Garb of Wretchedness, this Look of Despair?’ At hearing her Voice, he exclaimed, ‘ It is the lovely Maid! It is that *Lydia*, Companion of my Voyage!’ When dropping on his Knee, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, he cried, with earnest Emphasis, ‘ If that generous Compassion still animates thy Breast which once benignly listened in Pity to my Tales of *Yarico*, oh! send me, I implore you, back to the Arms of that despairing lovely Maid! So may the Great Spirit shower down eternal Bliss upon your Days in one eternal Spring of Joy.’

‘ RISE! rise! is this an Attitude to her whom you have saved from Violation?’ replied the Countess. ‘ By Heaven, that Friendship you shall not want,’ answered Lord *Liberal*. ‘ Come into this Coach,’ continued the Countess; ‘ my House, my all, shall be yours till the happy Hour of your Return to all you love.’

‘ DECEIVE me not; will you be true to your Expressions? Alas! I have been so little used to the Voice of Truth since my Arrival, my Soul doubts even of what your Lips have uttered: You will forgive me: My Disappointments and Ill-usage have taught me to lose all Confidence in Man,’ said the Prince.

‘ Be under no Diffidence,’ replied the Earl, ‘ I am, and will be, your constant Friend: Do I not owe to you my all, my Happiness? You saved my *Lydia*;

‘ in Gratitude I will restore you to the Arms of her you adore : The first Ship which sails to that Part of the Globe, shall waft you to her Arms ; the Bliss you gave me, I with Joy return.’

‘ Is it possible, oh, eternal Spirit ? Shall I again be waisted to my Soul’s Delight ? Shall those Arms in Ecstasy once more press her to my Bosom, and those Eyes ach untired with gazing on her Charms ? My Heart, is this Joy yet in Store for thee ?’ said the Prince in Raptures.

‘ IT is, it is,’ said the Countess, ‘ Love and Happiness, such as this your Friend,’ pointing to the Earl, ‘ and I enjoy, shall be the Lot of you and *Yarico*’

THE *Indian* Chief then entered the Coach, when, by the soothing Looks and tender Expressions of the Earl and Countess, Mrs. *Fairchild* in Compassion assisting to give him Consolation, he seemed to recover a little. ‘ My Heart,’ says he, ‘ prompts me to believe that Happiness is yet reserved for me ; but, alas ! so long has Despair been the Inhabitant of this Bosom, that — yet I will believe the promised Blessing. *Probit* and *Lydia* cannot know such sudden Change from Truth to Falshood ; you have *Indian* Souls, unconscious of Deceit ; you cherish nobler Sentiments than *Britons* know.’

THE Airing being finished, *Cannassatego* was carried to the Earl of *Liberal*’s, where he had an Apartment appointed, and all possible Care taken of him ; he was, as soon as possible, clad becoming his Virtues, and honoured with the strictest Attention. The Servant, who was particularly appointed to wait on him, was in this Manner spoken to by the Earl and Countess.

‘ THE Person whom you are now ordered to serve, is a brave and generous Prince, and my Friend ; to him you are to pay more Attention than even to me.’

THEN turning to his Countess, ‘ My *Lydy*,’ says the Earl, ‘ the Treatment he has received in *England*, must have created a general Suspicion ; the Souls of Men delicately formed, who taste of Misery, construe the minutest Appearance of undesigned Neglect into

‘into Contempt and Insult.’ ‘Humanely thought,’ replied Lady *Liberal*, smiling in his Face, ‘for which Reason,’ continued his Lordship to his Servant, ‘as you value my Service, let your Behaviour be to him.’

IN a little Time, *Cannassatego*, seeing himself thus received, cherished, and attended, encouraged also with Assurance of returning in the first Ship to his native Land, recovered his Spirits hourly; he was then requested to give an Account of his Reception at the Great Man’s; which Word, *Great*, however foreign to the present Application, shall prevail on us to conclude the Chapter.

C H A P. XCV.

The Indian Prince describes his Reception in England: The different Idea of our M—— from what he had conceived in his Mind, with many other interesting Particulars.

THE Indian Chief began in this Manner: ‘AT my Arrival in this City, being dressed in your Habit, I was introduced to him, who is supposed to preside over the King’s Counsels. I omit mentioning the Mistake in seizing me for the Pretender to the Crown, because it was not designed: But how shall my Lips express the Surprize which seized my Soul at the Sight of that Man? How different from what my Imagination had falsely imagined to itself! Instead of that Person of exalted Aspect, and august Mein, where Dignity and Wisdom sat expressed, and supremely distinguished, whose every Word and Action bespoke Sagacity and Knowledge; there appeared before me that Being undignified by Nature, ungraceful, whiffling, inconsistent, whose Words hurried out like Water from an inverted Bottle, included nothing to be understood, ever beginning, never closing one Sentence, rambling from Man to Man, from one Half-thought to another,

‘ther, the Farce and Mockery of national Prudence :
 ‘ Can it be, I said to myself, that this Man can direct
 ‘ the Business of a People ?’

‘ At length, being permitted to speak to him, I
 ‘ told him I was come beyond the great Ocean to smoke
 ‘ the Calumet of Peace, and brighten up the Chain
 ‘ of Friendship between the Great King, and the five
 ‘ Nations: I am come, said I, to lay the Ill-usage of
 ‘ his Subjects, who live on our Shores, towards the
 ‘ Indian Race, before him: Our Nations hope that he
 ‘ will redress the Evils which we have too long suf-
 ‘ fered, and plant the Tree, whose Boughs shall cover
 ‘ with its hospitable Shade, alike the *European* and *In-*
 ‘ *Indian* People.

‘ To this he answered it should be soon done, and
 ‘ I should be dismissed.

‘ Time after Time I waited, and he shunn’d me ;
 ‘ promised a Million of Meetings, violated all: At length,
 ‘ denied Entrance, I grew persuaded Truth was a
 ‘ Stranger to his Lips, held him in Scorn, and was
 ‘ debating, the Moment you beheld me, whether this
 ‘ Life, deprived of seeing *Yarico*, my Nation scorn’d,
 ‘ myself contemn’d, was worth preserving. I had
 ‘ prepared the Strings of * Wampum to ratify the
 ‘ Treaties of Alliance to be concluded with the Great
 ‘ King. The *Tiscorhissouffen* should have been given
 ‘ to his M—— ; but, alas ! such has been my Recep-
 ‘ tion, I have hitherto found no Answer, and now des-
 ‘ pair of it, rejected and despised.

‘ Oh ! ye *Onondagans*, how are ye fallen ! ye an-
 ‘ cient Inhabitants of that World, which the great Spirit
 ‘ in

* *The Indian Nations have two Sorts of Strings, one of Wampum. made of beautiful Shells, which is much esteemed. and constantly given to Princes, whose Virtues they revere, when they make Alliances with them ; the other, made of a Vegetable, which, in their Tongue, is called Tiscorhissouffen. This Word, by the best Masters in that Language, is translated into Hemp in English, and presented to inferior Sachems, whom they do not so much esteem ; both these are frequently worn about the Neck.*

' in vain has given you, Slaves to Men of faithless
 ' Soul, whose Lips are fraught with black Deceit,
 ' formed in one Mould, the same Perfidy which went
 ' Companion with those who left this Land, yet dwells
 ' amongst the others which remain.

' WHAT evil Spirit presided at the Moment of my
 ' resolving to come hither? Oh! my Life, my *Yarico*,
 ' why did I leave thy blooming Beauties, thy Love, thy
 ' tender Truth, thy breaking Heart, deluded by the
 ' Boast of those, who vaunted high the Justice, Inte-
 ' grity, and Honour, which dwelt amongst this Peo-
 ' ple; to save my Country, but in vain, I came.
 ' Alas! we are the Scorn of those whose Virtues are
 ' all venal; Minions of Dress, a curled pamper'd
 ' Race, who tremble at the northern Blasts, the Slaves
 ' of Money; that yellow Ore, changes the Face of
 ' Nature; the Eye sees not, the Ear hears not; all
 ' human Faculties die before its Influence; each li-
 ' beral Motive of the free-born Soul is quite crazed
 ' by that pernicious Influence: Oh! Bane of every
 ' Virtue, Bane of all our *Indian* Peace and Happiness;
 ' Oceans roll between, Rocks, Woods and Mountains
 ' in vain seclude us from the ravenous Thirst of Gold;
 ' Sensation dies, the Feelings of Humanity expire
 ' before its baneful Breath, frozen is the Heart, the
 ' Eye refuses that Tear which Nature gave to wait
 ' upon Compassion; we die unpitied like the stricken
 ' Deer. Oh, my Country! Oh, *Yarico*! if e'er these
 ' Eyes re-visit and survey the Soil which gave me Birth,
 ' and this fond Heart dances with Ecstasy once more at
 ' thy sweet Voice, these Lips shall tell the Tale of Hor-
 ' ror to the *Onondagan* Nation.

' ALL Commerce shall be broken, the Tree plucked
 ' by the Roots, the Chain of Friendship quite neglect-
 ' ed, the War-kettle shall be boiled, and Discord eter-
 ' nally dwell between us and this faithless Nation.

' BUT whither am I hurried? Virtue lives in fullest
 ' Powers within the Bosom of this happy Pair; *Probit*
 ' and *Lydia* still have *Indian* Souls, miraculous to think!
 ' still uncorrupted 'midst polluted Millions.'

DURING this enthusiastic Speech, the Earl and
 Countess were attentive to what he uttered; at length

his Lordship seeing the Vehemence subside, told him that there were many People of great Worth and Virtue in the Kingdom whom he had never seen.

‘WHERE are they?’ says the Chief, ‘are they of the Council of the Great King? are they Sachems which direct the Nation?’ That, indeed, the Earl said, he could not possibly answer to in the Affirmative.

‘HAPPY Nation, indeed,’ said *Cannassatego*, ‘where Virtue is exiled from the Throne, and Skulks in Shades, ashamed of being seen; can Falshood support a Kingdom, and public Prostitution defend you from your Enemies? Are then your Sachems so iniquitous, they dread to trust the Safety of this Realm to the Defence of its Inhabitants; suspecting some latent Virtue remains amongst them to their undoing? Suspicion is the Vice of tainted Hearts.’

THE Earl then told him he would represent his Case to the Great Man; then turning to the Countess, ‘though I never intend drawing in his ministerial Waggon, I think he will receive me, *Lydia*, as one who designs to serve his Country: This Neglect of the *Indian* Prince may have a greater ill Effect than he may probably imagine.’

THE next Day the Earl waited on the Great Man, and being admitted, he told him the Reason of his coming, and explained to him the Necessity there seemed to be of sending him away well satisfied with his Reception. ‘The *Indian* Nations, my Lord, will be all against you otherwise.’ ‘They have no Votes in P——; no Votes in P——; have they, my Lord?’ says the Great Man. ‘No,’ says the Earl, smiling, ‘they have no Votes in P——; but they have Votes in their own Nation, which will probably incline that Part of the World to join and assist the *French*, unless you receive this Prince as he ought to be.’ ‘Nothing to me, nothing to me,’ replied the Great Man, ‘Parliamentary Interest, mind nothing but parliamentary Interest: What will you do for us, my Lord, if I send him back as you mention?’

‘Do for you,’ says the Earl, ‘what every honest Man can in Honour do for another.’

‘WILL you vote for the *German Subsidies*?’ says the Great Man.

‘MY Lord, must I prostitute my Honour, and renounce the Welfare of my Country, to prevail on you to do Justice, and serve your King and Nation? Pray, my Lord, from what Part of my Conduct could you suggest me capable of such base dishonourable Actions?’

‘Tis our Way, — our Way, my Lord, we always ask what they can do for us,’ says the Great Man, before we grant Favours.’

‘THUS then,’ replied the Earl, ‘to serve you, to ruin our Country, and obtain Favour at your Hands, are the same Things. Believe me, my Lord, my Interest, indeed it is but small, shall be constantly exerted to oppose your Ad—, which is so avowedly open and destructive to the Welfare of this Kingdom.’ Saying this, he left the Great Man, who paid no great Attention to the Expression, being sure of a Majority in all he should design, and as much at Ease about what should befall his Country, as about a Revolution in the Inhabitants of Saturn, or the Coming of the next Comet.

C H A P. XCVI.

Cannaffatego's Distress relieved by Lord and Lady Liberal; he describes his Reception at the Great Man's; recovers Spirits; is presented with Gifts for Yarico. Lady Susan Overstay's Inclination, Conversation, and Disappointment; all in a short Time laid before the Reader.

THE Earl then being fully satisfied with the Designs, Knowledge, and ministerial Capacity of the Great Man, entertaining the highest Indignation for such a Soul, and such Behaviour, endeavoured to soothe *Cannaffatego* into the best Opinion that he possibly could of the *English* Nation; he presented him with all he liked, in Drest and Arms; and the Countess, who was no Stranger to the Influence of Love on the

human Heart, from what she felt on her own, prepared a thousand Presents for *Yarico*.

SHE then brought them to the *Indian* Prince, and said, ' My Friend, my dear Deliverer, it is impossible, for any Thing that I can do, to make you Amends, or express the Gratitude I owe you : As a Mark of everlasting Esteem, I desire you will present, in my Name, these Habits, and these Ornaments, to your lovely *Yarico* ; let these adorn her Person, her Soul from your Description needs no Ornament, the Day she makes you the happiest of Men.'

SHE then gave the *Indian* Chief great Variety of ornamental Presents, amongst which was his own Picture in Miniature, which Lady *Liberal* had procured a Person to paint without *Cannassatego's* being acquainted with it. This mounted, and united to a Bracelet, the Countess presented him, saying, ' This, as the most acceptable of all Gifts, which I can offer her you love, I desire you will present to *Yarico*, and beseech her to wear it for my Sake, in grateful Remembrance of him who preserved me from what I dread worse than Death.'

CANNASSATEGO looking on his own Image, and hearing these Words, enraptured with the Gratitude of the Countess, and the Thoughts of Love and *Yarico*, exclaimed, ' I do not yet repent my Voyage to this Land, *Probit* and *Lydia* have erased my Anguish ; will ye teach your Virtues to this People ? for your Sakes I will endeavour to moderate that Resentment which burns within my Bosom against them.' Then taking the Countess's Hand, and looking with all possible Gratitude in her Face, he said, ' if e'er my Feet again shall tread the *Onondagan* Soil, beside the Silver Stream, beneath the hollowed Rock, once the Abode of Bliss, sweet Shelter to my Love and me, whilst on the top-most Branches of the Pine, which wave and murmur to the gentle Winds, Stock-doves and Turtles cooing through the Grove, there will I count to *Yarico* the Love, the Virtue, of the happiest Pair which dwells on *European* Lands.'

CANNASSATEGO being thus treated and distinguished, and the Time of his Return settled, seemed to enjoy new Life, gay as the mounting Lark that sings his grateful Matins to the Power that tunes the Voice of Nature.

DURING this Time of his Abode with the Earl, there was a female Visiter, known by the Name of Lady *Susan Overstay*; she had always, contrary to the Opinion of most, (being deceived by the Glass of Self-love, which she constantly carried about her, and only consulted) considered herself as a Beauty of the highest Rank; this had induced her to stay too long at Market; by which Means, being a little fly blown, she remained upon Hands.

HER Education had been entirely, according to the present modish Taste, being kept with the strictest Attention, during her Youth, to the Study of Cards, learning to speak a little *French*, and adorning her own Person; her Conversation consisted of Play-knowledge: After every Hand at Cards was disposed of, she constantly showed how it might have been played better by her Partner, a Circumstance of no small Solace to those who generate Spleen, and love to vent it against Strangers, rather than be idle, and unentertain'd; which Consideration has undoubtedly made this Pass-time extremely acceptable to old Maids, who love to amuse themselves in the Practice of that Politeness.

LADY *Susan*, disappointed of a Husband who answered to her Expectations, notwithstanding determined that her Pride should not get the better of her Pleasure; she therefore being past the Danger of betraying at the End of nine Months the Frolic she might have been committing in the Beginning, had, with great Prudence and Secrecy, spared to some particular humble Friends, what she sorely lamented the having so long preserved; Maidenheads, like Mince-pies, being apt to grow musty by keeping. This Lady being a distant Relation of Lord *Liberal's*, sometimes visited his countess.

It happened one Day, being at the Earl's, Lady *Susan* cast her Eyes a little waggishly on the Person of

the *Indian Prince*; she observed, with some Satisfaction, the elegant Form of his Limbs, and that Activity and Vigour with which they were animated: At which Time a Thought slipped into her Bosom, not very unnatural at the Sight of a handsome Fellow, which was no less than that of making Experiments on the Difference of Nations in Feats of Love; and who can blame this Propensity to natural Philosophy, so rarely found in the female Part of our Sex?

THE Devil an Inch of her was grown old in Desire, her Passion rather increasing with her Wrinkles; and whatever she wanted in Beauty, by the Roses falling from her Cheeks, nipt by the Hoar-frost of St. *Bartholomew*, she happily supplied by the sublimest of all Inventions the true *Parisian Red*.

THIS Lady, influenced by the Person of the *Indian Prince*, fell into Conversation, and expressed a Desire of seeing him at her House.

THE Earl of *Liberal*, who overheard this Overture of Lady *Susan*, and guessed at her Intention, being also perfectly convinced of *Cannassatego's* Chastity, encouraged him to visit Lady *Susan*; he imagined a Scene not a little diverting might be the Consequence of this Invitation.

THE Prince being prevailed on by the Earl, waited on this Lady whom we have just mentioned; and sending up his Name, found an easy Admittance and chearful Reception, though she was then at her Toilet.

CANNASATEGO entering the Room, Lady *Susan* from her Toilet, cried, 'Bon jour, mon Prince,' concluding he understood *French*, because he was a Foreigner.

WHEN recollecting, after receiving no Answer, that an *Indian* might possibly be a *German Prince*, and not speak *French*, and that he spoke *English*, she bid them put a Chair, and said, 'Good-morning to your Royal Highness; I ask Pardon,' says Lady *Susan*, 'but at first I thought you understood *French*, as I imagined *India* lay in *France*, till upon Recollection I remember it lies in *Germany*; one sees the News-paper eternally cramm'd with Stuff about our Disputes in the

' *Indies*, which made me conclude it lies in *Germany*, as the *German* Interest has lately taken up all our Attention, as my Lord *Steaditon* acquaints me; I never mind Politics myself.'

' BUT pray is not your Royal Highness Prince of *Wales* in *India* ?'

' No, Madam,' answered *Cannassatego*, ' I am not.'

' YOUR Royal Highness is not the eldest Son of your Father then, perhaps ?' says Lady *Susan*.

' YES, Madam, I am.'

' How is that then ?' she replied, ' the eldest Son of a King,' (for she imagined his Father was a Crown'd-head) ' not Prince of *Wales* ! in *England* the eldest Son is born Prince of *Wales*.'

' MADAM,' says the *Indian*, ' no Man can be born a Prince in our Country; Courage and Wisdom, the Love of our Families and Country, and the Service we render them; Virtues of the Mind, and Powers of the Body, create Princes in our Nations; these only give us Authority and Esteem amongst *Indians*.'

' WHAT, no Consideration to the greatest Families, and best Blood ?' says Lady *Susan*, ' You never chuse a King from the Rabble, surely ?'

' MADAM, Family creates no Distinction but by its Acts of Wisdom and Valour; the Son, unequal to the Father's Glory, sinks to Disgrace, and Blood knows no Honours but what Virtue bequeaths it; high and low, noble and ignoble, find no Distinction from Birth; where mental and bodily Qualities are found superior, that Man gains Authority over our Hearts, the Good he does his Country is rewarded by Glory and Esteem; such are our *Indian* Manners and Ideas.'

' INDEED,' says Lady *Susan*, ' they are extremely strange, the quite contrary is the Thing in *England*, we all depend upon Blood, we mind nothing but Birth; but pray will your Royal Highness have the Goodness to tell me whether the Ladies at your Court use hard or soft Pomatum, or whether grey Powder is yet in Fashion amongst them when they

‘dress; I fancy they know nothing of it.’ This she said, surveying herself in the Glass, whilst her Abigail was employed in dressing her Hair.

‘WE knew nothing of either, Madam, our Women anoint their Hair with Bear’s-grease only,’ says the *Indian Prince*.

‘BEAR’S-GREASE, O——h hideous,’ with a Shriek and an Air, ‘Ladies of the Court wear Bear’s-grease, pray, will their Gallants come near them when they smell of Bear’s-grease; but your Royal Highness rallies me, it is impossible that Ladies of Quality can go to Operas, Plays, Ridottas, Routs, and Courts, with their Heads dawb’d with Bear’s-grease.’ Then without stopping for an Answer, ‘Are your Father’s Subjects fond of these Entertainments?’

‘No, Madam, we know nothing of them, War and Hunting make the Study and Exercise of our Youth, Wisdom and Virtue those of old Age; our wise Men recount the Actions and Observations of themselves and their Fore-fathers; the Young listen, admire, and improve.

‘OUR Women are busied in domestic Affairs, or employed in suckling or sustaining their Progeny,’ says the *Indian*.

‘OH, fye! Ladies of Quality nurse their own Children, why, does it not absolutely spoil their Necks? We never suckle our Children in *England*: And no Cards,’ says Lady *Susan*, ‘how is it possible to live without Cards?’ Then to her Woman, looking in the Glass, ‘*Whitelock*, you have put on my Egret awry—so, very well—how do I look to-day?’ ‘Charmingly, Madam,’ says the Truth-telling Mrs. *Whitelock*. ‘Pray, have the *Indian Ladies* fine Complexions?’ continued Lady *Susan* to the Chief.

‘INDEED,’ replied the Prince, ‘your Ladyship approaches the nearest of all the Ladies I have seen in *England* to the Complexion of our *Indian Women*.’

THIS Answer was received very courteously by Lady *Susan*, and replied to, by saying, ‘your Royal Highness is extremely polite.’

INDEED what *Cannassatego* had said was very true also, *Lady Susan* being a very olive Beauty, if she was a Beauty at all.

THUS in tittle-tattle an Hour passed away with *Lady Susan Overstay*; when being dressed, and her Woman withdrawn, she asked if the Court of his Father was much addicted to Gallantry, smiling in the *Indian's* Face with a lascivious Leer, throwing herself on the Sopha, and desiring the Prince to sit near her.

'No, Madam,' answered *Cannassatego*, 'Love being uninfluenced by the pernicious Esteem amongst our Nations, which is given to Gold in this, we chuse from the pure Dictates of Nature, where Souls correspond to Souls, and live happy in each others Arms.'

'THAT is, your Royal Highness means, the common People do; but your great Men and Ladies of Quality have not such odd Ideas, I presume; they surely have Intrigues amongst them; I dare say many of the Maids of Honour of your Queen-mother have been happily caress'd in those fine Arms of yours,' says *Lady Susan*, 'have they not?' taking him by the Hand.

CANNASSATEGO then looking upon her with Contempt, told her he had never yet violated his Chastity; his whole Heart had been, and should be ever reserved for his lovely *Yarico*; 'absent or present I am her's alone.'

'Poor Man,' says *Lady Susan*, 'I warrant you would not go to Bed to a fine Lady, lest *Yarico* should know it, hah, hah, hah,' squeezing his Hand in the Laugh, and looking amorously upon him.

'No, Madam, Beauty has no Powers on me, Adieu.' At which Words, drawing away his Hand suddenly, he left her in great Indignation; when *Lady Susan*, for her Soul could not conceive what was come over the Man; 'Surely,' says she, 'he can be no Prince, he knows so little of the Manners of the best Company.'

CANNASSATEGO returned to the Earl's, when recounting what had passed between him and Lady Susan with much Resentment, he afforded no little Diversion to the Earl; Lady *Libetal*, drooping her Head, was ashamed that Nature had made such Women.

End of the Third Volume.



LYDIA,
OR
FILIAL PIETY.
A
NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of the MARRIAGE ACT a Novel;
and LETTERS on the *English* Nation.

Virtutis est domare, quæ cuncti pavent.

SENEC.

V O L. IV.

D U B L I N:

Printed for SARAH COTTER, in Skinner Row.

M D C C L X I I I.

L Y D I A.

C H A P. XCVII.

Introduces an old Acquaintance to our Readers, who has more Zeal than Breeding. Earl and Lady Liberal's Friendship for Mac Valor; he obtains a Man of War: A Letter of that Captain's: And an Adventure by Way of Surprise upon Jack Sprisel.

THE next Morning at Breakfast, the Prince, the Earl, and Countess, being together in a Parlour adjoining to the Hall, a Person at the Door was heard to say, 'Well now, my

' Dear, and is Mr. *Probit* at home?'

' No such Person lives here,' replied the Porter.

' WELL, then,' says the Voice, ' who does?' ' The Earl of *Liberal*,' replied the Porter.

' THAT is the same Thing: Now is not *Probit* Earl of *Liberal*? Shew me where he is now,' ready to advance.

' LET me know your Name, Sir,' answered the Porter, ' and I'll let his Lordship know you are here?'

THE Countess listening, cried out, '*Mac Valor*, upon my Word I am sure it is his Voice.' ' It is, indeed, *Lydy*,' says the Earl. When starting from his Seat, he stepped to the Door, and opening it, honest *Mac Valor* rushed into his Arms. ' The Devil burn me, but you are there, *Probit*? and I am after being glad to see you.' ' And I you, indeed, my old Friend,' answered his Lordship.

WHEN entering, her Ladyship came and saluted him. 'Miss *Lydia*, upon my Shoul, and *Cannassatego* my old Indian too, and are you all three of you after being well together?' says *Mac Valor*.

'YES,' says the Countess, 'and at your Service from our Souls.'

'WELL, *Probit*, now you are a Lord, will you get me a Ship?' says *Mac Valor*, who was no Mincer of Matters.

'MY best Powers shall not be wanting to obtain what you deserve; in the mean while my House is your own.' And then taking a Bank-bill of fifty Pounds from his Pocket, 'Pray, let me oblige you with this little Sum, till you are in the Way of doing what our Nation wants, and you are ready to perform?'

'THE Devil burn me but I'll be after doing well enough in your House without this, and I'll send it my Wife and Children; they may want it more than I,' says *Mac Valor*, with Difficulty keeping his Tears from running down his Cheeks. 'Do so,' says Lady *Liberal*, 'my dear Friend,' touch'd by the honest Heart of *Mac Valor*.

THIS Note was accordingly sent to *Ireland*, and Lady *Liberal* made him a Present of another of equal Value.

MANY Circumstances being recounted which had passed since the Separation of these Friends, *Mac Valor* swore, that seeing in the Papers that *Bounce* was come home, he was come over to make his Body shine through the Sun: 'For, the Devil burn me, I and my Wife and Children are all starved to Death, and by my Shoul we will live so no longer.'

'WELL, be calm; have you any News from *Ireland*? How go Affairs at *Dublin*?' says the Earl.

'UPON my Conscience,' says *Mac Valor*, 'the Patriots have almost drunk the * * * * out of the Kingdom; the Devil burn me but the Nation is very unwell of the Stone, and they will have him out, by —, and he is as uneasy as a bad Conscience in a leaky Ship, he fears he shall go to the Bottom every Minute.'

MAC VALOR having been some Days in Town, and to speak in his own Phrase, new rigg'd, look'd well, like an honest brave Seaman. The Earl then invited some of the Lords of the Admiralty to dine at his House; at which Time he presented *Mac Valor* to them, saying, 'This Gentlemen I know to be a brave Man, and an able Sailor; when he brings Dishonour on the *British* Flag, my Life shall answer for it.' And mine too, by —, says *Mac Valor*. Which last Words spread a Simper over the Face of the Company.

HE then acquainted them how he had been used by Captain *Bounce*, and his Cowardice, which was now very publickly divulged since the *Ranelagh* Affair, swearing he would take Vengeance wherever he met him; which he was desired not to do, because of *Bounce's* being a known Coward, and beneath a brave Man's Notice.

AND upon my Shoul he is a Villain as well as a Coward, that he will not be after letting me kill him; arrah but I owe him a Death, and he shall pay me.'

HOWEVER, being persuaded that it would hurt his Interest, and contaminate his Honour, he declined the Design: In a few Days he was put in Commission, and had a Sixty-gun Ship given him.

MR. *Mac Valor* being filled with Gratitude at this unexpected Success, took the Earl into his Arms, then embraced the Countess, and the *Indian* Prince. 'Now, upon my Shoul,' he cried, 'I shall be happy all the Days of my Life, if I die To-morrow.'

HE then wrote a Letter to his Wife, to whom he was an excellent Husband, which was as follows:

My dearest PEGGY,

THE Devil burn me but the Earl and Countess of Liberal are better than a Father and Mother to you and my dear Children; he has already gotten me a Sixty-gun Ship; wherefore I have no more to do than to fight till I die for the Honour of old England; take
a good

a good Prize or two, and then come home and enjoy Life happily in thy Arms; so no more at present from

Your loving Husband,

Till Death,

PHELM MAC VALOR.

P. S. My Blessing to my Father and Mother, and Love to my Children.

THE next Day it was put in the Papers that Mr. *Mac Valor* was commissioned to command the ***** At this Time it happened that *Jack Sprisel*, a Lieutenant of a Man of War, the Son of a returning Officer in a Country Borough, an insolent Fellow, the Consequence of mean Birth and Interest in promoting himself, was sitting at the Admiralty Coffee-house, when *Mac Valor* unknown, was there also, seated opposite to him.

‘DAMME,’ says *Jack*, ‘who is this *Mac Valor* that has got the *****? That Family of the *Macs* is very numerous; I thought they had been all hang’d at *Tyburn* long since; by —, it is endless, I suppose this is one of the same Family.’

AT which Words, *Mac Valor* stretching his Hand a-cross the Table, took hold of his Nose immediately, saying at the same Time, ‘You Son of a Whore, I am that *Mac Valor* you abuse, and by my Shoul I’ll make your Body shine through the Sun this Minute; will you be after abusing me, because you thought I did not know you?’

THIS Salute, which had almost carried off the Nose with its Vehemence, had a wonderful Effect upon *Jack Sprisel*; it seems the Nerves of his Nose were disposed in a Manner peculiar to those who talk much, and let off their Courage thro’ the Mouth, instead of running to the Heart as they do in brave Men, and rousing them to Arms; these run to the Stomach, and destroy all Appetite for fighting.

THIS Nose, and this Warrior being thus constructed, the Twig which *Mac Valor* gave to both of them produced a sudden Change of Countenance, and most direful Dilemma in the Lieutenant. 'Sir,' says *Jack Sprisel*, 'I did not imagine you were so near, or upon my Honour I should not have said what I did; it was design'd but as a Jest.'

'ARRAH, by my Shoul, and so you will say to my Face what you will not say behind my Back, you Son of a Whore, will you?' says *Mac Valor*, 'is hanging a Jest.'

THIS Dialogue drew the Company about these two Disputants; when a Gentleman, who knew Captain *Mac Valor*, spoke to him aside, and desired him to make it up. '*Jack Sprisel* shall ask your Pardon, I am sure he never intended to affront you.'

'UPON my Honour,' clapping his Hand to his Heart, 'I did not,' says *Jack*; which was extremely true.

AT which Assertion honest *Mac Valor* grew pacified, and bid him be sure to know People before he spoke ill of them to their Faces. Thus ends the Quarrel, and the Ninety-seventh Chapter.

C H A P. XCVIII.

Letters from Yarico to Cannassatego; from Cannassatego to Yarico. The Indian Prince takes Leave with more Tokens of true Gratitude than are to be found in many a European.

DURING the Time that *Cannassatego* the Indian Chief had been in *England*, he had received several Letters from his amiable *Yarico*; Love, the auspicious Power, inspired her Attempts, and a few Months Application taught her the *English* Language, and the Art of writing it, with the Assistance of the *English* Missionary; these *Cannassatego* had constantly answered. We shall therefore give our Readers a Sample of each out of that Number which would fill a Volume.

Yarico to Cannassatego.

OH! how dejected is my Soul in longing for thy Presence! Alas! - shall those Eyes, worn out with Weeping, never more behold thee! Every Grove, every sequester'd Scene, the bubbling Brook, the plaintive Dove, the whole Face of Nature, those Scenes of former Transport, are now but melancholy Remembrances of thee! My Soul! My Cannassatego!

Ten thousand Ways have I devised to wear away the Time which creeps between thy Going and Return; I have formed thee Bracelets to adorn thy Arms; a Casque with every various Plumage to decorate thy Head; the Vest of Ermin, the Mantle lined with choicest Furrs; Works of my Hands await their coming Master.

These I fondly said shall grace the bravest Man alive. He comes! he comes! Alas! my Heart, wearied with hoping, no longer now can find Delusion in these Objects! The weighty Hand of Grief hangs heavily upon me! I pine, dejected, faded, like the Lily by autumnal Blasts! I am no more the Yarico you left me!

Sometimes, forgive the Weakness, this Thought like Death shoots through my Heart, some English Dame possesses him I love; I yield, I faint beneath the dread Suspicion, till recalling thy Worth, thy Truth, I feel I am mistaken; I know that thou art constant to thy Vows and Yarico.

Oh! baneful Power of Glory that tore thee from my Arms! Why am I alone made wretched by its Power? Samilla, Mexicalla, are happy with their Paramours in mutual Love, I widow'd and forlorn

Sometimes I imagine thee drown'd amidst the boisterous Waters, or slain by barbarous Hands, till my Heart shrinks from the Thought, and starts at her own Imagery of Horror.

Again, at happier Moments, I fancy thee returned, thy Head reclined upon my Bosom, recounting all the Tales of what thy Eyes have seen beyond the rising Sun; then sighing, cry when will the blissful Minute come?

Thy

Thy faithful Dog seems conscious of my Distress, and feigns ten thousand Gambols to chase Despair from my Bosom; my inseparable Companion, whose Head I often pat and caress; when will thy Master come, I sighing say, to thee and Yarico?

Oh! make haste my Love, save me from my Grief, and bless the Maid that dies for thy Return.

Cannassatego to Yarico.

AFTER so many tedious Moons of Despair, the Sun of Joy has broken thro' the Cloud of Affliction, Cannassatego shall again behold his adored Yarico.

The great Spirit has inspired him with whom I sailed from Onondaga, to send me back to thy Arms; with what Rapture shall I quit these faithless Shores, the Land of Falshood and Dishonour!

Oh, Yarico, thy Cannassatego, whose Right-arm has so often fought the Battles of this Nation, indignant Usage, has been refused Admittance to the great King; him for whom I have so often bled, so often ventured Life! Denied to smoke the Calumet of Peace, and brighten up the Chain of Friendship with our Nation; why did I pass the Seas from Thee and Love?

We have been deceived, my Dear, with lying Tales of Warriors in this Land. Can Men, whose whole Employment is the Care of Dress, whose Locks curled with Art, the daily Toil of three long Hours, nursed in Effeminacy, pampered in Riot, borne by Slaves in little Houses, to screen their Heads from Winds and Rain, trembling with Fear lest the cold Earth should touch the silken Coverings of their Legs? Can these be Warriors form'd to support the Inclemency of Seasons, to sleep in wintry Dews, the Skies their only Covering, and wage War with Indians in America? We have been deceived; it cannot be.

The very God which they tell us they worship, seems to be forgotten amongst them; the Image of the King, made on Bits of yellow Metal, is the sole Power which they adore; to this their Vows are all address'd, this rules their Actions, for this they daily renounce their former God, and despise his Power; this Image alone com-

municates all Virtues; these Bits of Metal, according to the Number each Man possesses, makes him brave, honest, just, humane, and wise; this creates Sachems and Warriors, the Excellencies of Heart and Head find no Reception or Prebeminence, and Faculities are banished; before the Influence of this pernicious Dross, Strength and Valour yield to Weakness; the wise Man obeys the Fool's Dictates, the Brave follows the Coward's Conduct: Judge then, my Yarico, what can be expected from such Men, and such Manners, in Favour of Indian Nations?

Unlike the happy Land which you tread, where Sachems, Kings, and Chieftains, distinguished by the great Spirit with Bravery, Wisdom, and Humanity, signalize themselves, by giving all to others. Here Avarice, detested Vice, is engaged in one eternal Pillage; Virtue in Want labours for pampered Idleness, the Great give nothing.

Even what must seem impossible to your Conception, thy Sex, the tender Woman, for this yellow Dross, weds the Man she detests, and meets the Bosom of him her Heart loathes to embrace; perverted Nature, degenerate Race of mortal Beings, who sacrifice the purest Joy to such infamous Considerations! Hence, the Heart, unbound by Love, debased by such Actions, seeks the adulterous Bed, devoid of all Fidelity.

Time is on the Wing; I come, my Yarico, my Soul's Delight, my darling Treasure; blow propitiously, ye Winds, and waft me to her Arms; be smooth ye Seas, and yield a willing Way. Oh, bear me to my Love, great Spirit. Adieu, perfidious Land; farewell, degenerate Race, farewell.

CANNASSATEGO was now preparing for his Voyage, the Earl and Countess had provided him with every Thing which could be agreeable for such a Passage, and loaded him with more Presents for Yarico. The Moment of his taking Leave was at hand; his Breast was divided with a double Passion, Gratitude to this Lord and Lady, Joy at thinking to revisit his native Land and Yarico, the parting Moment was piercing to his Bosom; he had determined to make a long Speech

of Thanks for all the Friendship which he had received from this happy Pair ; when beginning, ‘ If Heaven restore me to the Arms of her I love, my Vows—’ Then bursting into Tears, his Voice suspended, he eagerly embraced the Earl, and cried, ‘ Imagine what I would express, from what I suffer in parting from you, tho’ to return to all I love.’ Then saluting the Countess, ‘ My Friend, my next in Love to *Yarico*, adieu ; may ye be for ever happy.’ Saying this, he left the House choaked with Tears, the Earl and Countess weeping abundantly as he walked away. At length, ‘ Go, generous Man, and meet in Joy thy lovely *Yarico*,’ escaped from the Lady’s Lips.

C H A P. XCIX.

In which Surgeon Macpherson, disappointed of his Treatise on the Nature of Gunshot Wounds, begins reading Lectures in Midwifery.

WE must now turn our Eyes to Surgeon *Macpherson*, whom we have formerly related to have proceeded on a second Cruize with the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* ; but, alas ! such was the hard Fate of this Man, he could by no means get together a sufficient Number of Observations to complete a Treatise on the Nature of Gunshot Wounds ; so cautious were the *French* of meeting this Captain *Bounce* : Wherefore, being tired of the Seas, during the last Voyage, as he had an excellent Opportunity for studying the practical Part on board Ship, he prepared himself thoroughly for Midwifery, and coming to *London*, sent to *Aberdeen* for a Diploma of Doctor : This being granted, he began a School for the reading Lectures on that Subject, which was attended with great Success, being much encouraged by his own Countrymen ; a laudable Example for the *English*.

C H A P. C.

Lady Liberal resolves to leave London, for Reasons which Ladies generally keep private at first: Her grateful Heart thinks on little Tommy Clinch; he receives the Effects of her Tendernefs. Frank preserves Lady Liberal's Life at the Risque of his own. Lady Liberal arrives at Exeter, where our Readers are made acquainted with Miss Oldcastle, and her Virtues.

LADY Liberal began now to perceive what the Earl had long wish'd to know, the Symptoms of her being pregnant; she therefore determined to go to the Country seat of the Earl in *Devonshire*, and attend the happy Hour of her Delivery: Lord *Liberal* would have persuaded her to tarry in *London*. 'No, my Dear,' says she, 'the Country is my Choice; there, the dear Child which I hope to bring you, the Heir of your Estate and Virtues, the last may Heaven grant, will be much more likely to live than in this City, the Air is purer, and I shall be more at Ease, being determined to make my Nursery the only Pleasure, besides what I must ever know in you; this will be less interrupted, and I shall be happier in the Country than any Thing can make me in *London*.' The Earl, moved by this Tendernefs, kissed her, saying, 'My *Lydy* is too good,' pressing her to his Bosom.

'My Dear,' says the Countess, 'I will then pay my Visits to those I chuse to see before I leave *London*, and retire as fast as possible to *Probit-castle*.'

THIS his Lordship said would be agreeable to him. 'You know, my *Lydy*, I can have no Pleasure which contradicts yours.'

ONE Day then, as they were visiting, passing before the Door where the Countess had lodged with Mrs. *Clinch*, the Thought of her Change came strongly into her Mind, she sigh'd, and without speaking, kissed the Earl in the Coach, pressing his Hand between hers.

hers. 'Hey day, what is this Sigh, followed by so emphatic a Kiss, for?' says his Lordship.

'My Soul,' says the Countess, 'I thought of what Misery, I have known in this House, and how much I am, and ever must be, indebted to you for the Deliverance, my generous Benefactor!'

'You silly Girl, am not I the Gainer by all I have done? Who else could have made me happy but you?'

THE House being shut up, Lady *Liberal* pulled the String, and the Coach stopping, she asked what was become of Mrs. *Clinch*: The Person who answered told her she was dead: And pray what is become of little *Tommy*? 'He is gone to some Relation, who uses him but ill, poor Child!' says the Woman.

LADY *Liberal* then proceeded to her Visits, recounting, as she passed along, the Behaviour of the Child to her, how tender and amiable he had been; when before his Lordship could answer, or she finish her Discourse, the Coach stopt, and the Lady being at home they descended to enter the House.

THIS Opportunity his Lordship took of sending his Servant back to know where the Child was; which being discovered, he immediately sent for him to his own House, where, at his Return, presenting him to Lady *Liberal*, 'here, my Dear,' says he, 'is your Friend *Tommy*.'

'My dear Boy,' says Lady *Liberal* kissing him, and then running to the Earl, 'I am afraid of this Debt of Goodness which you are constantly heaping upon me: How shall I pay it?'

'Kiss me again, and discharge it all,' says his Lordship smiling, which was done with Rapture: The little Boy from that time was taken all possible Care of, and educated as he ought.

MRS. *Fairchild* was vastly delighted to see the Child, and with the Earl's Behaviour to her dear Daughter; but now a new Anxiety began to grow in her Bosom on the Account of the Countess's Pregnancy; her Heart was scarce ever at Ease about the Moment of approaching Peril, and yet transported with her being pregnant at the same time.

' My Child,' says she, ' pray excuse yourself the Pain of visiting me every Night after I am in Bed, and every Morning before I rise; you require Ease, let me intreat you to forbear that needless Duty.'

' MADAM, says Lady *Liberal*, ' why must the Pleasure of hoping to be soon a Parent divest me of the Duty of being a Child? When it is a Pain to me I will tell you.'

' YOUR Duty will defer it too long,' says the venerable Parent, ' I fear, my Child.'

IT was now known through the House that the Countess was breeding; and next to the Earl, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, no one's Heart felt greater Joy than *Frank's*, her Ladyship's Servant, whose uniform and duteous Behaviour had made him dear to his Lord and Lady; and much so to Mrs. *Fairchild*.

ONE Evening then, as her Ladyship was returning from a Visit in her Chair preceded by *Frank* alone, the other Servant being sent on a Message, a Street-robber in *Berkeley-square* presenting a Pistol to *Frank*, bid him stop; when *Frank* instantly thinking of his Lady's Condition, without answering, dash'd his Link in the Villain's Face, and bade the Chairman go on. By this Action the Rosin flying in the Fellow's Eyes, *Frank* seized him; and her Ladyship thinking the Link was put by out some Accident only, was carried home unknowing what had happened. Thus *Frank*, by his Quickness of Thought and laudable Resolution, probably preserved the Life of his Lady.

THE next Day, when it was known, Lord *Liberal* ask'd *Frank* how he came to have Resolution to strike a Robber with a Pistol in his Hand. The Servant replied, ' I never thought of myself, I only considered my Lady's Condition, and the Danger her being terrified with being stopt might prove to her; I imagined, if I thought any thing, that this would confound him; and then during the Struggle my Lady might be carried away safe.'

' FRANK,' says the Earl, ' thou art a generous and noble Creature, giving him a Bank-bill of an hundred Pounds from his Pocket-book. Thou art worthy

‘ thy my Friendship, and shall feel it to thy Advantage.’ ‘ My Lord,’ says *Frank*, I hope you do not think me a mercenary Man,’ taking the Bill reluctantly. ‘ No, *Frank*, the most generous of Men.’ *Frank* bow’d with Respect and Pleasure.

LADY *Liberal* being acquainted with this Affair, made *Frank* a Present also ; expressing infinite Gratitude to this Servant, who was rendered immortal by being so deservedly caress’d.

‘ My Lord,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘ I think I have nothing more to do than write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy* before we leave *London*, and invite her Ladyship into *Devonshire*.’ ‘ Pray do, my Dear ; and at the same time I will desire Mr. *Sweetwood*’s Company also ; it will be a vast Addition to our Happiness, if they will spend the Summer with us at *Probit-castle*.’

THIS then was accordingly done, and an Answer returned, which gave them a Promise of seeing them at his Lordship’s Seat. The Time was now come which was to begin the Journey, when the Earl and Countess proceeded by gentle Stages to his Seat. At *Exeter*, it being the Time of the Assizes, his Lordship intended staying a Week : This is a Season of Gaiety, at that City, where every thing which this Island affords is to be had in the greatest Perfection. The heart-felt Pleasure of showing to the Company what a lovely Creature he had married, contributed not a little to that Design in his Lordship.

LADY *Liberal* being pleased with the Face of the Country, and expressing herself in that Manner, it was then first told her by her Parent that her Father had been a Native of *Devonshire*, and left that Part of *England* very young. ‘ Would to Heaven he was still alive to taste the Bliss which I this Day feel,’ says her Ladyship.

‘ My Child,’ says the Mother, her Words attended with a Tear, ‘ he is, if Virtue ever had its Reward, where Happiness is eternally encreasing.’

HER Ladyship being dressed, appeared at the Ball ; and as she was not far advanced in her Pregnancy, look’d

as charming as an Angel, even amongst the Women of that Country, where Beauty is no uncommon Appearance.

EVERY Eye was upon her, and every Tongue of the Male Part of the Company was lavish in her Praise. The Females commended her Beauty with great Good-nature, one excepted, who (being the Daughter of an old Baronet, a Maiden Lady, and a Miss, as those Dames are always stiled who are not enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony) was a little sarcastic on her Ladyship.

It seems Lady *Liberal* refused to dance on account of her being pregnant. This was immediately attributed to her Want of Education.

' I THINK,' says Miss *Oldcastle*, ' no one can avoid discerning by her Face that that new fangled Lady is of no Family; and you see of no Education, she cannot dance a Minuet.' ' To be sure,' says Mrs. *Followclose*, who was this Maiden Lady's Companion, ' she must have had a fine Education, indeed! I wonder Lords will be looking out for, and taking up with, Wives in other Places, when there are so many young Ladies of Beauty, Family, and Fortune in their own Country;' looking with a Smile on Miss *Oldcastle*. ' You are right, Mrs. *Followclose*,' says Miss, bridling and holding up her Head, ' it is a Shame for them.'

Now that our Readers may not be led into a Puzzle who this Miss *Oldcastle* was, we shall give a small Description of her Person and Qualifications, which perhaps may not be unentertaining to mere City Readers, who have never voyaged beyond the Bills of Mortality.

THIS Miss *Oldcastle* was a Maiden Lady; her Father, having been a Baronet of one thousand a Year, of a very ancient Family, whose only Child she was, had bred her to no one earthly Thing, but tracing the Pedigree of her Family from the ancient *Britons* down to the present Time.

SCARCE was there a Reign before the *Norman Conquest* in which some of her Predecessors had not held great Places at Court, according to her Legend, the
Men

Men being all Statesmen or Generals, and the Ladies Maids of Honour; since that Time she said her Family thought it beneath them to be much at Court; and she sometimes insinuated, that King *Alfred* with all his Wisdom, whilst he was in the West, had been the Gallant of a Female of her Family; reckoning Fornication no Sin, provided it is committed with People of high Blood.

SHE knew the Marriages and Inter-marriages of all the great Families in *England*, particularly in that Part of it in which she lived. 'I am surprized,' says she, 'at the Insolence of some Folks, whose Ancestors, in the Time of *Henry* the Second, had not the least Bit of Land; nay, some of those who purchased our Family's Estate in *Henry* the Seventh's Time, pretend to be People of Family; God knows where this Pretension will end; we shall see those, who are no elder than the Revolution, pretend to be Gentlefolks by-and-by, and surely Family will come to nothing.'

'INDEED, Madam, you are right,' says Mrs. *Fellowclose*, 'it is amazing how some Folks pretend to be some-body.'

Miss *Oldcastle* being no more than Fifty-two, vigorous, of a corpulent Habit, and ruddy Complexion, her Locks inclining to the Carrot, it seems had still preserved her Colt's Teeth, and had entertained an Ambition of mending her Title, tho' she could not her Blood, and hoped to have wedded the Earl of *Liberal*.

Now, tho' this may seem a little strange, that Fifty-two should dare to marry Thirty-three; yet it is a true Remark, that most Ladies of that Age think themselves a Match for the youngest Man in *England*, and will venture to engage him stark naked without Arms to defend themselves; a Mark that feminine Valour, and the Race of *Boadicia*, are not yet totally worn out of the Kingdom.

THIS Virgin Lady had managed Affairs as well as Maids in her Situation could do; behaving like those accustomed to dine early, who are to dine later than

usual on certain Occasions, and taken a Bit of *John*, the favourite Servant out of Livery, by Way of Stay-stomach for a Husband.

NOTWITHSTANDING this she was a Lady of a most severe Virtue, being so unbiass'd in her Opinion, that she never spoke well of any one, lest she should seem to be partial by preferring one to another.

SHE was always talking of Charity; and the Works of Charity; but so prudent in, and fearful of bestowing it upon wrong Objects, she fed nothing but Dogs, Cats, Parrots, and Monkeys.

So chaste that she could not bear a Lady who wore a Pair of white Stockings; she protested she thought them the most immodest Things upon Earth, and therefore, her Legs being rather large, she always wore blue.

CONSTANT at Church, and so attentive to her Duty, that when she came home she could recount the Dress of all the Farmers Wives and Daughters. and preach upon the wicked Effects of Finery, and the Impudence of those that wore it, better than the Divine perhaps who served the Congregation.

THIS Maiden was very severe on Lady *Flimsy*; the Morning after the Ball she visited Lady *Hearty*, hoping she did not intend contracting an Acquaintance with such an ill-bred Creature as Lady *Liberal*.

'ILL-BRED, Madam,' says Lady *Hearty*, 'I have never seen a sweeter or more polite Woman; by the little Conversation I had, after being introduced to her last Night, she must be the most amiable of her Sex: Sir *Oliver* and I, accompanied with Sir *William Worthly* and his Lady, who are with us on a Visit, intend seeing them the first Week after the Assizes.'

'WHAT, visit a Girl of the Town, because she is married to a Nobleman?' adding all the former Falshoods relating to the Countess, and affirming them as so many Truths, 'I shiver to think of it.'

'MADAM,' says Lady *Hearty*, who knew Miss *Oldcastle's* Disposition, 'I am sorry you shiver at what every one ought to love; be persuaded these Tales are Fals-
hoods,

‘ hoods, which Malice invents to depreciate the Success
‘ of Beauty and Virtue.’

THUS ended this Conversation; and this virtuous Maiden, Miss *Oldcastle*, whose Soul was so righteously disposed, spread every where with the utmost Alertness all the Falshood that Malice can invent to depreciate Virtue.

C H A P. CI.

Probit-castle described. Lady Liberal's Danger, and Frank's Dispatch for a Physician; the first happily over, introduces universal Joy.

THE Affizes being finished, Lady *Liberal* pursued her Journey to *Probit-castle*. This venerable old Seat, where Hospitality and patrial Virtue have dwelt for many Ages, is situated in a most agreeable Part of *England*; on the South-side of *Devonshire*, facing the Ocean, at two Miles Distance; the Mansion is old, yet in excellent Repair, and communicates an Air of Grandeur to all around it: It is seated on a rising Hill, before which are extended Meadows reaching to the Sea; on the Right-hand of which waves along the Decline of a gentle Hill, the venerable Oak in all its Beauty, stock'd with wild Turkeys, and Guinea Fowls that dwell amongst the Branches; beneath this flows, in many Windings, a small River, which, transparent as the Crystal, falls from Rock to Rock in murmuring Sounds, replete with Trout, and other River-fish; a Park stock'd with Deer forms the Object on the Left-hand Side, which being planted with Shrubs diversifies the Prospect; on the Lawns below wander innumerable Flocks of Sheep, and Herds of Cattle; Goats also browse upon the Hills, which being a picturesque Animal, adds Life and Variety to the Landscape; whilst the Ships, which are pursuing their different Voyages round the World, complete a Picture scarce to be parallell'd in *England*.

THE Gardens, which furnish the Dainties of the Table, are the most prolific of all in this Kingdom;

the Grape and the Fig scarce desire a better Soil, or finer Climate ; the Nectarine blushes to the Sun, the Peach sheds its Perfumes, almost bursting with Ripeness ; Orchards, teeming with Golden Apples, pour Profusion of that Liquor, which scarce yields to the *Burgundian* Juice, or rarer Wine of famed *Tokay*.

OH ! native Soil ! When shall these Eyes again behold thee ? Will Heaven, propitious to my Vows, waft me at length to this Land of Bliss, there to behold the setting Sun of Life go down in Brightness and Tranquillity upon grey Hairs and Ease ?

THIS Seat, so situated, was extremely agreeable to *Lady Liberal*. ‘ My Lord,’ says she, ‘ you will with Difficulty get me from this Place, I believe, *London* can have no Charms for me ; I shall become a mere rustic Wife, and talk of my Dairy and hatching Geese and Turkeys as well as the best Country-farmer’s Wife in *Devonshire*.’

‘ AND must I go alone, *Lydy*, to *London* to attend Parliament,’ says the Earl. ‘ Indeed, that is an unlucky Circumstance,’ replies the Countess ; ‘ that will try me, I own.’

SIR *Oliver Harty* and his Lady, Sir *William Worthy* and Lady *Worthy*, came to visit this happy Pair of New-comers ; and as their Souls were congenial, a Friendship of the most benign and lasting Kind was commenced between these three Families.

AT length, the Hour drew near, when *Lady Liberal* expected to give the *Probit* Family an Heir : The Care and Tenderneſs of the Earl was unspeakable ; he scarce quitted her a Moment, and slept in a separate Bed in the same Chamber, being assured no one could be so interested in her Welfare as himself. The Midwife was present in the House to attend the happy Minute.

AT length the Moment came, and there being great Apprehension of Danger ; some better Assistance was required ; *Exeter* was the nearest Place to procure it ; the Earl bid his Groom ride with all possible Speed to call a Physician, when *Frank* appearing ready booted, ‘ My Lord, let me go, I beseech you,’ says he, ‘ the Desire of preserving my Lady’s Life will make me fly faster than another.’ He mounted immediately.

INDEED, *Frank* foresaw, that, Grooms in general loving Horses better than human Creatures, this Fellow might have spared the Beast in Preference to his Lady; wherefore this honest and sensible Servant determined to have no Object but his Lady's Life in this Journey, and accordingly desired that this Message might be trusted to his Care.

THOUGH the Danger was not small, the Alarm was infinitely greater; Lord *Liberal* at every fainting Fit which his Lady underwent during her Pain, ran from her Chamber, beat his Breast, crying, ' My *Lydia* is dead! She is no more! Oh! wretched Man, doom'd to survive this loveliest best of Women!'

MRS. *Fairchild*, as if assisted by new Strength, ran to his Lordship at each Recovery of the Countess, ' She revives, my Lord, she is not dead, there is less Danger than you apprehend; let me intreat you to compose yourself? When he would sigh, and rise from the Couch on which he had thrown himself, ' Must I part with all I love?' he said.

AFTER every Recovery from these Faintings, Lady *Liberal's* first Words were, ' Where is my Life? These Pangs will kill him!' Feeling yet more for the Earl than for herself.

FRANK, having performed the Journey in a Time almost incredibly little; came back with the Physician, who having prescribed her some Medicine, she was by the Midwife happily delivered of an Heir to the *Probit* Family.

THE News was spread; the Earl fainted with Ecstasy; *Frank* seemed distracted with Pleasure; the whole Family, whose Concern, during the Danger, from the lowest to the highest, was express visibly in their Faces, shouted with Rapture; the Parish was all an Evening's Festival; so much had the Goodness of that Family influenced the Heart of every Neighbour, poor and rich.

No Village within ten Miles but blazed with an Evening's Bonfire at the first News of this Event; and the Bells were rung whole Days together, to express the public Joy for the Birth of this Heir to Earl *Liberal*, he being the last of the Name.

Thus having brought a young Nobleman to the World, we withdraw to make room for better Company.

C H A P. CII.

General Joy at the Birth of an Heir, Frank's Delirium; recovers and enjoys his Desire.

THIS great Joy was not uninterrupted in his Lordship's Bosom, though his Lady was as well as possible in such Circumstances; his Son, the finest Child that could be seen, and which his Lordship came to visit a thousand Times a Day, kissing that and the dear Mother. 'Lydy,' says his Lordship, 'tis 'your Picture to the utmost Resemblance.' 'Indeed, my Lord, it is more like you than me, it has your Nose and Eyes, and every Feature; has it not, Madam?' to her Mother. 'I think so indeed,' answered Mrs. Fairchild, who scarce ever deserted the Room of her dear Daughter. 'Well,' says the Earl, pleased with his Countess's Inclination, 'let it be so, I must yield in Opposition to two.'

THE Interruption to their Joy was not from this Quarter. It seems poor *Frank*, with the Speed he had made in fetching the Physician, had heated himself into a Fever; the same Physician attended him also: He was delirious, and in great Danger.

EVERY Moment he cry'd, 'is my Lady deliver'd? — she shall not die — begone — take me — will not that satisfy you? — I see you — give me the Pistols — who dares say she is dead? — my Lord shall have an Heir — a fine Boy — a young Lord — I'll rock the Cradle — hush — hush — my young Lord's asleep — tread softly — no Noise — bye — bye — Baby — bye.' — These incoherent Expressions, utter'd in Delirium, transfix'd the Heart of the Earl, who came frequently to see him: He perceived his whole Soul was engaged in no other Idea than that of Lady *Liberal*, and his Happiness. 'Ho- nest

'nest Fellow, Heaven grant he may recover!' says his Lordship.

At length the Crisis determined in favour of his Life, and he recovered by slow Degrees. The Earl never failed seeing him once a Day, and asking him if there was any Thing he would chuse to have, desired him to mention it, and it should be immediately procured.

'THERE is one Thing,' says *Frank*, 'but I am afraid to ask your Lordship.' 'Tell me,' replied the Earl, 'if in my Power you shall have it with Pleasure.' Says *Frank*, 'If I could but see my young Lord, I should be quite at Ease, and recover faster.' 'That you shall to be sure,' says the Earl, pleased with the Request. Accordingly, the Story being told to the Countess, who had been extremely anxious for him since she had known he was ill, said, 'Generous Creature; wrap up the Child, and carry it to him instantly.' Which being done, *Frank* kissed it with excessive Joy, and lying down, said, 'Heaven bless this Babe, I am now contented.'

A FEW Days perfected the Cure, and *Frank* was permitted the Happiness of going to the Nursery whenever he pleased, to gaze on his young Master.

LADY *Liberal* herself thanking him for the great Care he had shewn in serving her, added, 'You needed not to have made such vast Haste to risque your Life, my Danger was not so great, *Frank*.'

'WHAT is my Life, compared to your Ladyship's, and my young Lord's? Besides, I felt something at my Heart which would not permit me to go slower,' answered the Servant.

'THIS Behaviour, *Frank*, shall not pass unrewarded,' says her Ladyship. 'I am rewarded, my Lady, by your Recovery, and the Birth of my young Master.' Saying this he withdrew.

Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood, on the Road to Probit-castle, meet an odd Adventure of Cuckoldom and Horns, contrived by a Landlord and two damn'd Chambermaids at an Inn. The Soldiers Wrath appeased as easily as excited.

THE News of this Heir being born, was immediately sent to *Lady Flimsy* and *Mr. Sweetwood*; in Answer to which the most polite Letter of genuine Joy and Congratulation was returned from that happy Pair, whose mutual Pleasure was every Day encreasing. They then prepared for their Visit, and proceeded to *Probit-castle* to stand Sponsors to this welcome Child.

One Evening on the Road *Mr. Sweetwood* observing a great Number of Officers in the Inn, ask'd how it happened that so many Soldiers were in so small a Town? His Landlord answered, that as they were chusing a Member of Parliament at * * * * * in the Room of one that had lately taken a Place, and was strongly opposed by an honest Country Gentleman in his Re-election, these military Men were all sent out to eat him up.

' DAMN them, they have all their Kept-mistresses; here are four young Ensigns and Lieutenants, with each his Whore; these Fellows will certainly come to good, and make special Soldiers when War is declared!'

' You are no Friend to the Military, Landlord, I find,' says *Mr. Sweetwood*. ' Yes, Sir, I am; I think a Soldier an honourable and useful Member as any in Society; but I don't conceive a red Coat, Impertinence, and Rakery, make that Character; or that such are likely to face their Enemies with that Resolution which becomes Gentlemen.'

' I BELIEVE you are not much deceived in that Opinion; but you will allow there are many of another Stamp,' says *Mr. Sweetwood*. ' Indeed, I do,' says the Landlord; ' but these are not; they are drinking
Success

‘ Success to the Placeman’s Election, and their Ladies keep them Company in that Article also.

‘ EGOD, Sir, my Chambermaids, the unlucky Jades, have a mind, at my Instigation, to play them a Trick to-night. You must know, Sir, all these Women pass for the Wives of these Officers to keep them in Countenance, otherwise no one in the Country would let them lodge in their Houses: But my Drawer lived last Winter at the *Shakespeare’s-Head* in *Covent-Garden*, and remembers the Faces of them all. Now if their Damsels retire before the Gentlemen, and these get fuddled, as they most certainly will do, the Chambermaids shall light the Warriors to the Beds of one another’s Mistresses, by which means we shall have the Pleasure of making them all Cuckolds in the Eyes of the Country, or make them discard their Ladies, and disavow their Marriages, which will be no small Diversion to the Gentlemen who are in Opposition to the Placeman for their Country’s Good, and who are my Friends?’

‘ If you are sure there are none of the Company married, I think the Thing would not be amiss; otherwise I think it should not be done by any means.’

‘ DEPEND on it, Sir, there is not one married Person amongst them: I would not dare such an Action, unless I were convinced of the Truth of what I am saying, for the whole World.’

THE Glass was circulated with great Freedom, and these jolly young Gentlemen waxing very drunk, the Ladies retired to Bed, and their Paramours remained to swallow the other Bottle; when News being brought that * * * * *, Esq; by Dint of Bribery, had carried his Re-election, these bold Sons of *Mars* gave another Shout, and resolved on another Bottle to drink the Member’s Health.

THIS News determined the Landlord, who received it with great Compunction, to put his Project in Execution; accordingly these Gentlemen being most egregiously drunk, were each put to-bed to a Lady that did not strictly belong to him. The Females also having taken

ken an Anodyne, were wrapt in Slumber at their coming to-bed.

THE Night was a Night of Sleep. When these Sons of Valour waking, each found himself in Bed with a wrong Paramour ; the Surprize was not a little to the Ladies ; but as they had been long accustomed, like Inns upon the Road, to receive all Comers, they were easily reconciled to the Exchange. Being then all dress'd, they met to Breakfast, where the Gentlemen look'd a little queer on this damn'd Mistake ; and one of them, less prudent than the rest, swore he would send for the Landlord up, and kill the Dog, being assured that he was the Cause of this Affront.

THE Landlord being come into the Room, ' You, Sir,' says this impetuous young Gentleman, ' how came it that we were put to-bed last Night to one another's Wives ? I imagine this was your doing, Rascal.'

THE Landlord falling into a loud Laugh, answered, ' I never put People to-bed ; did not you know your own Wives and Chambers ? Sir, I make no Cuckolds in my House.'

' CUCKOLDS, you Dog,' replied two of them, stepping up to him, ' I'll kick you to Hell.'

' INDEED, you will not,' replied the Landlord, ' a red Coat has no Terror to me, I assure you : ' Which being pronounced with a Firmness of Voice, and resolute Countenance, gave them Reason to believe mine Host of the *Fountain* would not be passive in such an Adventure.

THIS being said, he left the Room ; and as these warlike Men were immediately to leave the Place, and return to * * * * *, the Election being finished, my Landlord was resolved to entertain them with a Serenade and Procession before they departed ; accordingly, four Fellows dressed in red Coats, with each a Pair of Ox's-horns upon his Head, began their March, preceded by the Sow-gelder, and an old Drummer, follow'd by all the People of the Village : They then being arrived before the Inn-door, gave three Shouts. This Noise being heard by these Sons of *Bellona*, they ran to the Window, and there, horrible to the Eyes

of Valour, beheld the public Triumph of their own Disgrace.

THUNDER is no Comparison to the Rage of these Gentlemen; they stamp'd and swore they would put the Landlord to death; so did their Ladies, the true *Covent-Garden* Spirit being let loose: But it unluckily happened, they swore so long at this slanderous Procession, that like a Gun with too large a Touch-hole which loses its Powder, the whole Charge was lost through the Aperture of their Mouths; so that when they came down, and saw the Crowd about the Door, notwithstanding the Sowgelder's Horn and old Drum founded to Battle, there did not remain Powder enough in the Barrel to let the Bullet of their Courage off into Action. They therefore mounted their Horses, Male and Female, and rode to * * * * * with all possible Expedition, cursing the fatal Mistake for being discovered. Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* beheld this whole Affair with immoderate Laughing.

THIS rendered these Gentlemen the frequent Object of a Pair of Fingers, applied to the Forehead like Horns by a hundred Persons of the losing Party at the Town of the Election; and their Ladies, being now disqualified from appearing in the Streets, were dismiss'd back to the Purlicus of *Covent-Garden*. And thus concludes this Adventure.

C H A P. CIV.

Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood converse on the Alterations to be made at Probit-castle. A lucky Thought of Mr. Sweetwood's.

WE shall pass over the other Part of the Journey of Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*, and land them safe at *Probit-castle*; where their Reception was such as sincere Friendship mutually gives, and receives from all who are truly animated with that divine Passion.

LADY *Liberal* was perfectly recovered, and determined to suckle the Child herself; the Earl would

have dissuaded her from it, in Complaisance to the reigning Mode, though he secretly wish'd his Lady would refuse him. 'Lydy,' says he, 'this great Boy, I am afraid will hurt your Health, if you suckle him; let us look for some healthy Woman who has lately had a Child, and let that Care be given to her.'

'My Lord,' says the Countess, 'will you deprive me of the greatest Pleasure I can know next to your Love for me? Shall I be denied looking down with Affection on this Babe hanging at my Bosom, and lose the greatest Delight of being a Mother? Do you imagine I consider myself as a Machine only to bring Children into the World, and then desert them? No, no, my dear Babe shall reap the Advantage which Nature designed, and my Constitution can afford him; this Bosom shall pour forth its milky Stores for his Sustenance and Health.'

THIS, deliver'd with Spirit, pleased the Earl, who taking her in his Arms, kissed her with Rapture. 'You are determined then to excel in Mother as well as Wife, Lydy; I find you must be indulged.' This was pronounced with a self-satisfying Delight visible in the Earl's Countenance.

THE Time which Lady Flimsy and Mr. Sweetwood tarried at *Probit-castle*, was one continued Scene of Pleasure, such as Reason must approve; not of that tumultuous Sort which is generally miscall'd by that Name, but of the smooth, delicious, complacent Kind, which continues constant and delightful.

THE two Gentlemen were engaged in planning out his Lordship's Woods and Waters. 'In this Place, by this River, which runs amidst the Rocks in murmuring Falls beneath this little Wood, I intend an Anchorer's Cell, it shall be made of Stone only, rendered venerable by the Marks of Time; the Wood shall be kept cleanly weeded, as it is but small; and some very large Stones shall be placed where the Path shall wind round them to give it the Air of being kept in Order by one Man only, the supposed Inhabitant of the Cell, who has not Strength sufficient to remove them; a-cross the Stream a Bridge

‘ of great apparent Antiquity shall lead to a little Garden in the Meadows, planted with Flowers which require little Skill, and with Pulse, and culinary Plants.’

‘ THIS is charmingly imagined,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*. ‘ I believe it is,’ says the Earl, ‘ because I assure you *Lydy* had a greater Hand in it than I. Pray, Mr. *Sweetwood*, what would you have terminate the long Avenue which I intend to make through the great Wood to that Cliff which stands so boldly to the Ocean?’

‘ THE Temple of Fortitude will be a very proper Building,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*. ‘ It shall be so, and built of rough unhewn Moor-stone,’ answered the Earl. ‘ That is an Addition to its Character, which I did not conceive at the Time of my making the Proposal,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*.

‘ BUT who shall be its Inhabitant? What Hero shall we chuse to place in it?’ says the Earl. ‘ None,’ replied Mr. *Sweetwood*, ‘ the Goddess herself in a Statue, of which Mr. *Ryfbreck* shall be the Sculptor, and carved after that Woman who truly deserves the Honour, *Lydia*, Countess of *Liberal*.’

‘ SWEETWOOD,’ says the Earl, the Tear starting, ‘ you have touch’d my Heart so intimately with this Thought, it shall be immediately put in Execution; her Picture in *London*, which resembles her so much, by our Countryman *Reynolds*, will serve for the Model, and it may be finished without her knowing it till it is put up; she would not permit it if she knew my Design.

‘ IN this Place which is so sheltered from the Winds, so snug and retired, where home-felt Quiet and pastoral Delight seem to have made their Abode, I intend building a little Thatch’d-house. Here *Lydy* and I shall frequently retire for a Day or two with the little Boy, and other Children, when Heaven pleases to send them to our Wishes, and taste a different Kind of Pleasure from what attends numerous Servants, Pomp and Parade; this will diversify our Manner of Living, and make us return to the Castle with the Pleasure of Variety at least,’ says the Earl.

‘ AN excellent Thought, which will be an Improvement to the Happiness of Lady *Flimsy*, and myself; I shall undoubtedly follow your Example in this Building at my Abode.’

‘ As the Situation of the Castle is grand, the Views and Country laid out by Nature in the same Taste, it would be ill judged to erect a Variety of Buildings, which, frequently making nought but so many little distinct Objects, destroy the Idea of one great Whole; as Pieces of Water would be ridiculous where one sees the Ocean so near; Plantations of all the Trees which Heaven has created, disposed with the best Propriety and Taste I am capable of exerting, I think will make this Seat as agreeable as it can be,’ says the Earl. ‘ This shall employ the Hands of my poor Country Neighbours, and give them Bread, when Labour at some Times of the Year is scarce; the oldest Man shall be as well paid as the most vigorous and healthy, and Age not feel, in diminish’d Reward, that Deficiency of Support when it stands most in need of it.’

THIS Conversation finishing the Morning’s Walk, finishes the Chapter.

C H A P. CV.

Miss Oldcastle falls from the Pinnacle of Happiness to the Vale of Disappointment. The Discovery of the blue Stocking; an Epistle from a Baronet; and a Wedding with an old approved Servant, are to be found in this Chapter.

MISS Oldcastle, whose Pride and ancient Pedigree would not permit her to visit Lady *Liberal*, was notwithstanding as much acquainted with all her past Life as even the Countess herself, if Regard was to be paid to the Conversation of that maiden Lady.

SHE was astonished, she said, at the Racket which was made about a Son of such a Creature as *Lydia Fairchild*. ‘ Indeed, and so am I,’ says Mrs. *Follow-*
close,

close, 'here's a-to-do indeed about a Brat's being born of a Woman of no Family; but the Mob, Miss, love to signalize the Birth of the Mob; I'll engage when you are married, there will not be so much Fuss about an Heir to the *Oldcastle* Estate.'

'To be sure,' says Miss, approving mightily the Stroke about her having an Heir; though probably, like *Sarab*, she smiled internally at the Thought of having a Son; the Time being pretty well advanced which puts an End to that Expectation.

WHATEVER might be the Expectation of Heirs, that of a Husband, however, was now in a more promising Way than she had for a long while expected.

SIR *Simon Trueblood*, Baronet, of the *Land's-end*, a Gentleman of Sixty, hale, and of good Constitution, whose purple Countenance spoke him of princely Dye, had buckled on his Sword, and was arrived at *Old-castle* Hill to make Love to this Maiden of ancient Family: Happily Sir *Simon* could trace his Pedigree from the *Britisb* Race, and prove that neither *Saxons*, *Danes*, or *Normans*, had ever penetrated to his Mansion-seat, or mix'd their base Blood with his Family; his Estate was such as justified him in making Love to this Lady.

HE was as much possessed with the Idea of ancient Family, as Miss *Oldcastle* herself, and preserved his Descent on a large Parchment, with as much Care as a Miser does an *East India* Bond.

AFTER some Weeks of Service very humbly offered, the Pedigree being proved to the fair Lady's Satisfaction, Proposals were offered, and accepted; the Writings were drawing; the Wedding-cloaths were making; and all Things proceeding in the Primrose path of Dalliance, as *Shakespear* elegantly expresses it, even to the fixing the nuptial Day.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Situation of Affairs, Master *John*, the favourite Servant, was still in great Esteem, and to be reserved as a Kind of a Second, which sometimes does as well in Marriage as in Duels, especially where the Husband, being a little advanced in Life, may be supposed to have lost Part of his Activity.

MASTER *John* was a Kind of domestic Steward, who was fond of the Chase; the Baronet therefore one Day resolved to amuse himself with hunting a Pack of Beagles, which many a sly Farmer hinted were kept by the Mistress for the Amusement of the Man.

THEIR Intention was to rise before the Sun, and proceed at some Distance to hunt in a Part of the Country which was more open, and fitter for pursuing their Game; Master *John* was to be Companion in the Chase.

THIS Night, the preceding Night, oh! fatal Night! Miss *Oldcastle's* Business required the Attendance of Master *John* in her Bed-chamber; the Transaction was of a private Nature; the Night was past; the Business done; the Hour was come; the Clock struck Five; Darkness still covered the Hemisphere; Master *John* then rose and dressed himself; the Circumstance of being in this Chamber not permitting him the Use of a Light.

DOWN he came; he drew on his hunting Boots, when mounting his Horse, he rode forth before the Dawning of the Day, accompanied with Sir *Simon*.

THRICE did his Horse stumble, which was never accustomed to make a false Step; thrice the sinister Raven croaked on the hollow Tree as he passed along: He took no warning, still all attentive to pursue his Sport; the Sun rising through the grey Morning, Sir *Simon* surveying Mr. *John* and his Horse, beheld one blue Stocking peeping above the Boot, the other Ruffet.

LIKE *Hamlet*, or Mr. *Garrick* in Presence with the Queen at the Ghost's Appearance, this Object pierced to the very Heart of Sir *Simon*; he who never feared the stoutest Man in Wrestling, of all the Masters of the *Cornish* hug, was struck with Faintness at the Apparition of a blue Stocking: He perceived it was of finest Worsted; his Soul suggested it could not be of *Sal's* or *Susan's*, the Dairy Maid's or Cook's; His Honour felt a mortal Wound; his Mind recoil'd upon his Pedigree; he deserted the Chase; returned to *Oldcastle-bill*, prepared for his immediate Departure; and without taking Leave, retired towards his own Home.

The

The Consternation was great on this Account in the Heart of Miss *Oldcastle*, till the Baronet stopping at a neighbouring Inn, sent back his Servant with the following Epistle, which cleared up the Mystery.

He then proceeded to the *Lands-end*, and recounted at least once a Day the History of the blue Stocking to his last Moments. The Letter was in these Words.

To Miss *Oldcastle*,

THESE

Present.

MADAM,

AS I never intend riding in another Man's Boots, so I am determined no Man shall ride in the Stockings of the Lady I purpose to marry; your Man John will tell you more of this after he has look'd on his Right-leg.

I am,

Your most humble Servant,

SIMON TRUEBLOOD.

ALAS! it seems, Fortune, that jilting Jade, being determined on Mischief, had directed Master *John* in dressing himself in the Morning (disastrous Mistake!) to put on one of his Mistress's blue Stockings for his own: The Match was spoiled; the stolen Sweets discovered; the Tale was spread; the Lover gone; and Miss *Oldcastle* with *John* only for her Consolation; being fallen from the Summit of her high and virtuous Pretensions, to become the Joke of Country Milkmaids, and hard-handed Ploughmen, resolved to wed this very Master *John*, whose Skill and Fidelity she had so often experienced. Thus terminated the external and visible Maiden State of Miss *Oldcastle*, whose Pride had refused many a Gentleman in her Youth, because their Families were not ancient enough, to marry

marry her Servant. Hence, ye People of high Blood, learn to pity the Slips of those of low; set not too high a Value upon the Antiquity of your Family-stem, lest being grown infirm with old Age, it breaks, and lets you fall, as it did Miss *Oldcastle*.

AND thus, like an old Ballad, we conclude this Chapter with a Moral.

C H A P. CVI.

Parson Pugh resolves to see Lady Liberal: His Christian Virtue of Patience, and his worldly one of Valour, are both shewn in an exemplary Manner. The Adventure of the Players, and the Tudors, with the Parson's black Eye, together with Miss Trudgèit's Mistake, and Revival of old Acquaintance, make the Variety of this Chapter.

WE must now cross the Channel which divides England from Wales, and pay our Attention to Parson *Pugh*. This Gentleman come back from London to his Wife and Family, (with the Money for which he had sold his Chaplainship in his Pocket) had returned to his old Vocations of keeping School, and being a Curate; he dropt the other Parts, of selling Ale, and playing on the Harp, unless for his own Diversion.

THIS Gentleman observing in the Papers, that such a Day *Lydia* Countess of *Liberal* was happily delivered of an Heir to that illustrious Family in *Devonshire*, began, ‘Cot pless hur, Wife; here is prave News inteed, Miss *Lyty*, whas now a Laty, aye faithe, and prought to-ped of a fine Boy, look you; Cot damochée hur has creat Mind to send a Letter on the shoyful Occasion, or faithe to co hurself name O Cot.’

‘THAT was prave Toings, inteed,’ says Mrs. *Pugh*, ‘leafe your Wife and Shiltrens to co to the Tefil knows where to see a Laty that whill not know hur when hur toes come?’

‘NOT know hur,’ says the Parson, ‘by Cot hur whas know hur, and kive hur a Penefice too, whill tell you that.’

THE Wife opposed ; - the Parson persisted ; Words grew loud on the Side of Mistress ; so difficult it is for Divinity or Philosophy to stop the Tongues of railing Women, preach they Patience never so wisely, from the Days of *Socrates* to Parson *Pugh* ; but Christianity prevailing in the Divine, he greatly suffer'd ; and tarrying till his Boots were new-tapp'd, he mounted his little Keffil (*anglicé*, a Horse) and proceeded to *Swansea* ; here embarking himself, and sending back his Beast, he happily arrived with a fair Wind at the Port of *Biddeford*.

AT this Town, pleasantly seated on the Side of a Hill facing the Rising-sun, and looking on a River as wide as the *Thames*, over whose full Tide twice twelve strong Arches form a noble Bridge, there was at that Time a Company of strolling Players ; this Troop had most judiciously pitched upon a large Slaughter-house for their Theatre, the Place the best adapted in the World for the executing Comedies and Tragedies in their Manner.

THE Troop indeed was small, consisting of five Men and three Women ; but then it made Amends in Goodness for what was wanting in Number, all of them being Geniuses in the dramatic Way, not one of the whole Set, Male or Female, but what was universal in his Profession ; they were not like your *London* Players confined to a few particular Parts only, each performed every Character with equal Perfection ; the Men from King *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, to the Grave-digger, Lictor, or Executioner in Tragedy ; and, in Comedy, either Lord *Foppington*, Sir *John Falstaff*, or *Abel Dragger*, made no Difference : The Ladies also in Tragedy and Comedy dropt from *Belvidera* to *Nell*, from the Fair Penitent to Mistress *Abigail* in the *Drummer* ; and all this in so excellent a Way, that the nicest Judge could not decide which Part was best play'd ; a Circumstance very rarely to be found on any Stage.

THEIR Wardrobe indeed was but slender, the Fate of Merit, yet showy for the Quantity ; the Suits of Mens Apparel extremely well laced with gilt Leather, which being disposed with Taste and Utility, a Union so rarely to be met with in the same Person, at once by

most excellent Contrivance cover'd Holes, and display'd Finery; one Coat besides, which had been formerly black, and was still mistaken for that Colour by-night, together with Tye-wigs and Bags, Daggers made of Oyster-knives, Swords whose Rage no Scabbard could contain, together with an old Blanket died blue, to be spread for Information to the Audience that some Death was approaching, and to receive the falling Lover, made the Play-house Stock, besides one Set of Scenes adapted to all Plays. The Ladies Dress indeed should claim a separate Description, but as it answered in full Justice to that of the Gentlemen, we shall omit them. Their Dressing-room may be seen in Mr. *Hogarth's* Print of that Subject, better than I can describe it.

THESE Deficiencies in outward Appearances, were amply supplied by the Good-will of the young Gentlemen of the Town; *Juba* never wanted a Banyan to make him an *African* Prince, nor *Cato* and his Senate good Night-gowns befitting the Dignity of *Roman* Senators; beside clean Shirts, which were frequently of no little Advantage when the idle Laundress had forgotten to bring home in the Evening the Linen, which was delivered in the Morning; so that the Stock of Shirts being large, almost every Man having one at the Washing, and the other on, it could not be for want of Linen, but of clean Linen, that sometimes these Heroes, like *Harry* the Fourth of *France*, was distressed for a clean Shirt.

THE Ladies were all born of very good Families, render'd unhappy by Love, turn'd out to the World by some cruel Parents or Guardian, left Orphans without Support, or by some other blameless Misfortune, which had forced them, contrary to their natural Inclinations, upon the Stage; for being bred Gentlewomen, they knew not how to work, yet still of most severe Chastity.

THIS was a Life, however, they were most heartily tired of, as appeared from their Conversation in every Town they play'd, particularly towards the Approach of a Benefit-night; for which Reason they never failed most humbly to intreat the Favor of the Town, on this particular Occasion, to honour them with their Com-

pany, and enable them to quit that wretched Life, and return to some distant Relation who had promised to receive them; thus moving the Compassion of all kind Hearts, and unhackney'd Heads.

THIS Night was to be play'd *the Earl of Essex*, or *the Unhappy Favourite*, for the Joint-benefit of Mr. *Thwackit*, who was to perform the Part of *Essex*, and *Miss Trudgeit*, who represented the Queen.

INDEED the Unhappiness of the Earl manifestly appeared in all his Dress, at first Sight; so well was it adapted to his Circumstances. He was dressed in that mournful Suit which had been black, and was now of a sadder Colour; his Blue-ribband, which crossed him from Shoulder to Flank, was composed of two greasy Top-knots, a Child's Pewter-watch, well laquer'd, making the *George* at the End of it, and that which surrounded his Leg was, in the literal Sense, a Garter; his Action perfectly expressed his Misfortune in being in that Situation.

THE Queen herself, with a splendid Crown of Latin richly emboss'd and laquer'd, was dressed in a magnificent Paper-ruff, and a Robe of black Baize, which by the Candle-light of that Theatre, peculiarly adapted to show black to the best Advantage, did not look much unlike Velvet to an incurious Eye, particularly as the Page behind her, with powder'd Hair hanging down his Back, dressed in a green-silk Waistcoat, borrow'd of Master *Jacky* * * * * * (I hope I may be excused for my Prudence in not telling the Name) for that Occasion, was constantly employed to display the Train with much Ostentation; this Parade almost took off all Suspicion that it could be less than Velvet.

The other Parts were all dress'd to the like Advantage.

PARSON *Pugh* then being without Company at the Evening of his Arrival, and particularly as he had never seen a Play, imagined that he might innocently amuse himself with this Entertainment, as his Profession of Divinity was not known in that Town, and his Dress could give no just Reason to suspect it.

THE House was crowded at the Benefit of these favorite Players, and the Parson, who had never seen a Tragedy

Tragedy before, was totally engaged in attending the Performance; when the Piece proceeding, and the Queen coming to that Part where she strikes the Earl of *Essex*, the Divine abstracted from the Company, pleased with this Behaviour, cried, 'There is *Tudor* for you, there is a Queen of *Welch* Plood, look you, show me such now if you dare; Cot damochée there is the Plood of *Owen Tudor* for you.' The Audience was surpris'd, the Play was for a Moment suspended, and every Eye was turned on the Divine, who, lost in the Joy of *Tudor's* Resolution, was above being abash'd by thus expressing himself. The Tragedy then went on, and Parson *Pugh* gave no other vocal Approbation of the Performance.

AFTER the Play was ended, the Divine had a great Inclination to have some Discourse with this Lady, who, to his Apprehension, had performed so exquisitely well the Part of Queen *Elizabeth*, and done so much Honour to the Race of *Owen Tudor*.

He therefore finding that she lodged in the Inn adjoining, where he did also, repaired thither, and desired to speak with the Lady who performed the Part of Queen *Elizabeth*; this was readily complied with, and the Divine, Parson *Pugh*, was introduced to Miss *Trudgeit*: On such an important Occasion, this Gentleman supposed it absolutely necessary to make a Speech.

'MATAM,' he begins bowing, 'the hexcellent and creat Manner in which you did perform the creat and hexcellent Character of that creat and hexcellent Queen *Elizabeth*, and to shufuse to the Descendant of *Owen Tudor*, whas maak me tefire to have a little Conversashons with you.'

THIS was as politely returned by Miss *Trudgeit*, and the Conversation began.

THE Parson expressed himself in great Rapture on the whole of her Performance, particularly the Box o' the Ear. 'Let me tell you, Matam, it was teli-ver'd in a princely Manner; I whonter how it was possible for a Laty, not porn a Princess, to pehase in so princely a Manner.' Miss *Trudgeit*, who now perfectly comprehended the worldly Knowledge of the

Divine, told him that her Mother was a *Welch* Lady descended from the *Tudors*; and thence she believed that all her Actions so much resembled those of a Princess.

‘HUR tid peliefe so; aye faithe there whas creat
‘Reasons, ant Causes, ant Intucements to peliefe hur
‘whas tescented from the Line of *Owen Tudor*, look
‘you.’ A Bottle of Wine being then called for by the Divine, he desired the Lady to honour him with taking a Glas, which she did for two Reasons, both which our Readers may guess if they can.

DURING this Potation, the Parson was mightily taken with the Behaviour of Miss *Trudgeit*, who was grown wise like *Ulysses* from having seen many Cities, known many Men, and much different Manners; she therefore, by a soft Wheedle, took Possession of the Divine’s good Opinion, and was enjoying the Conversation, and the Wine, attending a Pork-griskin which the Parson had also ordered for their Suppers, being determined to have what was elegant, and of easy Digestion for a Lady of such great Blood.

DURING this Time Mr. *Tbwackit* was employed in reckoning the Income of the House, when, to his Displeasure, he found that there were several more People in the Theatre than there was Money to answer for their Admission, and to the Number of Tickets which Miss *Trudgeit* had declared upon her Honour she had disposed of.

THIS Circumstance of Deficiency in Cash, therefore, being a penetrating Affair, had reached the Heart of Mr. *Tbwackit*, and stirring it with some Violence, had sent him to the Apartment of Miss *Trudgeit* in no less Commotion.

‘MADAM,’ says this Gentleman, in bursting into the Room where the *Welch* Divine, and the Descendant of the Line of *Tudor*, were sitting in Conversation together, ‘do you say you have accounted for all the
‘Tickets you have disposed of?’ ‘Sir,’ replied Miss *Trudgeit*, rising in Wrath, ‘do you doubt my Honour?’

‘DAMN

'DAMN your Honour, you Brimstone, do you talk of Honour who have cheated me in the Part of my Benefit?' says *Thwackit*.

AND in Truth, which Secret we never would have discovered had she been of the true *Tudor* Extraction, this Lady, who, in the Eyes of Parson *Pugh*, resembled so much the Manners of a Princess (strange is the Mixture of human Nature!) had filch'd some of that Money which belonged to the Earl of *Essex*.

'DAMN you, you B—,' says *Thwackit*, give me the Money, or I'll kick you to Hell.'

'COOT Worts, Coot Worts,' says the Parson, rising in Wrath, 'to you consiter to whom you was taaking, look you?'

'To whom I am talking? To as great a W—e as ever travelled the Rounds of *Drury-Lane*. The Money, Madam, or the Kicking, give me the first, or take the last.'

'PUPPY,' says she, 'you half-starved Rascal, who would not have had a Shirt to play in if you had not borrow'd it of Mr. * * * *: Did not I lend you two Top-knots to make you a Blue-ribband, and a red one to go round your Leg to make you a Knight of the Garter; you kick, you kiss——'

THIS Speech was instantly answered by a Kick. When Parson *Pugh*, no longer able to restrain his Resentment at seeing a Descendant of the Line of *Tudor* treated in so indignant a Manner, dealt the Player a Blow, which being artfully returned, there ensued a most terrible Battle; the Parson being the best Wrestler, closed as soon as he could, and threw the Player a horrible Fall, which bruised, and sicken'd him to the Heart; yet not till the Player, being best skilled in Boxing, to talk in technical Terms, had darkened one of the Divine's *Day-lights*, given him a damn'd *Drive in the Bread-basket*, and almost cracked his *Knowledge-box*.

THE Noise alarming the Company in the next Room, they hurried in, and parted the two Combatants, each having rather too much, than enough of it, and thus the Battle hung in Equilibrio, and no Side could

could boast a Victory, *Jove* not having had time enough to set up his great Scales to weigh the Merits of the Combatants.

DURING this Scuffle, and the Fall, some Money escaped from the Pocket of *Parson Pugh*, about five Shillings in Silver, which *Miss Trudgeit* pick'd up, and secur'd, lest the Player should lay claim to it, which was the only Thing she engaged in during the Fray, because to be sure she would not lessen her Hero's Honour, by suffering the othert of ay they were two to one.

MR. *Thwackit* being departed, the Parson had his Handkerchief tied about his Eye, and sat down with the Descendant of *Owen Tudor* to complete his Supper, and the Potation.

THE Evening was spent by this Lady in Thanks to *Parson Pugh* for defending her Honour; and in Answers by the Parson, that it was his Duty to defend every Branch of the *Tudors*: The Hour of Repose being arrived, the Parson, who slept in the same Inn, desired to withdraw, and left *Miss Trudgeit* to seek her Apartment.

Now it came into the Head of this Lady Fair, that the Parson could have espoused her Cause in this Manner with no other Design than that of being her Bed-fellow, and which she apprehended the Battle and Blows of Mr. *Trudgeit* had driven out of his Head.

SHE therefore being of a benign Heart, and willing to supply, by her Memory, what was deficient in her Champion's, and repay his generous Behaviour for defending her Honour, with her Charms, as Knights-Errant ever wish to be repaid by their *Dulcineas*, determined to steal to the Parson's Room, and tenderly console him whilst he lay waking with the Anguish of his Eye.

THE Rooms in this Inn followed one another in a long Gallery, in two of which the Divine and *Miss Trudgeit* lay: This Damsel then stoutly resolving to seek her Paramour, left her own Bed in the dark, and stray'd to the next Chamber-door, when opening it very gently, she said, 'Sir, Sir, are you asleep?' To which a Voice equally soft, replied, 'No, Madam,

no, come in.' Accordingly, in Obedience to this Invitation, she entered the same Bed, when consoling the Parson for his Sufferings, she wonder'd he did not answer. ' Pray, Sir, are you sleepy?' ' No,' says this Person aloud, in his own Voice. ' Oh! Lord,' says Miss *Trudgeit*, ' Where am I? Who are you? I am undone! Tell me, Sir!' pretending great Hurry to be going. ' Stop, stop,' says her Bedfellow, ' you must tarry here, now you are here, it is too late to make another Journey to-night;' which, with some gentle Persuasion, she did: It seems she had mistaken, or did not perfectly know, in what Room the Divine was lodged, and had gone to another.

THE Day appearing, who should be in the same Bed together, visible to one another, But Mr. *Goodfellow* the *London Rider*, who had come to that Inn, late that Night, much tired, and his old Friend *Charlotte*, whom we have described at the *George* at *Hounslow* in another *Labour of ours*, when a most unhappy Disaster befel them.

IT seems this Lady, being worn out as a Girl upon the Town, and discarded by those of the Partnership *quadrupartite*, who had her alternately for three Months, was now turn'd strolling Player, and having in some Sense deserted the Character of a Whore, had modestly taken to those of Queens and Princesses.

THE Surprise was not a little, it may be believed, on this renewing of old Acquaintance; *Mum* was the Word, the Secret was kept on both Sides; and here we end this Chapter for Novelty-sake, being the first concluded in the Morning.

C H A P. CVII.

The Parson shews a good Heart rather than much Knowledge of the World; assisted by a Countryman, after Miss Trudgeit, professing vast Friendship, refuses him the Loan of a Crown. He proceeds to Probit-castle.

THE Parson having passed a sleepless Night from the Anguish of his Eye, and other Bruises, was visited by Miss *Trudgeit*, who, admonished by what had happened in the Night, Manners changing in Ladies frequently with Light and Darknes, gently rapt at his Chamber-door; when being bid to enter, she came, and with a Curtesy, desired to know how he had slept, expressing much Sensibility and Pain for his suffering on her Account.

THE Parson answered he felt nothing, when he considered for whom he had fought. ‘Cot damochée there is nesei a *Tudor* shall pe apuset whilst Parson *Pugh* can tefent hur, look you; ’tis the Tuty of every *Welchman* to die for the Clory of the *Tudors*.’

THIS Kindness being returned with much Civility by the Lady, the Divine rose, and came down to Breakfast: It seems, notwithstanding this Beating was pretended not to be felt by the stoic Part of his Soul, it was very sorely so by his Body; his black Eye also gave him some Pain mentally, when he saw it in the Glass, and considered that that Mark was no great Recommendation to a Parson who was going to visit a noble Friend in quest of a Living; he determined therefore to tarry at *Biddeford* till the Blackness should be worn away from his Eye, during which Time Miss *Trudgeit* did him the Honour to breakfast, dine, and sup with him daily, pretending great Apprehensions of her being ill treated by *Thwackit* when he was gone; and protesting that nothing in her Power should be wanting till the last Hour of her Life, to shew her Gratitude for such a Friend. Then putting on a Tragedy Air, and taking the Parson in her Arms, she cry’d out, being a little maudlin,

*Oh! I will love thee, even in Madness love thee:
Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,
I'd find some Intervals when my poor Heart
Should swage itself, and be let loose to thine.*

THIS the Divine, deeply struck with the Power of these Words, said, was too much. 'Matam, it is too much, I to not deserfe all this Friendship from you.' However, he was extremely sensible, and greatly affected with this Goodness, and constantly employed in singing the Praises of Miss *Trudgeit*, to the no little Diversion of the other Actors.

AT length the Time was come when the Parson's personal Appearance might be safely made at *Probit-castle*, without the dread Reproach of having broken the Peace: He then called for his Bill from his Landlord; when, lo! it exceeded the Length of his Purse by full five Shillings, which Sum the Parson also found deficient in his Stock, without being able to explain by what means it could come to pass.

THIS Difficulty was immediately got over by Miss *Trudgeit*, who said, she believed she could safely swear that it dropt from his Pocket in his Scuffle with *Tbwac-kit*, and she did not doubt but he had stolen it.

THE Divine then, with many Apologies, requested this Lady to favour him with the Loan of five Shillings to balance his Account with his Host. 'Miss,' says he, 'it shall be most faithfully repaid you, look you.' 'Do you think I doubt it?' says Miss *Trudgeit*, 'my Misfortune is, unhappy Woman that I am, that my Powers cannot answer to the Generosity of my Soul: Oh! what Pain to this Heart, which beats with Gratitude, not to be able to supply so good a Friend, so worthy a Man! Sir, 'tis impossible to expresse what Grief I feel on this Occasion! My Bosom bleeds! 'Tis here, 'tis here, placing her Hand on her Heart theatrically, it will not be at rest.' And all this emphatic Speech was spoken whilst the Parson's Crown, and her Benefit-money, lay snug in her Pocket.

THE Divine, in this Dilemma, believing every Word she utter'd, and as much afflicted for the Lady as for himself, gave her great Thanks for the intended Goodness, begging her not to be in so much Pain on his Account. 'Oh! Sir, you know not how it grieves me,' she cried, pronouncing it with a Sigh, and great Pathos.

IN this Distress Parson Pugh applied to Jenkin Williams, a Master of a Welch Coalbark at the Key, who lent him the Money he was indebted, and wherewithal to carry him to Probit-castle without hesitating a Moment; such base Hypocrisy attends imitating the Great, and such Friendship being but the Little.

THE Parson then having discharged his Bill, and taken a tender Parting from Miss Trudgett, who was by no means behindhand in pathetic Reply, mounted on Horseback for the Seat of Lord Liberal, the Race of Tudor smiling internally at the Simplicity of the Divine, who in that was surpass'd by none of the Fathers, and at the Ease with which she had duped him to her Purposes for more than a Week.

C H A P. CVIII.

Parson Pugh arrives at Probit-castle; his Reception. Lady Liberal's Opinion on that Divine, which concludes in the Parson's getting a Living, and a Prayer for that noble Family, in which that Divine does not resemble every Bishop.

THE Divine, after a long Day's Journey, arrived safe at Probit-castle, where he was most cordially received; during the Road he had studied a Speech to make at first being introduced to the Earl and Countess; this he had settled to his Mind, and repeated a thousand Times on the Road. Being then introduced, he bow'd, and the Earl coming towards him to receive him, he cry'd, 'Stop a little, look you, hur whas maak hur Speech.' He then began, 'My Lort and Laty, I whas come to wish your Lortship, and your Latyship, and your young Heir, long Life and Prosperity;

perity; and that the young Nobleman may be as brave as his Lety Mother, and as handsome as his Father. Amen, pray Cot, Amen, I say, for the Honour and Clory of olt *England*.'

THIS did very well, notwithstanding the Mistake in Bravery and Beauty, and the Parson was well contented with his Speech.

HE then gave an Account of his tarrying at *Biddesford*, and the Cause of it; his Heart was too replete with Honesty, to let the Concealment of any Thing remain long in it. This Story diverted the whole Family extremely.

STRICT Orders were given to the Servants not to let the least seeming Disrespect escape from them towards this Stranger, at whose Nativity the Leek was in the Ascendant; a Constellation of great Choler to those who are born under it.

THIS cordial Reception gave this old Friend great Satisfaction, and communicated extreme Chearfulness to his Behaviour, which was no little Delight to the happy Pair whom he was come to visit. Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were much pleased with him; and as he really felt and expressed the greatest Veneration and Esteem for the Lady and Lord of the House, and their new born Son, he was a great Favourite of Mrs. *Fairchild*.

THE Day was come when Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood* were to return to *Worcestershire*; at which Time was seen a Phenomenon that is not so frequently found as talked of, Symptoms of sincere Friendship: The Parting was painful, very painful on both Sides, to those who left the Castle, and to those who were left in it. Notwithstanding these Guests had sojourned there almost six Months, and the old Adage says, 'Friends should never be more than a Week together;' the Promise of seeing at *Fairland-court*, my Lord and Lady *Liberal* was the great Comfort which remained between them.

PARSON *Pugh* being cordially received, wrote a Letter to his Wife of his good Reception, and was perhaps too much at Ease about his Flock to stand a scrupulous Enquiry; whereas she, good Woman, not being

in so plentiful a Situation, got a Neighbour who could write, to tell him in a Letter that he was in Danger of losing his Curacy.

THE Parson then surveyed this Letter with no benign Aspect; the sojourning at *Probit-castle* was above any Thing he had ever tasted in Life; which Circumstance inclined him much to stay there, and officiate as Chaplain: This being observed by the Earl, whose Humanity was boundless, 'My *Lydy*, I think,' says he, 'we must make this old deserving Friend our Chaplain, and give him the Living of this Parish, as soon as the present very infirm Incumbent shall die.'

'I SHOULD have no Objection to this, my dear Lord, but that Mr. *Pugh* will be more unhappy, and the Parish less religious by that means,' says her Ladyship.

'How so, *Lydia*, he is a very good Man? What Cause have you for this Apprehension?'

'I CONFESS he is a very good Man,' says Lady *Liberal*, 'but his Accent is so strong in the *Welsh* Pronunciation, that the Audience cannot refrain laughing at him; this must of Necessity make him unhappy, as he is by Nature choleric, and apt to resent; and the People not separating the Doctrine and Duty from the Man which delivers and enforces them, will contract a Habit of thinking lightly of these essential Things, because of the Ridicule in which they will appear from his Lips.'

'THENCE, my Dear, will it not prove true that all Parties will be Losers by your Design?'

'You saucy Philosopher, pray, where did you get this Knowledge?' says the Earl.

'FROM your Lips, my constant Instructor; from those Lips which never spoke what I have not attended to with Pleasure.'

'VERY polite, indeed, Madam, you deserve a Kiss for that; but how shall we serve him, *Lydy*? sure, you would not have me leave your old Advocate unprovided?'

‘ By no means, my Dear, purchase him a Living in his own Country, where he will be loved, honoured, and at Ease, being in that Country what no Understanding can make him appear to be in this Part of the World, on the Account of his Pronunciation only, a Man of Sense.’

‘ You have judged extremely right, my dear *Lydy*, this shall be done.’ Accordingly the Divine was desired to look out for some Living in *Wales*; then luckily, that on which he was a Curate, being to be purchased, it was bought, and presented him. The News of this happy Acquisition was beyond expressing by the Divine: He returned his Thanks with the utmost Gratitude to his noble Patrons; after which, leaving *Probit-castle* loaded with Presents for Mrs. *Pugh*, and his Family, he retired to *Wales*, and spent a happy old Age, never failing to mention in his Prayer before Sermon, whether in *Welsh* or *English*, the Names of the Earl, Countess, young Nobleman, and all the Family as they increased in Children, after that Time, and imploring the Benediction of Heaven upon them, with a Sincerity which would not be amiss in many a Bishop when he bequeaths what the Legatee sometimes never receives, his Blessing; a Circumstance which may create a Doubt in some Minds, whether his Lordship always gives it or not.

C H A P. CIX.

Frank receives the Reward of his Honesty, in being made Steward.

THE Steward of Lord *Liberal*, who had been long superannuated, was now dead at his own House near *Probit-castle*; immediately the Earl and Countess sent for *Frank* to attend them: The Moment he entered the Room, ‘ *Frank*,’ says my Lord, ‘ your Duty and Friendship to Lady *Liberal*, and myself, obliges me, with great Pleasure, to give you the Place of my Steward; I have reserved it in my Mind during

‘ during the Decline of this honest Man, who is now no more.’

Frank bowing, was going to express his great Thanks, and at the same Time his Apprehensions of being unequal to the Task; when my Lord stopt him. ‘ I will instruct you; therefore, you are now to quit your Livery, and take that Duty upon you for mine and Lady *Liberal*’s Sake. Where shall I find a Man in whom I can so perfectly confide?’ Lady *Liberal* adding, ‘ *Frank*, you will not refuse me this Request, when you can be so useful to us and your young Master.’

‘ My Lady,’ says *Frank*, imagining he was, like the other Steward, to live in a separate House, ‘ but I shall lose, by this Advancement, the Happiness of seeing your Ladyship, my Lord, and young Lord, twenty Times a Day. If I must live where Mr. *Trueman* dwelt, what can make me amends for that Loss? I know none, but what you are pleased to mention, the serving you more effectually.’

‘ You mistake,’ says Lord *Liberal*, ‘ that Apartment, which I have new fitted up, was designed for you, on purpose to keep you where I know you will be with most Pleasure to me, yourself, and Lady *Liberal*.’

THIS reconciling all Parties, *Frank* entered upon his Duty of Steward; and, applying with Attention, soon made himself Master of the Business, to the great Satisfaction of his Lord and Lady, who, now his Condition was altered, had the Pleasure of treating him with more Equality and Freedom.

HE was now become Mr. *Lovegood*, and the Name of *Frank* dropt by all the Family; and, what is yet not a little surprising, there was not a Fellow-servant who surveyed this Rise with Pain or Envy; they all sincerely acknowledged his deserving it, and wished him Joy accordingly. His Behaviour continued the same; without Pride, Insult, or Overbearing; the best of Servants.

C H A P. CX.

A Visit to Fairland-court, together with a small Stay at Bristol, where Lady Liberal remembers what most Ladies are apt to forget.

LORD and Lady *Liberal* were now preparing to visit Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy*. In their Road they intended passing through *Bristol*; this Lady *Liberal* had purposely desired, to pay a Visit to that Gentleman who had so sincerely commiserated her Distress, and been her Friend, when she was formerly with Lady *Flimsy* in that City.

BESIDES this, in Conversation with Lady *Flimsy*, she had understood, that the ten Guineas, which that Gentleman had given her, when she left *Bristol*, had not been from Lady *Flimsy*'s Order, as she imagined for a long while; but from the generous Motive of his own tender Heart. She was for that Reason determined to stay one Day in *Bristol*, to thank that Gentleman for his Beneficence.

BEING arrived at that City, this noble Pair sent their Compliments to the Gentleman whom we have just mentioned; who, in Consequence of this Message, immediately waited upon them.

AT his coming into the Room, Lady *Liberal* rose from her Seat, and advancing to meet him, with all the Tokens of grateful Truth in her Face, said, 'Sir, I am come to thank you for that humane Friendship which you manifested in my Distress: I have but lately understood that the ten Guineas which you presented me, at leaving this Town, was from your Generosity, otherwise I should have thanked you long since by Letter, and have only omitted it with Design to wait upon you in Person.'

'My Lady, I am sorry you remember the little Pleasure I did myself by that Action; I hoped you had lost all Remembrance of that Injury which was the Cause of it;' answered the Gentleman.

'No, Sir, that I never can; that would rob me of thinking of you,' she replied.

THE Earl then thanked him with the same Politeness; when the Gentleman desired Lord and Lady *Liberal* to sleep at his House; which they accepted, and were received with a Countenance which gives Pleasure to the best Entertainment. During her Stay, Lady *Liberal* found an Opportunity of making the eldest young Lady amongst that Gentleman's Daughters, a Present, which she had designedly prepared. The Morning before she began to proceed on her Journey, the Countess took an enamelled Snuff-box from her Pocket, which the eldest Lady who presided in the House (for this Gentleman is a Widower) much admired. Miss, says Lady *Liberal*; 'will you give me Leave to present it to you? it will give me much Pleasure if you will accept it.' The young Lady genteelly accepted it. 'But then,' says Lady *Liberal*; 'I must insist upon your not seeing the Inside till I am gone.'

To this the Gentleman's Daughter politely replied, 'Her Ladyship should be obeyed,' and the Box was given into her Hands.

PLEASED with their Entertainment; and with the paternal Affection which this worthy Father and Friends had shewn to his lovely Family; my Lord and Lady *Liberal* took Leave, desiring to see him and them at *Probit-Castle*.

THE Coach was driven from the Door; the Gentleman and his Children returned to the Parlour, when the second young Lady said, 'Pray, Sister, see what is in your Box?' When opening it, there was found a Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, with a Bit of Paper, signifying that the Friendship of her Father had made her that Present. 'The genteel Way in which this Present is made me, is even more agreeable than the Gift itself,' says the young Lady.

C H A P. CXI.

The Arrival of Lord and Lady Liberal to Fairland-court. The Birth of a Daughter. Mr. Sweetwood made Member of Parliament. A small Disquisition on a Lady more talked of than known.

TO describe the Reception at *Fairland-court*, is but to make another Picture of what past at *Probit-Castle*, at the coming of *Lady Flimsy* and *Mr. Sweetwood* into that Country. *Sir Timothy Laugbloud*, who had been a former Admirer of *Lady Flimsy*, visited *Mr. Sweetwood* soon after his Marriage, and wished him Joy. ‘Sblood,’ says the *Baronet*, ‘because I cannot marry *Lady Flimsy* myself, must I be unacquainted and angry with him who does? — Not at all.’ The *Baronet* then, the general Election for Members of Parliament coming on, told *Mr. Sweetwood*, he would give him his Interest, and then *Beef* and *Juvenile* may whistle and be damn’d, after the County, if they will.

ACCORDINGLY the Union of their Interests carried the Election in Favour of *Mr. Sweetwood*, *Lord Liberal* persuading him much to represent the County: ‘I shall then be more sure of seeing you in *London* in Winter.’ A little before this Time *Lady Flimsy* had presented *Mr. Sweetwood* with a lovely little Girl, to which the Earl and Countess stood Sponsors. ‘This is, as I wish it,’ says the Countess, ‘a little Wife for my Son.’ True, *Lydy*,’ says the Earl. ‘If the Consequence prove, in that Manner,’ says *Lady Flimsy*, ‘I shall scarce repent its not being a Boy.’ ‘It shall be a Match,’ says the Earl. ‘Yes, if they love each other,’ said the two Ladies, ‘not otherwise.’

DURING the Time this noble Pair tarried at *Fairland-court*, *Lady Flimsy*, amongst other Conversation, said one Day, ‘*Lady Liberal*, you cannot conceive how I have been treated for speaking in Favour of *Lady * * **, by the Wives of those Gentlemen, who are in the opposite Interest to *Mr. Sweetwood*;

the Reason of it is this: It seems the Lady I have just mentioned, at present lives with a Gentleman in a neighbouring County; this has created some satyrical Conversation amongst many who condemn her, rather from the Motive of keeping the Eyes of other People from examining them, than from any real Offence which she gives them.

It seems this Viscountess, a Widow at eighteen, who had but lately lost the Man she loved to Excess; with a Beauty, the Superiority of which no one has ever denied; a Grace and Gentility, which can be hardly equalled; and a Mind fitted for the Reception of all that is delicate in Love; was urged by her Father to marry a Nobleman, whose Aspect and Behaviour vindicate Aversion in Woman. So strong was her Parent's Injunction on that Head, that absolute Dismissal from his Care and Favour was to be the Consequence of a Refusal. Urged by filial Duty, and having reaped nothing from the first Marriage, but infinite Affliction for the Death of him she adored, to whom her Behaviour and Fidelity had been irreproachable; in this Distress she was fatally prevailed upon to marry her second Lord, the natural Consequence of which was Aversion, and at last a Resolution to desert him, for another Man whom she loved. What Bosom can resist the double Power of Hatred, forcing a Woman from the Object of Aversion, and Desire drawing her to that of Love? This Action, however, I do not at all defend; yet when I recollect what my Soul felt when linked to Lord *Flimsy*, I rather pity than condemn this Lady: Various has been her Life since that Time, frequently trying to force her Soul against all her Feelings and Sensations, she has returned to her Lord, struggling with Nature for the Approbation of the World; again his strange Behaviour has driven her abroad to shun that temper which is insupportable. Hard is her Fate, and to be pitied; with a generous Humanity which would become an Empress, an Understanding that does Honour to her Sex, with all the Accomplishments so rare in Woman; had she been as happy in the second as the first Lord, she must have

‘ have been the most adored and envied of all the Nobility; this that fatal Marriage absolutely destroyed.

‘ YET setting aside all this Consideration of that Violation which was offered to her Soul in her second Marriage, methinks it is the strangest Thing on Earth, that this Lady, who has deserted her Lord’s Bed, tho’ she lives with another, should be more disesteem’d than Women without the first Excuse, who living still with their Families, daily commit the Act of Adultery, and rise reeking from the Arms of their Gallants, to return to those of their Husbands. Certainly, in a true Judgment of this Affair, those who leave their Lords, are less culpable, and less indelicate, than those who continue with them in the above Manner; and yet Numbers of the latter known to offend, see and receive the best Company, whilst the others are neither visited by, or visit, any People of Rank at all.

‘ INDEED,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘ I am of your Opinion.’ ‘ And yet having once declared mine in this Manner,’ says Lady *Flimsy*, ‘ I have been since treated as a Defender of those Women whom all chaste Ladies should be ashamed to name.’

‘ BUT, I fancy, the leaving Husbands will soon become so common, that it will be as little singular as living with them; for this new Law, putting Children in the Power of Parents and Guardians to marry them to whom they please, will naturally improve that Fashion by wedding them to their Destruction; which seems to be the chief Design of its being made.’

C H A P. CXII.

The Manner in which Lady Liberal and Lady Flimsy pass some of their Time in London. Some Observations of Lord Liberal and Mr. Sweetwood, on the Behaviour of Numbers and Individuals, left to the Reader's Decision.

THE Visit being passed, Lord and Lady Liberal returned to *Probit-castle*, Friendship in each Family improving by Acquaintance; a literary Correspondence was constantly kept up on each Side, by both the Gentlemen and Ladies.

It was remarkable, that the two Families resembled each other extremely; in each the Servants press'd who should first obey the Summons of their Masters and Ladies; Duty was their Delight, and that was always repaid by Approbation, in their Superiors; they knew the Consequence of Quarrels and Misbehaviour, was instant Dismission; for which Reason all was Peace and Tranquillity. The Manners of the Heads of these Families were transfused through all below, and Happiness reigned every where.

THE Winter approaching, Lord Liberal and his Lady prepared to return to *London*; the Heart of the Countess was in piteous Taking at the leaving her dear little *Arthur*, which was her Son's Name. However, she could not think of taking him with her, nor of being so long absent from her dear Lord Liberal. A Day or two, just before she was leaving the Country, she was playing with him in her Arms, admiring all those Charms which the fond Eyes of Parents discover in their own Offspring, asking her Lord, who was looking on with infinite Delight, if he was not a fine Boy? 'As ever was born,' replied the Earl. At which Words, the Countess pressing him to her Lips, the Earl perceived the Tear stealing down her Face. 'What can be the Occasion of this Weeping, *Lydy*?' says he in surprize. 'I was thinking if I should never behold this dear Being again,' she answered, 'What Ingenuity are you prac-

‘tising to torment yourself?’ says the Earl. Mrs. *Fairchild* adding, ‘My Child, I think this Distrust is criminal.’

THE Day came, and after a Million of Kisses, the fondest of Parents, left this charming Child chiefly to the Care of Mrs. *Fairchild*, and Mr. *Lovegood*, and began their Journey to *London*; to which Place being arrived in Safety, the next Day brought Lady *Flimsy* and Mr. *Sweetwood*. A rural Life was the Delight of these old-fashion’d two Pair of People, Cards seldom made a Part of their Pastime; they therefore set about considering how to spend their Hours in *London*, more agreeably than in Routs, Drums, Hurricances, and Tempests.

PEOPLE of Fortune have it in their Power to chuse what Company they please; Lord *Liberal*, since his Title and Estate were fallen to him, had studied the Constitution of his Country, and entertained himself with polite Literature; he had created also a great Pleasure for the latter in Lady *Liberal*; her Taste was just and elegant, yet she never spoke her Opinion but with Diffidence, and never interfered in reading or deciding of Writings, which by their Nature require much Application to understand. Lady *Flimsy* was of the same Disposition; only sometimes carrying her Opinion a little farther, imagined that Women were as good Judges as Men in all Works of Literature, if they would read and apply; Mr. *Sweetwood* used frequently to rally her on this Occasion: This Gentleman, we have said, was bred a Scholar.

THE Resolution then of these Ladies, with the Approbation of their Husbands was this, that each House, once in the Week, should entertain a Set of Men of good Sense and Learning with a Concert for two Hours; which being finished, the Productions of the Winter, as they came out, should be critically examined: From this Method, the Faults and Excellencies of every Piece would be truly known, as some would be approving, and others disliking particular Parts and Passages, and its real Desert would certainly be discovered at last.

THIS, put into Execution, was a pleasing Entertainment, where the Ladies presiding, gave an Air of Decency, which nothing but the Company of Women can impart to that of Men: It became the Mode so much, that three Ladies of Quality absolutely dismissed all Thoughts of having Routs, and began Assemblies of this Kind: But unluckily their Lords being of the modern Education of Lord *Flimsy*, could cut no great Figure in that Way of Life; wherefore, growing tired of good Sense, the Men of Learning were refused Admittance, and Sharpers, Pimps, and Gamesters, again took Possession of their Lordships, their Houses, and their Money.

DECENT theatrical Representations made a great Part of their Pleasure in *London*; but the Complaint was almost universal, that even the inimitable *Shakespeare* became tiresome by frequent Repetitions, as they knew every Motion and Gesture of the Actor before he pronounced a Word.

THE Time was now arrived when the national Assembly was to meet and deliberate on the most material Considerations of the public Weal. Mr. *Sweetwood* was a new Member, strenuous in his Country's Interest; Lord *Liberal* had distinguished himself in the same Manner.

THESE Gentlemen always compared their Sentiments upon the Subjects which were to come before them, and became good Speakers in Public.

MR. *Sweetwood* was more in the diffusive and flowry Style of speaking, with Elegance and Propriety.

THE Earl short, succinct, and clear.

EACH of them listened to, and much applauded for the Integrity and Truth which appeared in their Speeches; and then immediately opposed by those very Men in Favour of a M——, and in Contradiction to the public Welfare.

ONE Day Lord *Liberal* sitting with Mr. *Sweetwood*, and conversing on the Subject of national Affairs, observed how strange the Effects of a Number of Men, united in one Cause, appeared to be to him. 'I believe,' says he, 'I can always tell the Division on any Question before it is put; and it is remarkable,

‘ that the Nature of the Debate makes but little Difference in the Number of those who approve or disapprove the Question; the very Nature of those Votes which each Man gives, thus combined, without Difficulty, would intimidate any one of them from daring to give singly: Pray, is not the Sense of Shame like the Fear of Death diminish’d by Numbers; the Coward loses his Timidity in Proportion to the Army in which he is engaged; and the Man of Honour his Shame in Proportion to the Numbers which appear with him in the same Cause; otherwise, it appears inconceivable, how Men, who have voted to the Destruction of their Country in the Morning, can expect the Esteem of their Fellow-subjects after Noon, and yet this is an every Day’s Object; perhaps the frequent Repetition of the same Thing, has eradicated the Sense which originally attends it.

‘ METHINKS, a Man who has publicly violated his Honour, like a Woman who has prostituted her Chastity, should be shunn’d by all honest Men of his Sex, as the Females are by all the Virtuous of their own; this public Chastisement of their corrupted Hearts would render them more cautious in their M——I Obedience; this Stigma would teach them to proceed at least with more Circumspection.’

‘ My Lord, your Judgment, one would imagine, should be right, and in Nations where Honour is in Esteem, and Virtue cherished, it must be so; but unhappily all those, a few excepted, who should look on and despise, secretly approve the Barter of Integrity for Money, and laugh at those whose Conscience prevents them from pawning their Souls for the Interest of their Bodies, secretly wishing for the like Opportunity.’

‘ I AM afraid what you say, Sir, is too true,’ replied the Earl, ‘ yet I shall preserve my old Way of Thinking, and give that Advice which I believe my Country stands in need of; let the Sin be at the Door of those who reject it.’ Mr. *Sweetwood* professed the same Manner of proceeding; saying this, they went in the same Coach each to their respective Duties.

C H A P. CXIII.

Foolish Behaviour of two fond Mothers, with respect to their Children. Lady Liberal's Presents to the Girls, and her Lord's to the young Men, of the Parish; perhaps as well worth imitating as Lady Di's Cap, or Lady Betty's new Negligee. Contrary to all Appearance, Lord Liberal supports three Kept-mistresses; the Jealousy of his Lady, and the Consequences of it fully explained; ends better than expected; Festivity and Gratitude.

THE Winter Season was past, and the happy Hour arrived which was to carry back their Families to their dear Little-ones; Lady *Liberal* and Lady *Flimsy's* Hearts panted with Joy at the Thoughts of soon seeing their dear little Boy and Girl.

THE Journeys being finished, the Children were presented to the Arms of their fond Mothers, who kissed them with excessive Rapture, their Fathers almost struggling to get in a Kiss. Then Lady *Liberal* turning to Mrs. *Fairchild* embraced her with all possible Duty; at the same Time thanking her for the Care she had shewn to her Son. 'My Child,' says the venerable Mother, 'is it not my Son as well as yours? I am convinced I love him as well as you can;' and indeed the Fondness of this good Woman was inexpressible towards this Grandchild; she never forsook him but a few Hours at a Time, and then with Pain.

THE chief Delight of this Pair was to communicate the Happiness they felt to all who lived in any Sense dependent on them; the Farmers who rented his Lordship's Estate, who were most diligent and industrious, were his greatest Favourites; he, therefore, to promote their Happiness, told Mr. *Lovegood*, 'that where-ever an industrious Man seemed to want sufficient Stock on his Estate, to lend him Money; there are particular Times when Grass is in greater Plenty than usual; at these Times Money must be useful to buy Cattle or Sheep to eat that which would be otherwise uselessly wasted; therefore, Mr. *Lovegood*, lend them Money

‘ Money at that Time to purchase what they want ;
 ‘ by this Means they will be more at Ease, and grow
 ‘ rich, which is a Circumstance I much desire to see
 ‘ all my Tenants in.’

THIS being observed, all of them throve under their Lord, and blest his Footsteps wherever he went ; not a Man on his Estate who would not have ventured his Life freely in his Service.

Lady *Liberal* every Spring gave two Linen Gowns to two Servant Maids, which were well spoken of by their Masters and Mistresses ; or to two Farmers Daughters, whose Characters were most esteemed : His Lordship also presented two new Coats to the Farmers Sons or Servants, whose Skill in Husbandry and good Behaviour was most eminent : These little Presents excited such an Emulation in all who dwelt in his Parish, that no one Servant of bad Reputation dared to seek Service in that Place ; accordingly the best coming there only, the whole Parish soon became a regular and good Family ; and in a few Years all the Men had Coats, and the Servant Maids Gowns, from the Lord and Lady of the *Castle* ; which was as great an Honour as a Title, or a blue Ribband, in their Opinion, and as virtuously obtained.

By this means those who married together were such Kind of People, who promised most to succeed in the World ; and when their Families encreased very fast, Lady *Liberal* assisted in providing for their Little-ones.

In the whole Parish there was not a single Man or Woman who received Pay as a poor Person ; there were three old Women whose Labour was past, whose Industry had been great, and brought up large Families ; these his Lordship placed in one House, to assist each other ; and took care that they should want nothing necessary to make their Lives as happy as possible. These three old Women his Lordship called his kept Mistresses, and frequently stopt to ask how they did, smiling when he returned, and kissed his Lady, saying, ‘ *Lydy*, what a Hypocrite I am to kiss thee
 ‘ with such Fondness, when I am but just come from
 ‘ visiting my three kept Mistresses.’

‘ **INDEED**, my Lord, I shall be jealous if you go on this Way ; I cannot suffer it. I hope, however, I am your favourite *Sultana*.’

‘ **INDEED**, you are,’ replied the Earl.

‘ **THEN** I must be still content, and endeavour to preserve myself in that Situation,’ replied his Lady. In Truth, notwithstanding these three Women were such dangerous Rivals to her Ladyship, she generously forgave them, and paid them as frequent Visits as his Lordship, never showing the least Mark of Jealousy.

THE Incumbent had been some Time dead, and the Son of the late Steward presented to the Living.

AT the Time of doing this, the Earl said, ‘ Sir, I give you this Living in Consideration of the Merits of your Father ; and I believe you will deserve it by your own. In my Opinion, much more depends on the Behaviour of a Divine, than is generally imagined ; therefore, to complete the Design I have put in Execution, to make this Parish happy, I must request that you make the whole Duty of your Profession your Practice, that the Church be duly served, and the Parishioners, during Sickness, strictly visited ; the Mind at Ease is more likely to permit the Body to recover Health than when it is not so ; and my three old Ladies must not be forgotten at some Times.’

THIS was well received by Mr. *Trueman*, and constantly observed, by means of which this Parish was the happiest in the Nation ; and this Lord’s Esteem and Influence irresistible in the County.

IN the *Christmas* Holidays there were two Days Festivity in the *Castle* for all the Parish, the Farmers and their Children the first Day, and three Days after their Servants ; their Entertainment was equal, and the Earl and Countess each Day sat at their Tables, in Company with their Guests ; perhaps no Object could offer, to a grateful Mind, a more pleasing Entertainment, than to behold these People enthusiastic in Expressions of their Love to this truly noble Pair. What grateful Joy appeared in their Countenances, when his Lordship and Lady *Liberal*, after a Glass of Wine or two to their Healths, Dinner being finished, left them to enjoy

enjoy themselves as they pleased ! What fervent Thanks, and earnest Blessings, burst from the Lips of Young and Old as they passed along !

SUCH continued the Happiness of this Lord and Lady, their Family encreasing in a most beautiful Progeny, as did that of Lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, at *Fairland court*. Every Winter these Families met in Town, and every Summer alternately visited each other ; this with the Company of Sir *Oliver Hearty* and his Lady, Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, and many other deserving Families visiting at *Probit-castle*, made that Abode a perfect Paradise.

C H A P. CXIV.

A Voyage back to America, made on Purpose for Cannassatego, in which the Reader sails safely without Danger of drowning. A joyful Meeting of returning Lovers, in which a small Touch of a faithful Dog is introduced for Variety Sake.

WE must now take our Readers across the great Atlantic Ocean, to follow the *Indian Prince*, whose Voyage being swift and propitious, with, we hope, be no displeasing Account to our humane Readers. He was landed at the City of *New-York*, where he did not tarry two Hours after he had brought his Presents on Shore ; but finding some of his own Nation, who were returning to the Town in which *Decaneffora* resided, he entreated their Assistance in carrying home what he had brought to that Place. Here he was received with Transport, by these his Fellow-countrymen, who gave him the pleasing Relation, that *Yarico* was yet living, waiting the happy Minute of his Return with fond Impatience.

THIS Intelligence gave fresh Vigour to the Soul of *Cannassatego*, and animated his Steps as he walked along the Forest. *Yarico* not knowing from what Cause the sudden Change proceeded, felt unusual Pleasure at the Thoughts of *Cannassatego* ; that Gloom which had so long hung upon her Bosom was dissipated ; she visited

the wonted Places of their Resort with Delight; and one Day, the Gaiety which revel'd at her Heart, urg'd the Song from her Lips which had forgotten that Usage since *Cannassatego* left her, unknowing what she did. Such Alteration this undiscovered Something had produced in her Bosom, like the returning Spring to Birds, whose Warblings have been frozen through the long inclement Winter, it opened her Throat to Melody.

THE Change did not pass observed, tho' the Cause was only suggested. She said, ' he comes, my Lover comes, 'tis his Approach imparts this Pleasure! Alas! I fear; yet why — he comes, my Heart forebodes his with'd Arrival!'

THE *Indian* Chief being now near the Dwelling of *Decanessora*, spoke to his Companions, and intreated one of them to go before, and with gentle Terms open his Return to *Yarico*; ' perhaps her Bosom may not bear the Flood of Joy with which my sudden Presence may overwhelm it.'

THIS was done, and the Moment *Yarico* received the Intelligence, swift as the Mountain Roe she fled to meet him; her open Arms, her Voice proclaimed her coming; at Sight of which the Chief ran to meet her, when rushing into each other's Arms, excessive Joy held them mute, the others gazing on.

At length recovering, ' Art thou return'd?' she cried, ' Do I hold thee to my Heart?' ' I am, and thine, my Soul, my very Bliss,' replied the Prince. They then proceeded to *Decanessora's* Abode, gazing on each other with ineffable Delight. *Decanessora* received him with true Friendship, ' Welcome, my Friend, now thou hast proved thyself thy Country's Friend, first of thy Nation in daring Enterprize.'

THE following Day was spent between *Cannassatego* and *Yarico*, whilst Messengers were sent to the six Nations to summon their Sachems to attend the Report of his Voyage.

IN the Morning this happy Pair of *Indian* Lovers retired to the Rock which she had often visited during his Absence; here the Chief related what he had seen during

during his Voyage, whilst *Yarico* listen'd with attentive Pleasure to the various Tales: He then displayed the Presents which he had brought her, and described the Character of the lovely Pair which presented them to her; she was amazed at the Picture, and pressed it to her Lips a thousand Times; saying, ' 'Tis the very Image which dwelt in my Heart during your Absence.' Amongst the many Welcomes to his Country which he received, the expressive Joy which his faithful Dog manifested at his Return, must not be forgotten; this Creature frisk'd from Place to Place with inexpressible Delight, leapt up to his Master with caressing Motions, then ran to *Yarico* in the same Manner to tell her his Joy at her Lover's Return; which Fondness was much admired and rewarded by these Lovers: During the Time of *Cannassatego's* Absence he had been her constant Companion in all her Walks, as if conscious of her Dejection, and as her Guardian in her solitary Retirements.

THE Sachems of the Nations were now assembled, and *Cannassatego* present to relate the Result of his Voyage; one solemn Silence reigned through the whole Assembly. He began.

' SACHEMS and Warriors of the *Indian* Nations, behold me returned from beyond the rising Sun; the Voyage of many Moons is at length accomplished; great was the Toil, would that the Result had answered to the Undertaking.

' ALAS! such as this Land nurtures, such faithless Men inhabit in those Regions whence I come; in vain I sought that Sachem who rules the Councils of the great King; his Words were all one Tale of Falshood; he listened not to the Distress of *Onandagan* or *Cayagan*; nor have these Eyes once beheld the great King; slighted, neglected, you and your Welfare; what have we but to turn our Arms against them, and vindicate the Lands which the great Spirit has given us?

' NOR is this to me a Wonder; I, who beheld the Sachems of the People chosen for yellow Dirt, they are no longer free; a Nation of voluntary Slaves, who sell themselves and Country to those who bid the highest;

‘ highest ; Wisdom is rejected for this Ore ; nor in their
 ‘ Councils only does this take Place, their Warriors
 ‘ even are chosen from this Possession : Thus Valour
 ‘ and Prudence being excluded by Dirt alone, what
 ‘ can we expect from such hireling Souls, and Men
 ‘ unequal to the Task of conducting Armies ?

‘ Did you behold their Warriors with timorous
 ‘ Step tread the cold Earth, aghast whilst the bleak
 ‘ Winds are whistling round their Heads, you would
 ‘ smile at the Threats they pronounce against our *In-*
 ‘ *Indian* Nations ; their very Arrogance will lead them
 ‘ to Destruction, if they come ; their Way of Combat-
 ‘ ing will be their own Defeat ; the very Incumbrances
 ‘ of Houses and Equipage, with which they march to
 ‘ Battle, will be instrumental to their undoing, in the
 ‘ Woods of *America*. Can the pamper’d Sons of Ease,
 ‘ whose Limbs are nightly enclosed in the soft Folds of
 ‘ Linen to shield them from Inclemency, bear the cold
 ‘ Earth like *Indian* Bosoms, who shiver not at Snows
 ‘ or Tempests, covered by the Skies alone, or Trees
 ‘ that spread their Branches round them ?

‘ In me, and my Treatment you are despised ; re-
 ‘ venge the Insult ; let these Invaders see that *Indian*
 ‘ Nations have yet the Power of Vengeance ; the Chain
 ‘ is broken ; let the War-kettle be boiled, and arm
 ‘ yourselves to your Defence and Honour.’

THIS Speech being finished, the Sachems thanked
Cannassatego for the great Perils he had undergone in
 the Service of his Country. He then told them his
 Design of wedding *Yarico* ; when immediately the best
 House in the Town was given him, and all the Nation
 throng’d to present him what is necessary to furnish it
 in that Country.

THE next Day made him happy in the Arms of *Ya-*
rico, where mutual Bliss reigned during their Lives ; he
 the most renown’d for War and Wisdom, she for domest-
 ic Management and Beauty.

C H A P. CXV.

Honest Mac Valor shews that his Heart is better than his Speeches ; a short Chapter well worth remembering.

IT was now the Winter Season when Lord and Lady *Liberal* were in *London* ; Captain *Mac Valor* had been on a Cruise, and behaved like a gallant Commander ; he had taken, after an obstinate Resistance, a *French Man of War* of superior Force to himself.

BESIDES this true Proof of his Courage, he had taken considerable Prizes, and was become rich ; the first Day he returned to *London* he came to visit the Earl *Liberal*. ‘ Now,’ says he, ‘ my dear Lord, you were my Friend when I had not a Shilling to eat. Will you let me give you five thousand Pounds ? ’tis half I have ; and by my Shalwashon I would give you all, and more too ; but *Peggy* and the Children must have the rest, you know.’ The Earl smiled, and thanked him for his generous Return ; but told him he would by no means lessen the Reward of his Valour ; ‘ I have all I wish, and not a little additional Joy in seeing you thus happy.’ *Mac Valor*, however, gave him his Picture set in Diamonds ; which was readily accepted. He then persisted to serve his King and Country in beating their Enemies, and encreasing his Honour, till growing old he returned and finished his Days with *Peggy*, in his native Land. Thus ends this Chapter, and the History of *Mac Valor*.

C H A P. CXVI.

Lord Liberal's Illness; his Lady's Affection and Duty; the Fear of his Friends, Tenants, and Servants, for his Life; to which is added his Lordship's Return of Thanks for his Deliverance, and theirs also; including the Parson and Clerk. The Education of Children, in which the Heart is not neglected for the Sake of the Head; an Observation not altogether useless, we hope, for the Good of many others.

TEN thousand Circumstances must be passed over in this History to hasten to the Conclusion; every Year resembled the preceding in Love and Tenderness; the Earl at last was seized with a Fever, which threaten'd him with great Danger: During this Time, Lady *Liberal* scarce deserted his Bed, parental and filial Love were almost banish'd from her Bosom; her tender Hand supplied his Wants; her careful Eye watch'd every Motion; her bleeding Soul sympathized with every Pain, and restless Hour; nor did she quit him but to ease her full Heart with weeping when it was impossible to refrain from it: This affording her a little Ease, enabled her to return with some seeming Cheerfulness. The House, the Parish, the Neighbourhood, for Miles around, were all one general Prayer for his Preservation: During his Illness, eternal Enquiries were made after his Situation; Consternation dwelt on every Face. At length, Heaven in Pity to Mankind, restored him to his lovely Countess, his Family, his Friends, the Rich and Poor: Declare this Joy, you that were Witnesses to the genuine Expressions of Hearts enraptured at his returning Health.

WHEN he came abroad to thank the God of his Salvation for his Recovery, the whole Parish, and Numbers who came on Purpose from others, in a double Row, wept with Tears of Joy at the Sight of him as he walked between them; blessing Heaven for the Mercy, as he passed along.

THE Clergyman, in a Sermon, shewed his Thankfulness to Heaven for his Recovery, and the honest Clerk

adapted and sung his Psalm, joined by the Congregation, with Tears of Joy; even the Earl, his Lady, and Mrs. *Fairchild*, could not refrain weeping on this Occasion: Such was the Sensation of this happy Pair, they have often expressed themselves, that no Moment of their Lives was ever filled with more heart-felt Raptures than these of beholding their Tenants, Servants, and Neighbours, thus lost in Joy, pouring forth their Gratitude to Heaven for his Lordship's Recovery.

THEIR Children were now become the greatest Happiness of their Lives; the fond Grandmother, whose encreasing Years began to bend her towards the Earth, had been chiefly employed to teach them the first Rudiments of Letters. The Troop consisted of three Boys, and two Girls, beauteous, as Health, Grace, Proportion, and Complexion, can make the Human Being; their shining Eyes speaking their Souls within of celestial Origin.

THE Earl himself also, and Countess, were not inattentive to the Care of their Education; the Preceptor, which was now taken into the House, was carefully instructing the Sons in the learned and modern Languages, and History of their own Country: When the Earl, one Day said, in Company with his Countess, 'I am determined, *Lydy*, these Children shall begin to learn Geography; that as the Eldest are now reading the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians, they may have some Idea of those Parts to which the Generals and Armies march'd, their Fleets sailed, and other material Circumstances relating to antient Authors, which can never be well understood without knowing Geography.

'My Dear,' says he, 'it is amazing how Men of Sense, in both Houses, betray their Want of Knowledge in these Things; one in a Speech talks of the Island of *Pensylvania*, and the other of the Continent of *Newfoundland*, which throws a Ridicule upon all they have to say.'

ACCORDINGLY Maps of the antient Geography were provided, and Tables formed to be learnt; whereby, in a very little Time, the Eldest were able to tell by heart

heart how every Country in *Europe, Asia, and Africa*, mentioned in classic Authors, were bounded, and what Cities they contained; and then trace them in the Maps, and point instantly to every City, River, Mountain, or other Place of Note, as well as describe and show all the Seas and Islands which are included in them. Thus, in a very little Time, they were perfectly acquainted with antient Geography, and being indulged with a Pair of Globes, became Proficients in Modern; the very little ones, by being delighted with the Globes, in seeing their Brothers, had learned half what is necessary to be known of this useful Part of Science almost as soon as the Letters.

At the same Time this was doing, Lady *Liberal* forbade any Person to insinuate that they knew more than other Children, yet always commending them for doing well; nor was it ever suffered to be mentioned before them in Conversation, that they knew what others of their Age were unacquainted with.

‘I HAVE observed,’ says the Countess, ‘that Children, who are more forward than others, are frequently spoiled by their being acquainted with it; being praised by their Parents and Relations, they grow self-sufficient, and despising the Capacities of their School-fellows, generally know at fourteen as much as at forty; from this Presumption of superior Qualifications, neglecting all Means of advancing their Knowledge, the most promising Boy at twelve, is often the most complete Coxcomb when a Man, whilst those of less brilliant Parts in Youth, shine much in complete Manhood.’

‘WELL observed, *Lydy*,’ says the Earl, ‘you will make an excellent School-mistress, I protest.’

‘UNDER so great a Master, how can I fail?’ replied the Countess with a Smile.

IN the mean Time, whilst the Understandings of these Children were improving, the Earl by no means omitted instructing their Hearts. He was a great Admirer of *Xenophon*, and the *Persian* Education described in the Works of that most elegant Author.

WITH this View he instilled into his Progeny the Principles of Justice, Honour, Integrity, Love of Religion,

ligion, and of Truth. He often feigned little Circumstances of Theft, Fraud, Malediction and Falshood, and heard their Sentiments on these Matters; then fixed their Notions of them as they ought to be. He frequently invited the Children in the Neighbourhood to play with his little Troop, and watched the Emotions of their young Hearts, to discover whether Love of Power or Equality, Humanity, or Insensibility to Distress, Anger, Revenge, Pride, or other Passions seemed to be in Nature the Ascendant in their Constitution; thus by the budding Leaves he discovered what Flower the Plant would bear; Information, or unjust Accusation, were inevitably punished amongst them. The Fear of Shame was the grand penal Law, which was instituted to hang over their Heads.

THOSE Crimes, to which in most Kingdoms Legislators have affixed no Punishment, were severely punished by this legislative Father: Ingratitude was held as the most debasing Act of human Nature; because all Observation has confirmed, that Minds tinctured with this Vice are irreverent to their God and Parents, unfeeling for their Friends and Country: Besides this, Impudence is ever found the inseparable Inmate of ungrateful Souls; this of all other Crimes seems most effectually to lead to every kind of ignominious Action.

AMONGST the Virtues, Temperance was held in great Esteem; because it had been observed, by his Lordship, that nothing depreciates human Nature so effectually as the sordid Vice of Gluttony and Debauch.

HONOUR, the Contempt of Riches, and patrial Love, were strenuously inculcated into their tender Bosoms; and a profound Reverence for these Objects was so deeply engraven on their Minds, that no future Consideration was able to erase the Influence: Such was the Instruction and Education of this noble Family.

C H A P. CXVII.

Mrs. Fairchild behaves with that Resolution which Christianity imparts to the human Heart, not the Name, but the Reality, at the Hour of Dissolution; her last Words as good as Baxter's, tho' she never speaks any more.

THE stealing Steps of Dissolution had now crept apparently on Mrs. Fairchild; the Countess saw it with infinite Concern; not with that violent Grief which attends the Danger of a Child in Sicknes, where Nature seems to be violated by Death, according to the original Design of Providence, and as it appears to the Eyes of a fond Parent; but with that cooler Anguish which hangs heavily on the Heart, when the Evil is foreseen to be irremediable: The Earl himself beheld her approaching End with much Pain, on the Account of his real Affection for this venerable Woman, and the Affliction he knew it must give his dearest *Lydia*.

Mrs. Fairchild herself was no Stranger to her State, and beheld it but with one Pain only, that which it must impart to her Daughter, and the Earl.

At length beholding the Countess, who was scarce absent from her one Hour in the Day, to grow pale with pining on her Account: 'My dear Child,' says this best of Women, who beheld her approaching Dissolution with the utmost Tranquillity, through the clear Medium of a virtuous Life, 'Why does your Bosom feel such Anguish on my approaching End? I am now leaving you, 'tis true; but I leave you as happy as this Earth can make a mortal Being. I have lived a long Time, and to see what I once despaired of, my dearest Child, her Progeny, and myself happy: what I am yet to pass is no more than the short Duration of a few Minutes, from this Happiness to eternal; filled with Hope, from inselt Quiet, suffer me to expire without a Tear, if possible, as you will find I shall without a Groan.'

THESE Words conveyed unspeakable Anguish to the Heart of Lady *Liberal*, whilst Tears ran down her Cheeks and stopt her Answer.

IT was now clearly perceived, by Mrs. *Fairchild*, that a few Minutes must put an End to her Continuance in this Life ; she, therefore, desired to see the dear Children once more ; who being brought to her Bed-side, she kissed each, and said to the Sons, ‘ May all ‘ gracious Heaven shower down its Blessings upon you ; ‘ may you resemble, in your Lives, the best of Men, ‘ whose Children it must be your Honour to have been ‘ born ; and you,’ she added, to the little Girls, ‘ May you resemble the dear Mother who brought you ‘ to the World, in every Virtue.’ The eldest withdrew in Profusion of Tears for their Grandmamma, whom they greatly loved ; the least in Silence at their Sorrow.

THEN speaking to the Countess, ‘ My dear Child, ‘ I thank you for all that Profusion of Duty with which ‘ you have ever behaved to me ; your Children, and ‘ Heaven, can only repay this Goodness.’

‘ My Lord, I return you all possible Gratitude for ‘ that filial Distinction with which you have ever treated ‘ me as your Parent ; and more, if possible, for that ‘ tenderest Affection with which you have fondly cherished my dear Child ; let my Lips take their parting ‘ Kifs.’ When the Earl and Countess having performed that Office, dissolved in Tears ; she then continued, ‘ I die the happiest Woman upon Earth, leaving all I ‘ love in perfect earthly Felicity, to enjoy that which ‘ only can exceed it ; because eternal ! Adieu, Heaven ‘ still continue its Blessings on you !’ Saying these Words she reclined her Head upon her Pillow, and gently expired without one Sigh or Groan.

C H A P. CXVIII.

Lord Liberal's Tendernefs to his Lady. Some beginning Symptoms of Love throb in the Bosom of Lord Probit, and the eldest Miss Sweetwood. A Marriage between this Pair. Lord and Lady Liberal's Advice to their Son on this Occasion, not amifs to be read by young People who enter upon that State.

LORD *Liberal* neglected no Amusement which could alleviate the Affliction of his Lady on this Account, or chase the Sadness which hung upon her Heart. Amongst other Things, he wrote a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*, and Mr. *Sweetwood*, desiring their Company to *Probit-castle*; but before that Epistle came to Hand, this friendly Gentleman and Lady were set out for *Devonshire*, with that Intent; and with them, for the first Time, came the eldest Miss *Sweetwood*.

If ever their Company was at one Time more agreeable than another, it was this; indeed such was the Friendship of these Families for each other, every Meeting was dearer than the former, and every Parting more painful.

THE eldest Son, Lord *Probit*, was now eighteen Years old, and Miss *Sweetwood* seventeen; many Days had not passed at *Probit-castle* before it was visible, by the peculiar Pleasure, which each of these young People manifested at the Appearance of the other, that a new Passion was springing in their Bosoms; artless and unacquainted with the Cause, his young Lordship selected for Miss *Sweetwood* every fairest Fruit, and gathered every finest Flower, contriving infinite Ways to give her Pleasure; he was restless and uneasy when absent from this young Lady. One Day it happened that the Earl was prevented from attending Lady *Flimsy*, Lady *Liberal*, Mr. *Sweetwood*, and Miss, on a Visit to Sir *Oliver Hearty's*; for this Reason Lord *Probit* did not make one of the Company.

NOTHING was more restless than his Behaviour this whole Day; he complained of Illness, sighed, and was dis-

disquieted ; at all which Symptoms the Earl smiled internally, perceiving that his Son was caught by that magic Passion, which converts the human Soul into a thousand different Appearances.

THE Evening brought the Family home, when at the Sight of Miss *Sweetwood* he became alert and gay again, and sung like a Goldfinch to his Mate, forgetting his former Sensations. Indeed Miss *Sweetwood* had felt a Damp upon her Mind all that Day, which did not pass unnoticed by the Company.

DURING the six Months which Mr. *Sweetwood*, and Lady *Flimsy*, tarried at *Probit-castle*, the Souls of these young Lovers became totally enthralled by each other.

THIS being perfectly perceived by the Parents on each Side, it was agreed, that they should marry as soon as Lord *Probit* was of Age, provided their Passion continued ; the Time between was to be passed as much together as possible ; which only improved their Affection for each other. At length the long-wished Day of their Happiness arriving, they were given to each others Arms, and his Lordship made his Abode two Miles from the Earl, in a very good old Seat repaired for that Purpose.

I PASS by all the Joy on this Occasion, manifested by the Tenants and Friends of this Family, almost adored in the Country ; and shall only mention, that the Day after Lord *Probit* was married, Lady *Liberal* took Occasion to speak to him in the following Manner. ‘ My dear Son, you are now to appear in the
 ‘ World detached from your dear Father ; you have
 ‘ considered, I doubt not, that the Eyes of all will
 ‘ be upon you ; and how difficult a Part you have to
 ‘ act ; the Reputation and Esteem which Lord *Liberal*
 ‘ has so deservedly obtained, amongst his Countrymen, puts you in a most conspicuous Point of
 ‘ View. To be less worthy than your Father, is to
 ‘ lose Honour, and to be more so impossible ; therefore exert every Endeavour to tread in that Path
 ‘ which your Sire has walked before you ; and surely
 ‘ never Child had a more illustrious Example ; that
 ‘ no

‘ no Tongue may have Power to say you degenerate
 ‘ from the Glory of your Ancestors.’

His Lordship bowed with tender Thanks, promising to fulfil this Advice, a Resolution of which he had before taken: This proved him to be a Descendant worthy of that truly noble Father.

ONE Day the Father and Son walking together, the Earl said, ‘ My Son, I see with Pleasure, you are truly
 ‘ enamoured with that Lady you have espoused ; indeed she deserves all that Attention that Woman can
 ‘ merit, being beautiful, of good Sense, and sweet
 ‘ Disposition ; this, without doubt, is the best Presage
 ‘ of your future Felicity : Yet let me tell you, my
 ‘ Lord, there is one Secret which is almost all that is
 ‘ necessary to preserve it, where People are in Affluence, and love each other, and without which
 ‘ conjugal Bliss can scarce be supported ; it is to make
 ‘ at your Pleasure to oblige her you love, and she in
 ‘ return behaving in the same polite Manner to you ;
 ‘ by this Means you please yourselves by pleasing each
 ‘ other ; and then this Habit prevailing, as it soon
 ‘ will, both are made happy, and nothing can defeat
 ‘ your Bliss ; whereas, in general, married Pairs neglecting this Observation, or chusing one another upon
 ‘ false Motives, soon become sated with each other
 ‘ (for it is not worth while to be tied, for Life, to
 ‘ one Woman for what can be found in all) then each
 ‘ pursuing separate Pleasures, without regarding the
 ‘ other, the Duty which is due from a Wife to a
 ‘ Husband, being his Expectation ; and the Love
 ‘ which Husbands ought to shew the Partners of their
 ‘ Beds, being hers ; each requiring much, and returning nothing, at last there arises a total Dislike, when
 ‘ the Idea only of being the Objection and Incumbrance
 ‘ to each other’s Joys, fills the Imaginations of both
 ‘ Sides ; thus Rancour settles at the Heart, and Disputes shew it in their Actions.

‘ YOUR Mother, that best of Women, and I, added to that Passion which possess’d our Souls at first,
 ‘ have had no other Secret to preserve and enjoy a
 ‘ Felicity which is tasted by few in this World : Lady
 ‘ *Flimsy*, who knows its Value, and has proved it al-

‘ so, has acquainted Lady *Probit* with this Rule. ‘ My Son, no Father can wish a Child Happiness with more Sincerity than I do you, and no Father has more Reason to wish it to a Son.’

THIS Counsel was received with great Marks of Duty, and strictly observed thro’ the Course of their Life by Lord and Lady *Probit*.

C H A P. CXIX.

The Steward's Gratitude rewarded as it ought to be.

IT will be readily believed that Mr. *Lovegood*, who had been so solicitous for the Life of this noble Heir, had shewn great Affection to him in his growing-up; he had carried him in his Arms a thousand Times, contriv’d unnumber’d Ways to divert him, and loved him as his Child. This Affection was repaid by the young Nobleman with a sincere Esteem for this faithful Servant.

MR. *Lovegood* being now grown rich, having always lived in his Lordship’s House at no Expence, was determined to shew some Token of his Affection to his young Master; he had been often solicited to marry by Lady *Liberal*, who distinguished him with great Friendship; which Proposition he had always declined to comply with: His Lordship used to smile, and say, ‘ Why, *Lydy*? Mr. *Lovegood* has not yet gotten the better of his first Love.’

THIS deserving Man then ordered a Service of Plate to be made secretly in *London*, and presented it to Lord *Probit*. His Lordship, astonished at this Design, said, ‘ Mr. *Lovegood*, I am now robbing you of that which no Man ever deserved more, as the Reward of Integrity and faithful Service; not only you but your Relations; it must not be; however, this Mark of your Affection shall ever be remember’d by me with great Pleasure.’

‘ MY Lord,’ replied the good Man; ‘ I have no Relation upon Earth; let me intreat you to accept this Manifestation of what I owe my Lord *Liberal*;

the best of Fathers, best of Husbands, best of Masters, and best of Men.'

'UPON Condition then that you have no Relations, as you think, if hereafter it prove you have, that I repay them the Expence of it, I accept it willingly.'

THIS being related to the Earl and Countess, was extremely agreeable, as the Matter was settled without Injury to the Relations of Mr. *Lovewood*, if at any Time it should appear that he had any.

C H A P. CXX.

A Visit from Lord Nicknackerton to Lord Liberal, in which the Advantages of travelling are examined by these two Noblemen for the Sake of all who incline to see foreign Parts. A Portrait of the travelled Lord.

THE autumnal Blasts now shaking the Leaves from the Groves where all fall sooner or later, Emblem of human Nature, according to that great Master of it, the first of Poets, Lord and Lady *Liberal* prepared for *London*, to attend his Duty to his Country.

BEING safely arrived, many Friends of this Family came to visit and compliment them on the Marriage of their eldest Son; amongst the rest a Nobleman, whose great Passion was the Love of *Virtu* in all its Branches, did them that Honour.

THIS Nobleman had travelled much; he had been at *Balbec* to measure the Proportions of the various Remains of Architecture to be found in that City, and compare them with what is yet to be seen at *Rome* and *Athens*; he had made a large Collection of Medals, Drawings, Pictures, Models, Bronzes, Gravings in Stone, and Antiques of all Kinds; and in his own Opinion he had neither a Copy or spurious Piece in the whole Number: In this, however, many People did not entirely acquiesce; but Envy is a very natural Passion amongst Men of *Virtu*.

THIS Nobleman, in Conversation one Day with the Earl, began, ‘ My Lord, I am much surpris’d you did not send Lord *Probit* to travel, and see the glorious Remains of Antiquity before he married; nothing improves a Nobleman in my Opinion so effectually, or places one Gentleman above another, as the Knowledge of the superior Arts; it is without doubt the greatest Pleasure, and the most distinguishing Characteristic of Nobility.’

‘ My Lord,’ says the Earl, ‘ I have not much Taste for these Things myself, and did not observe there was a great Propensity towards them in my Son; they may indeed be very agreeable, where the Taste is truly formed for such Pleasure; but I have observed it very frequently creates a false one for these Things, and renders Men sometimes open to Imposition; for one who has really a true Discernment in these Arts, there are probably twenty who are the Dupes of their own Credulity.’

‘ THAT is true, My Lord,’ answered Lord *Nicknackerton*; ‘ there are few Noblemen who have that true Discernment you mention; but besides that, it communicates a Knowledge of the World to a young Gentleman, which cannot otherwise be attained to.’

‘ I HAVE observed,’ says the Earl, ‘ the Knowledge which is obtained by young People’s travelling, my Lord, is generally at their Return no more than a Belief that all Men are Rogues, and Women Prostitutes; and generally their Behaviour after that Time is a stronger Prejudice in Favour of the Manners of their own Country than they truly deserve; or a Contempt for them, which is equally erroneous: In Truth, the Information which young People get by Travelling, is, I am afraid, of little Service; and they generally lose in the Qualities of the Heart, what is dearly purchased by the small Improvement of their Understanding; the good Citizen suffers in the acquired Knowledge of the Man of the World.’

‘ If my Lord could travel between thirty and forty, when he had previously fixed in his Mind the Principles

‘ Principles on which Mankind proceed, and tarry long enough in the various Countries of *Europe* to observe how all the Objects of Religion and Government operated on the Minds of the Inhabitants, I am of Opinion nothing could be more beneficial or instructive; but to be led from State to State by a *Swiss* or a *Scotchman*, gazed at in the different Courts of *Europe* like an Exotic, to learn the Terms of the sublime Arts, the Catalogue of Painters and Statuaries, the affected Rapture of *Italian* Music, and all the long List of Admiration, which generally fills the Minds of these Travellers, is scarce worth while.

‘ SETTING aside the fashionable Prejudice in Favour of these Things, is it worth the Pains, my Lord, of travelling to *Balbec* to discover that a Cornish, Freeze, or Architrave, differs a Quarter of an Inch from what is to be found in *Greece* and *Rome* in the same Orders? Ruins of all Things in the same Architecture are the most alike, and the least worth running much Risque to visit, according to my unfashionable Apprehension. Of what Import is it to discover that Travellers have err’d ten Feet in the Measure of an *Egyptian* Pyramid; or in the Inscription of a Tombstone erected to a Centurion in the tenth Legion in some Town in *Italy*, whether it be A, or V turned upside down by Mistake. What Head need be engraved with more Skill, or how can it be more elegantly set, than this in this Seal, which was done by Mr. *Rush*?” taking out his Watch. ‘ I can encourage the Arts of *England* without seeing *Rome*, and with Pleasure; particularly when the Characters of the Artist adds a Value to the Excellence of the Workmanship.’

‘ MY Lord,’ says Lord *Nicknackerton*, to be sure the Things is very well for a modern Performance; but you will permit me to say you do not seem to enter into the true Spirit of this Knowledge; there is a something, *a je ne sçai quoi*, that is inexplicable to others, a Sort of a refined thinking, which runs through all Man’s Conversation who is deep in these Things, and has travelled.’

‘ It may be so,’ says the Earl, ‘ but I have observed many Gentlemen going good Scholars from their own Country, who have visited the Villa’s of *Tully* and *Horace*, the Tombs of *Virgil* and *Livy*, the Porticos of the Stoics, and Temples at *Athens*, and lost in the Voyage the Sentiments of these Authors, whilst they were visiting the Places they lived in.’

‘ It may be so, my Lord, I cannot answer for that, every Nobleman has his Manner of thinking; my Lord, your most obedient Servant,’ answered Lord *Nicknackerton*, taking his Leave of the Earl, despising the confined Notions of this Nobleman, and pitying the State of his Son, who was married and fix’d without having seen the World.

Now Lord *Nicknackerton*, was unlike the Earl *Liberal* in every Thing; he had dipt his Estate to purchase Trifles; harass’d his Tenants to extort Money; voted plumb with the Minister against his Country for a Pension; parted with his Wife to live with a Mistress; pulled down a good old House to build a bad new one; and created an universal Contempt and Hatred amongst all his Neighbours, Tenants, and Dependants, to be followed by Antiquarians and Dealers in Pictures. This was the Nobleman who despised the Honour, Understanding, Tenderness, Fidelity, Humanity, and Generosity of Lord *Liberal*, because he had not seen the Pantheon at *Rome*, and Parthenion at *Athens*.

C H A P. CXXI.

*The Earl resolves to leave London for ever; his Lady, which is more wonderful, agrees in that Resolution. A small History of Lady Harriette * * * * *, and Lucy Sprightly; with Lady Liberal's Behaviour on a certain Occasion, in which the Effects of Astrology, and Mr. Strange are brought to a happy Issue.*

LONDON now became even more displeasing than ever to the Earl. 'My dear *Lydy*,' says he, 'I am at length, I think, resolved to take my last Leave of this City, and live intirely in the Country. My Lord *Probit*, who will represent the County of *Devon*, I believe, next Election, may have this House; I am weary of fruitless Endeavours for the Good of this poor exhausted Kingdom, which has been so long the Gold-mine of *Germany*, whilst we have been the Slaves digging the Ore for the little Princes of that Empire, under the soothing Name of a free People. No Man can upbraid me for appearing no more in Public, when every Hope of Success is extinguished; we will, therefore, my Dear, retire to the Shades, of *Probit-castle*, and there enjoy the Remains of Life in all that chearful Tranquillity which has ever attended us.'

'NOTHING can be more agreeable to me than this Resolution; *London*, you know, my Lord, has never been my favourite Abode, and is now less agreeable than ever: I love more Repose than is to be found in this Place of Distraction and Hurry.'

DURING this Time, however, an Accident happened which gave Lady *Liberal* more Pain than she had known for many Years past.

It seems a young Gentlewoman whose Name was *Lucy Sprightly*, had been bred up by a certain maiden Lady, an Acquaintance of Lady *Liberal's*, and treated in the following Manner.

SHE was the Daughter of a worthy Clergyman, who dying left this Child about six Years old unprovided

vided for; Lady *Harriette* * * * * *, in whose Parish this Divine officiated, had seen the Child; and hearing of the Condition in which it was left, sent for her, and supported her as her own; at this Time Lady *Harriette* was in all her Bloom of Beauty, about twenty-five.

As the Child was very pretty, and of good Understanding, she diverted her Patroness, and won upon her Heart exceedingly; she shewed her to all her Visitants, talked of her with great Fondness, and procured her Masters in Music, *French*, and Dancing, to make her an accomplished Woman, taking great Pleasure in seeing the Proficiency she made in these Qualifications.

At this Time Lady *Harriette* was the Toast of the Town, and the reigning Beauty; she had been honoured with being several Times mobbed in the *Park*, the most striking Proof of her superior Charms; many Lovers paid their Addresses to this Dame of Quality; but as her Fortune was great, as well as her Beauty, she was determined to wed a Duke, or not to marry at all.

In this Resolution Lady *Harriette* continued till Time, who would neither stand still in Obedience to her Ladyship, nor bring her a Duke for a Lover; and a too frequent Exhibition of her Person, had damped the Curiosity of gazing on her Charms; and indeed the Excellence of her Beauty was not a little diminished by his Power also.

DURING this Time, whilst Lady *Harriette* had been blowing in full Charms, and now like the top Carnation was fading and dropping off Leaf by Leaf, *Lucy Sprightly* was every Day becoming more handsome, like the second Flower, on the same Root, rising in Beauty as the former decays. This growing Beauty being observed by the Male Company, Miss *Lucy* was very often the Subject of Applause, which by no Means sounded like the Music of the Spheres in the Ears of Lady *Harriette*, who felt the Neglect, which this drew on her, with no little Pain. No one stuck a Pin so elegantly as *Lucy* when she was young; which Office she was daily employed to perform by Lady *Harriette*

Harriette as she sat before the Glass, being vastly prefer'd to her Ladyship's Woman: But now, all of a sudden, she was become quite awkward in doing that Office; and when Lady *Harriette* saw her in the Glass, together with herself, she said, as soon as she was withdrawn, 'How this Girl is alter'd! She is grown 'as coarse as a Dairy Maid! Don't you think so, 'Pink?' to her Woman. 'She is grown extremely 'coarse to be sure, my Lady,' says Mrs. *Pink*, who heard this with Delight.

THE fading Charms of the Lady, made the blooming ones of *Lucy* appear more conspicuous than otherwise they would have been.

HER Presence therefore became offensive to Lady *Harriette*, and Mrs. *Pink* was a much more agreeable Companion: She therefore determined to get rid of this impertinent Memento, which was ever reminding her of past Beauty by the Loss of it in herself, and the Presence of it in *Lucy*.

To cover this Design, therefore, she one Day proposed to *Lucy* to settle her in the World, and marry her with her Valet de Chambre.

THIS *Lucy* did not at all relish, and modestly expostulating with her Ladyship how unequal that Marriage would be to the Education she had so generously given her; she humbly hoped that her Ladyship would not think of so unequal a Union, especially as Mr. *Thomas* was not a Person with whom she chose to spend her Life.

'You chuse to spend your Life,' says her Ladyship, 'a Girl whom I have bred from the Cradle almost, and prevented probably from starving, to pretend to have a Choice about a Husband; give me leave to tell you, Miss, that you must either wed 'Thomas, or leave me.' My Lady,' says *Lucy*, 'I hope I shall not be obliged to either.' 'Indeed you shall,' answered Lady *Harriette*. Which Resolution ended in *Lucy*'s leaving the House of this Lady, and in being received into that of Lady *Liberal*, who knew the Cause of her being thus dismissed, and whose very great Favourite she had always been.

SHE

SHE had been with Lady *Liberal* some Time, and amongst the Company who frequented the House, a young Gentleman of Twenty had paid great Deference to *Lucy*; he had an Estate of five Hundred a Year.

HE had secretly made love to this young Woman, and knowing he could not marry her till he was of Age, and that his Guardian would not give Consent, had urged her much to grant him that Favour which Maidens never should grant till they are married: This was all covered with Vows, Oaths, and Imprecations, that he would wed her the Moment he was of Age. Uninfluenced by this, *Lucy* still persisted in behaving as she ought, resenting his daring to treat her in that illiberal Manner; all this was again palliated by the Protestations of his impatient Passion, and Sincerity of his Soul, but in vain; no Vows made the least Impression on her Inclination to yield to his Solicitations; yet she loved him sincerely.

ONE Day, in walking up *Ludgate-Hill*, Mr. *Strange*, which was his Name, had a Paper put into his Hand, importing, that in such a Place lived one Mrs. *Sermon* at the Sign of the *Blue-ball*, *who resolved all Questions in Astrology, whether by Land or Sea.* Having enquired what the Meaning of this Advertisement might be, he found that this Female was a Fortune-teller, to whom Ladies particularly applied for Information in Love-affairs; he therefore conceived the Thought of applying this Discovery to his Advantage in prevailing on Miss *Lucy*.

ACCORDINGLY one Day having conversed with *Lucy*, and made her several Proposals, and said a Million of soft Things, he went to the Female-conjurer, and told her the whole Conversation that passed between them: In the mean while he bribed a Person, who was intimate with Miss *Lucy*, to propose going to this cunning Woman to know their Fortunes.

THIS being agreed to, the young Lady repaired to Mrs. *Sermon*, and there alone was told all the Circumstances which passed at that last Interview with Mr. *Strange*, describing his Person, and adding, that tho' it was impossible he could marry her at present, yet

that

that she might safely confide in his Vows, because he was undoubtedly a Man of Honour; wherefore she should not resist, and foolishly slight an Occasion of making herself happy for Life; that nothing but her Misbehaviour could prevent this from coming to pass, because it was pre-ordained; and as a farther Proof of the Truth of what she had been relating, she should see the same Person to-morrow in a blue Suit of Cloaths, and he would talk to her in such a Manner, mentioning the Particulars.

THIS Relation of what had passed, had a wonderful Effect on *Lucy*; she believed this Woman had the Power of looking into Futurity, and was more than half overcome by what had been already related to her.

THE same Evening young *Strange* came to the *Bel-dame*, and received an Account of all that had passed; and in Consequence of this Information, dressed and conversed the next Day with *Lucy* in the Manner Mrs. *Sermon* had predicted.

THIS singular Conformity in Dress and Conversation, had a vast Effect on her Heart, and Understanding, she began to give Credit to all he said; which Inclination young *Strange* observing, he pressed her to yield to what she had hitherto refused, and thus enjoyed what he had long desired to possess.

REPEATED Pleasures produced the common Consequence of them, till, at length, *Lucy* finding her displeasing Situation, pressed him to marry her; he pleaded the old Argument of not being of Age, and the Invalidity of the Marriage if it was effected; however, still promising the Performance of all his Vows at Twenty-one, being not yet tired of her.

THE Day, however, of his being of Age was drawing on, and would, in all Probability, arrive before *Lucy* lay in; wherefore he, to avoid marrying, shamefully deserted her, and forsook the House of Lord *Liberal*.

THIS threw the poor Girl into Despair, she grew wan, wasted by eternal Sighing, and had several Times resolved to end her Life and Woes together. This Melancholy being observed by Lady *Liberal*, she pressed her to know the Cause of her Disquietude,

when being urged by all that was tender, she related the whole Affair; and as *Strange* had given her an Account of the Way he succeeded, she mentioned that also.

‘HAS he deserted you?’ says Lady *Liberal*. Is he so abandon’d?’

‘THERE is too much Reason to believe it,’ says the unhappy Girl; ‘I have neither seen nor heard from him for several Weeks, and he is now of Age.’

‘KEEP yourself in good Spirits, *Lucy*,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘I will not forsake you, though he has; believe me I pity your Condition, and am convinced no Woman could have resisted so much Art in the Man she loves.’

THIS revived the Soul of the afflicted *Lucy*. Lady *Liberal* then sent for Mr. *Strange*, desiring to speak with him; but he refused the Message, when determining to see him, she got him watched to his Lodgings, and then driving directly to his Apartments, insisted upon being admitted; the Consternation in which she found him was inexpressible, no Lark that sees the Hawk soaring over its Head, had Half the Timidity and Trembling; such Power has the Appearance of Virtue on the Minds of the Vicious.

HE approached her Ladyship with infinite Confusion. ‘Mr. *Strange*,’ says she, ‘I imagine you know my Business; you have ruined a very lovely Girl, unless you immediately make her Amends, by marrying her.’

‘MY Lady,’ says he. ‘It would be extremely inconvenient for me to marry Miss *Lucy*, as she has no Fortune; and I cannot afford to marry a Woman without Money.’

‘BUT it seems, Sir, you can conscientiously afford to ruin a Girl who has no Fortune. Sir, I had no Fortune; she deserves you as much as I can the Earl of *Liberal*, and he has never yet repented of his taking me to his Bosom.’

‘BUT, my Lady, I shall be laugh’d at for wedding the Woman I have debauched.’

LAUGH’D

‘ LAUGH’D at, Sir, by whom? by no worthy Man, I am sure. Do you fear unjust Ridicule more than the Terrors of a future Punishment? And prefer the false Opinion of profligate Men, to the virtuous Actions of a Man of Honour? Sir, believe me, you will live to repent of this Behaviour; therefore, if you have yet remaining any Sense of the Injury you have committed, marry that deluded lovely Woman, whom your cruel Treatment has undone, without that Reparation: Believe me, Mr. *Strange*, she shall not be thus treated without Lord *Liberal*’s pursuing you by Law. I am acquainted with your whole Combination, of Conjurers, and others, and shall at least endeavour at obtaining Satisfaction for the Baseness.

‘ THEN which will give you most Cause to be ashamed, the marrying her you have infamously betrayed; or the Discovery of the Methods by which you obtained your Ends?’

‘ DOING Justice, Sir, is a Pleasure, perhaps, you scarce know; saving the Guiltless from the Ruin to which you have brought her, is a Happiness yet untasted; and fixing a Woman to your Service, by Gratitude, who already loves you to Excess, is another Charm which will render all your Life happy; therefore behave as you ought, and like a Gentleman; your Father, Sir, was he living, would oblige you to it.’

DURING this Time *Strange* stood dumb with Confusion; when being no longer able to resist the Truth, and Presence of Lady *Liberal*, he consented to accompany her to the Earl’s, and that very Day *Lucy* was married to Mr. *Strange*.

‘ MADAM,’ says Mr. *Strange* to the Countess, I return you infinite Thanks for thus influencing me to what is right; the false Shame of the World alone prevented me from doing this unsolicited.’

‘ I CANNOT avoid remarking how infinitely prejudicial this Marriage-Act is to the Chastity of young Women. Young Fellows of Eighteen, and under, follow Girls of Virtue, swearing Marriage and eternal

‘nal Truth, which they reciprocally in Love listen to,
 ‘when the very Opportunity of that Time till they are
 ‘of Age, infallibly affords one unresisting Minute, and
 ‘all is over.

‘MANY of these deluded Girls, I know, are at
 ‘present upon the Town, who would have been mar-
 ‘ried without that pernicious Act; happy, perhaps,
 ‘with some Husband, who are now miserable as Pro-
 ‘titutes.’

‘It is one of those fatal Contrivances which must
 ‘assist in eradicating every Virtue from this Nation.’
 Says the Earl, ‘It enters strongly into that Design,
 ‘and makes Part of that pernicious Plan, which has
 ‘been too effectually carried on by those whose whole
 ‘Regard is the Love of Wealth, and mercenary Con-
 ‘sideration.

‘I AM weary of seeing my poor Country torn to
 ‘Pieces by the Wickedness of those whose Duty it is
 ‘to preserve her; wherefore, being tired of fruitless
 ‘Endeavours for her Welfare, I will retire and lament
 ‘that approaching Fate, which seems impossible to be
 ‘prevented.’

‘MR. *Strange*,’ continued the Earl, ‘I foresee you
 ‘will be happy in Marriage; the Woman you have
 ‘wedded has every necessary Requisite; therefore che-
 ‘rish her, and you will live to thank Lady *Liberal*, who
 ‘has thus placed you in a Way to be happy.’

MR. *Strange*, and his Consort, thanked his Lordship
 and Lady *Liberal*, and then prepared for retiring in-
 to *Devonshire*, never more to return to the Turbu-
 lence of *London*, where they are now living in mutual
 Happiness.

C H A P. CXXII.

The Effects of a good Character, and a bad, exhibited in an Instance not unworthy M——— Attention, in Lord Liberal, and Sir William Whipstitch.

PROBIT-CASTLE was now the constant Abode of this noble Family, unless when the Earl and Countess stole for a Day to the little thatched House, which had been built under the Wood; here they frequently retired; the whole Estate, by a long continued Addition of Plantations, and some Buildings, was become one of the pleasantest, and best worth seeing of all England; the sliding Years passed on in mutual Joy, and the Children growing up, the eldest Son of Mr. *Sweetwood* married the eldest Daughter of the Earl and Countess; Sir *Oliver Hearty*, and his Lady, having no surviving Children but the Heiress to their Estate, the second Son at *Probit-castle* married this Lady, and young Sir *William Worthy* married the remaining Daughter of the Earl and Countess; as did the third Son of the Earl the eldest Daughter of Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*.

THUS this happy Pair had lived to see their Sons and Daughters united with those they wished, where Love had directed them, and where conjugal Felicity was the happy Consequence of a just Education, grafted on good Understandings and good Hearts.

LADY *Liberal's* Pleasure was now returning to the same which it had been when she was young; the increasing Families of her Children-awaked that Affection which is peculiar in Women towards the infantine State.

ONE Day the Earl taking her by the Hand, and pressing it to his Lips, said, ' My dear *Lydy*, what a Portion of Happiness Heaven has dealt to me and thee; my Sons and Daughters, their Wives and Husbands, are all such as I wish to behold them; not one of these Men but represents his Country in Parliament (and not one who has ever yet debased himself, ' by

‘ by giving a Vote against his Country’s Interest,
 ‘ though Places, Titles, and every Attempt have been
 ‘ put in Practice to seduce them from their Country’s
 ‘ Good.

‘ I SEE myself, and you, the Favourites of this
 ‘ County, the Adoration of my Tenants and Servants,
 ‘ and beloved by all good Men; what can add Pleasure
 ‘ to this Situation? And when I look round, I am
 ‘ amazed how other Men have missed obtaining the
 ‘ same Esteem; many have been at infinitely more Ex-
 ‘ pence than I have, sunk their Estates, and been uni-
 ‘ versally disliked; whilst I have increased my Fortune
 ‘ greatly, and obtained the Good-will and Friendship of
 ‘ all this Part of *England*.’

‘ My Lord,’ says *Lady Liberal*, ‘ It is the Integrity
 ‘ of your Life; your Scorn for mean Actions, and
 ‘ supporting your Country’s Honour, and your own,
 ‘ which has bequeathed you this Bliss, and will be-
 ‘ queath it to your Sons, and Daughters, and their Pro-
 ‘ geny; your Fame shall live beyond your Life, and be
 ‘ the Joy of theirs.’

AT this Time there were Apprehensions of a *French*
 War, and an Invasion designed by that Nation some-
 where on the Coast of this Island; every County was
 zealous in manifesting its Attachment to his Majesty,
 and by their Remonstrances exposed the Danger they
 were in, and humbly requested that Arms might be put
 into their Hands, for the Defence of their Sovereign,
 themselves and their Country.

THIS was at length resolved upon; but the Com-
 missions for raising Regiments were all given to the
 Friends of the M——, and not one to those of their
 King and Country; by which Means *Sir William Whip-
 stitch*, who in the P—— House was up on every Oc-
 casion, to talk away the Hours, till a Majority of Votes
 appeared in Favour of the M——, and prove that
 Nonsense, like Matter, was infinitely divisible, was
 placed at the Head of that Design in *Devonshire*.

THIS Man then having obtained a Commission to
 raise a Regiment, was obliged to make Officers out of
 the venal Part of the Corporation of T—— and
 H——n, and then none others chusing to join him,

he could not prevail on a Hundred Men to follow him.

IN the mean Time the Gentlemen of *Devonshire* subscribed to the raising Twenty Thousand Men, to be formed into Regiments, to be commanded, in chief, by the Earl *Liberal*; his three Sons to be three Colonels, amongst others of the best Families. This Proposition was rejected by the M——, and the County left defenceless; because the Inhabitants would not enlist under the Baronet, whose whole Life had been one continued Scene of Falshood, Deceit, Licentiousness, Corruption, and Dishonour, and believe these Qualifications were adapted to animate Men in Defence of their King and Country.

THUS it is the Fate of this Nation to be eternally distressed by the Designs of profligate M——, opposing the Good of the Constituents, laid open to the Invasion, Devastation, Fire, and Sword, of their Enemies; because the Consciousness of their nefarious Intentions intimidates them from placing Confidence in those only who deserve it; and giving Arms into the Hands of Men of Honour and Probity, who would defend their Country from all Attacks.

C H A P. CXXIII.

*A Company as rarely met together as two black Swans.
An Observation of Lady Liberal's, with more Truth
than many People chuse to agree in, at least in their
Expressions.*

LORD and Lady *Liberal* were now favoured by the Company of Mr. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy*; Mr. *Sweetwood*, who had married the eldest Miss *Probit*, accompanied them with his Lady also; during the Time of their being with the Earl, Sir *William* and Lady *Worthy*, his Son and Consort, the Honourable Mr. *Edward Probit* and his Lady; Sir *Oliver* and Lady *Hearty*, with the honourable Mr. *Henry Probit* and his Consort, were altogether at *Probit-castle*; never was there seen such a Scene of Joy

as at this Meeting, the whole Company unenvying and unenvied; Duty in Children, to their Parents, was manifested in every Look of Chearfulness; Affection from Parents, to their Offspring, shed reciprocally on them again; mutual Desire to please producing mutual Pleasure; it seemed a Company of Beings something more exalted than human Nature produces.

At length Lady *Liberal*, as they were seated at Table, observed, that probably there had not been such an Assembly for Ages. ‘All,’ says she, ‘Parents and Children rendered happy by what the present Manner of Thinking esteems of no Value; that antiquated Passion of Love. Has the Marriage Act, by heaping together Mountains upon Mountains of Treasure, yet given so many Instances of happy Pairs, as are to be found in this House?’

‘Indeed, I am convinced not,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*; ‘I know where it has been extremely fatal; and particularly in one Family, where a Misfortune of the most terrible Nature has lately happened: Indeed I would recount it to the Company; but it must naturally sadden the Hearts of every one present.’

‘Therefore,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘if the Company please we will defer it till To-morrow, and let no one displeasing Idea intervene, to introduce the Sense of Sorrow this Day amongst us.’

This was agreed to, and the Relation put off till the next Morning; the Evening was spent in a Joy that we cannot describe, and are not a little apprehensive may be comprehended, by too many of our superior Readers, who preferring the shining of a Diamond, to the Glance of a Lady’s Eye, cannot easily conceive the Joy which an old Man of seventy can take in pressing the shriveled Hand, and gazing with Delight on the diminished Beauty of a Wife, after more than forty Years Matrimony; a Circumstance which happened many Times that Day to more than one married Pair then present.

C H A P. CXXIII.

Exhibits a Scene of that Likeness which the Manners of a Father beget in a Son; in which a brutal Disposition, the Arts of a Step-Mother, the Easiness of a Father, the Misery of a Daughter, and the Ruin of a Lover, are shewn by way of Contrast to the former Set at Probit-castle; in which People may see whether Love or Money makes the married State happiest.

THE next Morning Mr. Sweetwood began. ‘ Lady Liberal, and my Lord, you know the Person who was my old Rival, Lord Beef, as he was always called. This Man then married a Lady of great Fortune, a Woman of much Delicacy of Sentiment, and beautiful; as he was perhaps the greatest Brute on Earth, he broke her Heart in two Years; however she had given him a Son before that Time.

‘ THIS young Gentleman participating of his Father’s savage Disposition, was bred up in Contempt of all those Qualifications which are esteemed honourable amongst Men, indulged with every unreasonable Desire, and foster’d in Insolence to all Mankind; his Debaucheries were notorious; his Acts of Tyranny daily repeated; his Violation of the poor and friendless Virgin, was the great Joy of his bestial Father.

‘ THIS Child, however, to continue this Family, so illustriously begun, being now one-and-twenty, was desired to marry a young Lady, the Daughter of a Gentleman in *Warwickshire*, who had taken a second Wife. This Woman, proving barren, had conceived an inveterate Odium against all those who ever had had Children, and entertained a mortal Aversion against Miss *Mawson*, the Name of her Daughter-in-law; chiefly because she was to inherit the Estate of her Father; which, if she had brought a Son to this Gentleman, would have been the Heir of it.

‘ *YOUNG Beef* it seems had no Inclination to marry so young ; he therefore told his Father he did not yet choose to tie himself up from a Life of what he called Pleasure, to that Dulness called Matrimony.

‘ ‘Tye yourself up from Pleasure,’ says his Father. I don’t mean you should ; marry this Girl as I did your Mother, because she must have a great Fortune, and follow your Inclinations as much then as before : Who can hinder a Man of your Fortune from doing what he pleases ?

‘ *YOUNG Beef* then made his Addresses, and was well received by the Father, and more particularly so by the Step-mother ; she encouraged his Suit, and instigated her Husband to conclude the Marriage, believing that this Union would soon break the Heart of the young Lady, particularly as she was conscious there was a young Gentleman of inferior Fortune in the Neighbourhood whom she secretly loved : By this means she had entertained Hopes of having the Estate given to her ; and if her Husband, who was elder than herself, should speedily depart, she might set up for a second, and try her Fortune with a younger Man.

‘ *Miss Marwson* was of a tender Soul, susceptible of the most refined and sentimental Passion ; her Lover was of the same Cast in Nature : This she knew would weigh little with her Father, who being advanced in Years, and instigated by his Wife, in whose Power he was, thought Riches the only Thing worth marrying for in this World.

‘ ACCORDINGLY Miss was commanded to receive young *Beef* as a Man whom she intended to wed ; the Remonstrances she made, the thousand Reasons for deferring the Match, the Aversion she had for him, were all urged in vain ; her Step-mother knew that being but eighteen, she could not marry without her Father’s Consent ; this gave her a Power of treating the unhappy young Lady with the most atrocious Behaviour.

‘ POSITIVE were the Commands of Mr. *Marwson* that she should marry young *Beef* ; the Day was appointed, when the Lamb was to be led to the Slaughter.

‘ ONE Day Miss *Marwson* being alone with *Beef*, fell into Tears, and intreated him, if Compassion ever touched his Soul, to have Pity upon a wretched Creature, and desist from intending to marry her. ‘ It is impossible I can love you, Sir,’ says she, ‘ my Heart is already engaged; you may take me as by Violence, but surely this cannot be agreeable to you, and must make me miserable; let me therefore implore you to relinquish the Pursuit of what must end in mutual Misery.

‘ Miss, says *Beef*, I don’t propose marrying your Heart, it is your Estate I marry; and as to your Heart, you may keep it if you please.

‘ THIS brutal Answer improved the Aversion she had conceived against him; yet such was the Resolution of the Father, and Treatment of her Stepmother, that married she must be the following Week; no Tears, nor Prayers, could avert the impending Evil... Intelligence of this Design she found Means to convey to Mr. *Fealty*, whose Heart was bleeding at the Resolution which was taken.

‘ AT the same Time she appointed him a Meeting in the Grove near the House, to which she stole in the Night, the silver Moon lending her Beams to light her to her Lover.

‘ THE Distress which each Bosom felt on this Occasion, the pathetic Expressions which burst from them, the intermingling Tears and Kisses, made it the most interesting Scene that can be imagined. Must I be wedded to this Brute, she cried, devoid of all human Feelings; doom’d to his detested Arms, treated like an inanimate, and kill’d with Cruelty?

‘ No, my lovely *Nanny*, answered *Fealty*; this cruel Usage will justify your flying with me; resolve, and it shall be done. It shall be resolved, says the lovely Creature, Heaven will protect me in this Action, the World will vindicate me; I see already the Eyes of every one pitying my sad Fate.

‘ IT was then determined that every Thing should be prepared by Mr. *Fealty* to rescue this amiable Creature whom he loved, and save her from the Violation

‘ of that Marriage which was to be accomplished between her and young *Beef*.

‘ THIS Resolution the Step-mother foresaw might probably be taken; it induced her therefore to keep a severe Watch over her Daughter-in-Law, lest after being carried away, the Father should be soften’d by her Persuasions, and consent to the Happiness of that Daughter whom she hated.

‘ THE Night came; Miss *Maruſon* was prepared; the Horses were ready near the Grove; and the young Lover determined to risque every Thing for her Preservation: Young *Beef* was in the House, when the watchful Step-mother was informed by Miss *Maruſon*’s Maid, whom she had corrupted to her Interest, that her young Lady was going to meet her Lover, and had prepared for Flight.

‘ THE Moment she had left the House, the Father, young *Beef* and the Servants, were instantly alarmed; and Miss being followed, was soon overtaken with her Lover.

‘ MR. *Fealty*, with undaunted Resolution, opposed himself to the whole Company of Followers, and endeavoured to protect her from being carried back; when at length, overpower’d by Numbers, he challenged young *Beef*. Villain, give me Satisfaction for this Injury you intend to offer to her my Soul adores: If you are a Man, come do me and yourself Justice, Coward, base degenerate Coward; turn and give me Satisfaction, he utter’d in Rage.

‘ IN vain; *Beef* only mock’d his Words with Insolence; he was therefore obliged to see his dearest *Nanny* forced from his Arms, and retire lamenting to the hated Abode of her Step-mother, to be wedded to the Object of her Aversion.

‘ THIS Resolution of her flying with another Man, one would have imagined should have erased all Desire of wedding her, in the Heart of *Beef*; but, on the contrary, he was now ten Times more desirous of it than ever; Tyranny being his Delight, which he intended to exercise in subduing the young Lady; and Spite, which he should indulge by disappointing and

render-

rendering *Faalty* miserable, were two very considerable Motives to this Marriage.

THE next Day, after having been most inhumanly upbraided by her Step-mother for this Resolution of attempting to save herself from wedding what she detested, drown'd in Floods of Tears, and never making one Response, she was married to young *Beef*.

THE Day of nuptial Rites was a Day of Horror to her Soul : The Evening came, when her Distress was infinitely increased ; she could not support the Idea of being in the Arms of him she detested ; the Thoughts of his Touch thrill'd her Soul with Aversion. The Hour of retiring being come, she was enclosed in the same Bed with *Beef* ; but such was her Behaviour, the rising Sun beheld her the Virgin she lay down.

DAMME, Madam, says *Beef*, are not you my Wife ?

No, I am your Slave, you are my Master ; but my Soul has never consented to be your Bride, nor ever shall.

DAMME, says *Beef*, I suppose *Faalty* would not have been treated in this Manner.

NAME him not, says she, he is all I love, and you are all I detest.

ENRAGED with this Answer, he swore he would never sleep with her more.

HEAVEN preserve you in that Resolution, answered the Lady.

NOTWITHSTANDING this promising Beginning, she was obliged to retire with him to his Seat ; where he frequented almost a hundred common Girls under her Eyes, which gave her no Pain, as he still kept himself from her.

THERE was in the Neighbourhood a Lady whom this new-married Bride had commenced a strict Friendship with ; here she often spent her Time, and frequently slept in the same Bed with her.

THIS had created a Jealousy in the Head of *Beef*, that she met Mr. *Faalty* in this House, than which nothing was less true : She had never seen him since the detested Hour of her Nuptials. In Consequence of

‘ this Imagination, he had entertained a Hope that he should one Day find them together in a guilty Hour, then get rid of them by Assassination; and thus sate his Revenge on both at one Time.

‘ His Lady then intending to make a Visit, and spend the Night with her female Friend, *Beef*, inflamed with Jealousy, was resolved to steal upon her unawares, and do himself what he called Justice.

‘ In order to execute this, he had bought the Servant of this Friend to his Design; he was to let him into the House, when his Mistress and her female Guest were in Bed.

‘ THE Servant was intirely a Stranger to the Apprehensions of *Beef*, and did not conceive that any Injury would be offered to either of the Ladies, by the Man who was Husband to one of them. The Night being advanced, and the Family in Bed, *Beef* was let in, his Servants staying armed without, when taking a Candle immediately, he repaired to the Room where these Ladies were asleep in one Bed; the first Object which struck his Eyes in entering the Chamber, was a Man’s Hat on the Dressing Table; this confirming him in the Opinion that *Fealty* was in Bed, he rush’d to that Place, and plung’d a Hanger instantly into the Bosom of his sleeping Wife; when attempting to stab her Friend also, she, instantly waking, leap’d from the Bed, and preserved herself.

‘ VILLAIN, she cry’d, what have your barbarous Hands been perpetrating? You have murdered all that is beautiful and virtuous.

‘ WHEN astonished at the Mistake, more than regretting the Action, he cry’d, Damn her, I imagined she had been in Bed with *Fealty*.

‘ INHUMAN Wretch! Cursed Assassin! What Death hath Horrors equal to this inhuman Murder! At which Words he left the House, and taking his Horses, secured himself by Flight, and retired into France without the least Sensibility of his savage Actions.

‘ It seems his Lady had that Day rode to this House in a Hat and black Feather; the latter not being discovered in this Hurry, he concluded that it

‘ was Mr. *Fealty*’s, and that he was in Bed with his
‘ Wife ; this had been the chief Cause of his precipi-
‘ tate Murder.

‘ THE Father of *Beef*, being informed of this Story,
‘ cursed the dead Lady, and called her infamous B—
‘ for having thus deprived him of his Son.

‘ THIS inhuman Act was soon brought to the Ears
‘ of Mr. *Fealty* ; the Anguish of his Soul, on such an
‘ Occasion, will be difficultly expressed ; he came to
‘ the House where the dead Body lay, and threw his
‘ Arms around it ; pressing his Lips to hers, cold and
‘ inanimate, he said, This no brutal Husband can re-
‘ fuse, nor Virtue blame ; then looking on the Wound,
‘ he cry’d, Oh ! beauteous Bosom, where all that Truth
‘ and Tendernefs inspires, dwelt in Perfection ! This
‘ Wound ! This Wound ! pleads thy righteous Cause ;
‘ it says, thy virtuous Love for me was fatal. And
‘ shall thy Murderer escape whilst I have Hands to
‘ execute the Vengeance which my Soul conceives, and
‘ Justice calls for ? No — Nor Earth, nor Seas, shall
‘ hide him from my keen revengeful Search ! Then
‘ lifting up his Hands and Eyes, he cry’d, Hear me,
‘ Heaven ! May every Curse the Skies can shower on
‘ Man, fall on this Head, if e’er my Soul feel Quiet,
‘ or Feet shall find a resting Place, till I have sacrificed
‘ that Villain, thy Husband ? Detested Name ! that
‘ Murderer ! to thy Repose, and my Revenge !

‘ SAYING this he returned Home, and immediately
‘ disposed of his Affairs in a proper Manner for his
‘ Journey ; he then began his Pursuit of *Beef*. This
‘ brutal Being was now arrived at *Paris*, where insen-
‘ sible to the Horror of the Act which he had com-
‘ mitted, and rejoiced at his successful Escape, he had
‘ taken a Mistress, and was living in that same proflig-
‘ ate Manner he had done in *England*. Mr. *Fealty*,
‘ arriving at *Paris*, waited on his Banker, where en-
‘ quiring about *Beef*, he found he was in that City ;
‘ that he had not long since parted with him ; and that
‘ he was gone to the Theatre.

‘ To this Place Mr. *Fealty* immediately followed,
‘ and a Box-door being opened, for his Admission, he
‘ saw *Beef* himself, seated with his Girl ; who turning

about his Head, at the Noise of opening the Door, beheld the Object, which of all the Creation, was the least he liked to see.

THE Sensations of the Minds of these two Men were as different as Thought can conceive; *Beef* trembled with Fear at the Imagination of Mr. *Fealty's* Design, his Soul suggesting the true Reason of his Voyage; the other was in an Agony of Joy at the Expectation of taking momentary Revenge, after the Play. He therefore said to him softly, Villain, have I found you? This very Evening you shall do me Justice, and atone for her you have inhumanly murdered; this Evening decides your Fate or mine.

THIS being overheard by a Gentleman in the same Box, who understood *English*; seeing the Trepidation *Beef* was in also, he immediately left the Seat, and calling to some of the Guards, which are ordered to do Duty at the Theatre, bid them to see each of these Gentlemen to their respective Lodgings, telling them the Reason for his behaving in that Manner.

THAT Night *Beef* left *Paris*, and fled to *Aix* in *Provence*; from whence being again chased by Mr. *Fealty*, he fled thro' the different Cities of *Italy*, still pursued.

No Toil abated the Desire of Vengeance, in his Pursuer; at *Rome* he found *Beef* again, when having bribed the Post-boys, to tell him the Moment of his Departure, he pursued, and overtook him in his Road to *Naples*.

THE Moment *Beef* perceived himself overtaken, he was almost dead with Fear; when *Fealty* bidding the Post-boy stop, he came to the Chaise, and cry'd, Villain, descend and give me instant Satisfaction.

NOTWITHSTANDING this Brute had provided himself with Arms to make Resistance, the Spirit and Cause of Mr. *Fealty* almost deprived him of all Power to use them.

LEAVE your Chaise, says *Fealty*, and take your Sword and Pistols, or I will stab you in the Place you are; nothing shall save you from my Vengeance.

At these Words he came down, when shooting at each other, and missing, due trembling with let.

‘ Eagerneſs of killing, the other through Fear of being killed ; Mr. *Faalty* drew his Sword, and though *Beef* was prepared to defend himſelf, he ran him through the Heart the firſt Thruff ; when *Beef* falling, he again paſt his Sword through his Breaff, ſaying, That for myſelf, the beauteous Boſom, which thy Cruelty tranſixed, gave thee the firſt.

‘ SAYING this he prepared for Safety by Flight, when ſoon reaching the Dominions of *Tuſcany*, flying through *Rome* without ſtopping ; he there reſted a little while, and now wanders from Place to Place, never at Eaſe, continually lamenting the Fate of his murdered Love.

‘ SUCH are the Conſequences of compelled Inclinations ; ſuch the Effect of brutal Education ; and ſuch the Fate of virtuous Love, violated by inhuman and unfeeling Parents.

THE Story being ended, a Sigh ſtole from every Breaff, and a Tear of Pity dropt from every Eye.

THE Bell then ſummoning them to Dinner, they retired to their Repaſt, happy in this Thought, that Felicity in Life had been the Conſequence of each wedding the Object of their free Choice. a genuine Paſſion, uncompelled by that unnatural Power which the Marriage Act has given to Parents.

C H A P. CXXIV.

A ſtrange Phenomenon in Woman ; Lady Liberal refuſes a Preſent of Jewels, and accepts the Money to beſtow it in Charity. Mrs. Plaſtow, her Diamonds, and herſelf, are now firſt brought forward ; her Huſband in the back Ground only. A Viſit from and to Probit-caſtle ; together with a ſmall Touch of genteel Satire, exhibited in a new Light by the Counteſs.

BESIDES the preſent Company at *Probit-caſtle*, which had been rendered happy by the genuine Effects of true Love ; Lady *Liberal* had aſſiſted in communicating Felicity to many others, where that Paſſion had begun, between People of inferior Stations, amongſt the

the Farmers Servants. She had originally refused that Present of Jewels, which the Earl would have presented her after his Marriage, with some View of this kind ; accordingly the Interest of as much Money as would have surrounded the Neck, dangled in the Ears, or glittered uselessly in the Hair, laid out in Diamonds, she gave to young People who married in his Lordship's Estates, and were of good Character ; this provided them with the first Necessaries of Life in a more comfortable Way than they could otherwise have done ; and gave them as much real Content as, perhaps, can be known in any State ; the tenderest Mother, the most dutiful Wife, the cleanest House, and best Management of the Family, were sure to receive annual Rewards from this Lady's Hands, in Presents of Cloathing to them and their Children ; thus Numbers were rendered happy by the Application of the Interest of that Money, which is generally wantoned away in Luxury, and Self-love of the meanest Kind.

THIS Joy was infinitely more heart-felt than blazing in Profusion of Gems : Can *Pit's* Diamond, can all those precious Stones that adorned the Throne at *Indostan*, with all their Lustre, impart to the Mind of Woman that Pleasure, which the shining Eyes of a Troop of Children, to whom she had afforded Food and Raiment, communicated to the Bosom of Lady *Liberal* ?

THESE gave her ineffable Delight, the genuine Consequence of true Humanity.

THE Company were now thinking of returning to their several Abodes ; and as the Happiness in being together was great, the Pain was not less at parting, which was that Week.

THERE was in the Neighbourhood a new married Lady, who had been lately brought into the Country to her Husband's Seat : She was one of your modern true bred Dames, whose Temptation to Marriage was the fine Things which had been presented by her Lover, not young, about forty, who preserved all the Gaiety of fifteen ; and with the Help of a Pencil, Black-lead, and Rouge, made out a tolerable Face, after two Hours Work in the Morning. This Lady had been lately married to this Gentleman of Fortune in the

Neighbourhood, a second Wife; whom the Earl, tho' he never had any Intimacy with him, yet sometimes visited in a ceremonious Way.

THEIR coming into the Country at this Time required that Complaisance of the Earl and Countess; they therefore appointed a Day, and paid this necessary Visit of Politeness. This new Lady was one of those whose Tongues are incessantly in Motion, learned in every Tittle Tattle of a *London* Writer, absorbed in Fashions and Love of Finery; accordingly fancying that good Humour was a prevailing Inducement to be well received in the Country, she almost talked Lady *Liberal* to Death in displaying her Finery; amongst the rest, her Diamond Neck-lace, and Ear-rings, her Bracelets and Egret, were all shewn.

'INDEED,' says she, 'my dear Mr. *Plastow* would give me these Jewels, in spite of all I could say; few Ladies amongst the Nobility have finer, I know they envy them to me, I saw that by their Looks at the *Ridotta*; but why should I give myself Pain upon that Score, since my dear Mr. *Plastow* is determined to shew me the strongest Marks of his Affection, by the genteel Presents he makes me. Has your Ladyship seen many finer Ear-rings than these?' taking them in her Hands, and shaking them to shew their Brilliancy.

'INDEED, Madam,' replied the Countess, 'my own excepted, I know no one who has better; I shall shew you mine when you honour me with a Visit at *Probit-castle*.'

THE Earl smiled at this Answer, and the Lady protested she should not be at Ease till she saw her Ladyship's Diamonds: Accordingly, a few Days improved this Bride's Impatience to so great a Degree, that positively she must go to *Probit-castle*, to see Lady *Liberal*'s Diamonds.

THE Day was fixt, the Guests arrived, when after some Time Mrs. *Plastow* desired the Favour of seeing her Ladyship's Jewels; this was readily granted, when repairing to a Parlour, Lady *Liberal* opened the Door and said, 'There, Madam, are my Diamonds,' pointing to a long Range of young People, from twenty to
thre

three Years old, whom she had assisted in bringing up, and ordered to be at the Castle that Day. 'These are the Gems I boast of; these are all I have; don't you think many of them very large and very fine?'

'I PROTEST, my Lady, I do not understand you,' says Mrs. *Plastow*. Her Ladyship then explained her Meaning, as we have already drawn it up, and Mrs. *Plastow* said, 'it was really immensely droll, and a vastly funny Thought,' not in the least affected with the delicate Touches of Satire which this was designed to convey to a Woman, whose Vanity of being fine, was incommoding her Husband's Happiness, by running him in Debt more than his Estate would allow, in buying her Bawbles.

C H A P. CXXV.

A Stranger returns to Probit-castle; he discovers himself to be Mr. Clinch, whom the Earl and Countess had educated. Time has not erased the Friendship of the Family, nor the Gratitude of the Guest.

NOT long after this Time, a Servant brought a Message to the Earl and Countess, that a Gentleman, a Stranger, with two Servants, in handsome Liveries, was arrived at the Castle, and desired to see his Lordship and Lady *Liberal*.

'DESIRE him to walk in,' says the Earl, 'he has not waited long, I hope.' 'No, my Lord,' says the Servant.

THE Gentleman being introduced, trembled with Pleasure at the Sight of this noble Pair, whom Age had only changed from beautiful to venerable.

'MY Lord and Lady, I fancy,' says he, 'you scarce remember me.'

'INDEED, Sir,' says Lady *Liberal*, and the Earl, 'I cannot recollect your Face.'

'HAVE you no Remembrance, my Lady, of a poor Boy whom your gracious Commiseration took from
'Wretch-

‘ Wretchedness, and educated with much Care and Goodness?’

‘ You are not Mr. *Clinch*, sure?’ says the Countess, ‘ are you, Sir?’ ‘ Yes, Madam, I am that Person come to return you all possible Thanks for your Care of me; to prove that your Goodness to my Distress has never been obliterated from my Heart, and that Gratitude can dwell with Pleasure in this Bosom.’

THE Countess then saluting him, as did the Earl, with great Tenderness and Joy, told him they were extremely glad to see him, and that this Visit was a real Pleasure to them. ‘ Methinks,’ says the Countess, ‘ my Dear, I now begin to discover some Remains of those Features which he had when he was a little Boy, and expressed such sweet Compassion for my Sufferings.’

‘ OH, Madam, mention not that, I beseech you,’ says Mr. *Clinch*. ‘ Indeed, I think he still preserves a Likeness to what he was then,’ says the Earl; ‘ but, Sir, I should never have found you out, because not having heard from you so long, I concluded you were dead.’

‘ I WROTE several Letters, my Lord, which I imagine never came to your Hand,’ said the Gentleman. ‘ Indeed, they did not,’ says the Earl, ‘ or I could not have neglected answering a Man I have always loved, and esteemed; *Lydy*, and I,’ taking her Hand, and smiling in her Face, ‘ have frequently lamented you as no more.’ This was received with a grateful Acknowledgment, and sensible Delight, by Mr. *Clinch*.

‘ BUT, pray, Sir,’ says Lady *Liberal*, ‘ what various Fortune has detained you so long from your native Land, and your Friends?’ ‘ Various, indeed, my Lady,’ replied Mr. *Clinch*, and which I will relate to your Ladyship, and the Earl, during the Time I reside with you; for your Ladyship will give me Leave to claim the old Privilege of this Castle.’ ‘ With infinite Pleasure, Sir,’ answered this Lord and Lady: ‘ Time has not abated our Friendship, any more than it has your Gratitude, Sir; this shall now be your Home as when you were a Boy, and came hither from School to pass the Time away.’

HE then, after thanking them for this Goodness, desired to know what Part of the Family was alive, which he left at the Castle? 'All,' says the Earl; 'all married; all happy; their Children numerous; and promising to be Blessings to them, as their Parents are to me, and my dear *Lydy*.'

'AND Mr. *Lovegood*? says Mr. *Clinch*. He is living the same honest Man you left him, and will be rejoiced to see you,' says the Countess.

THE Hour of dining being come, they repaired to Table; and the Conversation turned upon Things which Mr. *Clinch* remembered with Pleasure, brought back fresh upon his Mind by the Objects around him.

THIS Conversation, though attended with great Delight to those who are engaged in it, probably may not be so agreeable to our Readers; we shall therefore omit it, and close this Chapter.

C H A P. CXXVI.

In which Mr. Clinch recounts the Vicissitudes of his Life since he left the Castle. Africa, Europe, and Asia, make the Scenes of his History. The End propitious, together with his Reflection.

SOME Days after his Arrival, when Mr. *Clinch* had recovered the Fatigue of his Journey, and been visited by the young Family which he left behind him at his quitting the Castle, now grown Men and Women, happy Fathers and Mothers, Lady *Liberal* desired he would relate that Diversity of Fortune which he had intimated to have befallen him since he left *England*.

'My Lady, I will recount it with Pleasure,' he replied. 'When by your Goodness I had been educated a good Scholar, Lord *Liberal*, at my Desire of going Abroad, procured me a Clerk's Place to a Merchant at *Leghorn*; and having provided me with every thing in Abundance, dismissed me with his good Wishes, and Promise of continued Friendship, bidding me be honest: Your Ladyship, I never can forget

‘ forget it, kissed me tenderly; and wishing me all
 ‘ Happiness, dropt a silent Tear, which has since gi-
 ‘ ven me infinite Delight by reflecting on what Interest
 ‘ I had in your Heart.

‘ Soon after embarking in the *Thames* on-board a
 ‘ Ship, which was bound to *Leghorn*, we had scarce
 ‘ pass’d the Straits of *Gibraltar*, when a Storm,
 ‘ which our Vessel was not able to resist, drove us on
 ‘ the Coast of *Africa*. Here we were Shipwreck’d,
 ‘ and every human Creature on board but myself pe-
 ‘ rished.’

‘ THIS Calamity we learnt, only with this Diffe-
 ‘ rence, that you were drown’d also,’ says Lady
Liberal; ‘ since which Time, looking upon you as no
 ‘ more; and no Account having been ever received
 ‘ of your being saved from the Storm, we concluded,
 ‘ not without much Affliction, that you then left this
 ‘ World also.’ ‘ Alas! my Fate, Madam, was for
 ‘ many Years infinitely more deplorable than those
 ‘ who perished in the Waves; Millions of times did I
 ‘ curse the Hour of my Preservation; Millions of
 ‘ times envy their happy Lot who perish’d in Liberty.
 ‘ Yet I must own at first, when I perceived myself
 ‘ safe on-shore, the Idea of Preservation communicat-
 ‘ ed a Joy beyond all Expression to my Heart: This,
 ‘ however, was soon banished from my Bosom; those
 ‘ Men who took me, carried me to *Algiers*, and there
 ‘ sold me as a Slave; here it was your Ladyship will
 ‘ will believe that Life soon became a Torment; and
 ‘ the Fate of those who were shipwreck’d, the constant
 ‘ Envy of my Soul.

‘ My Labour was excessive, doom’d to make and car-
 ‘ ry vast Burthens of Mortar to those who were build-
 ‘ ing my Master’s House; my Shoulders were worn to
 ‘ the Bones; I frequently fainted with Excess of Pain,
 ‘ and Weakness; when without Mercy I was whipp’d
 ‘ to my Toil again: Many times did I resolve to end
 ‘ this miserable Being; but something still seemed to
 ‘ whisper to my Heart that better Days were com-
 ‘ ing, and held my Hand from the rash Act of Sui-
 ‘ cide.’

‘ AT length a Servant of the House told me, that the Daughter of my Master had seen my Distress; and in pity to my Misery, would assist me with Womens Cloaths, and thus endeavour to procure my Escape; that I should learn at what Time an *English* Ship was in the Port, and then she would provide me with this Disguise, and promote my Flight.’

‘ JUDGE what Impression this Account made in my Heart; I thanked her with infinite Gratitude, protested that nothing but Death should efface the Goodness she offered me: She then said that Love was the Cause of this Undertaking in her young Mistress; and she hoped, in Gratitude to this Act, that she might expect to find some Interest in my Affections.

‘ I ANSWERED, that no Heart could be insensible to such celestial Generosity, and that mine should never suffer her Image to be erased from it; that if I succeeded, I would soon be there again concealed in an *English* Vessel, and find some means to carry her away, when she should be my Wife, and prove how much my grateful Soul was capable of loving, and returning this Mercy. She was indeed beautiful, for I had seen her through the Window, and frequently observed her with a Face of Compassion looking on my Miseries as I labour’d.

‘ THERE was now an *English* Ship in the Port, and Intelligence of this being given to my Deliverer, I was provided with the Cloaths of a Female Servant; when finding an Opportunity to dress myself in this Habit, I escaped unobserved thro’ the People of the Family: My Soul trembled within me as I walked along; the Port was in sight; the Vessel before mine Eyes: But, alas! such was my ill Fortune, my Absence was discovered; I was pursued and taken.

‘ JUDGE what was my Horror at this Moment of my being seized; I implored them to put me instantly to death, thro’ Dread of the coming Torture; they dragged me back to my remorseless Master, who demanding from whom I had the Garments

in which I was dress'd, swore he would give me ten thousand Strokes on the Soles of my Feet if I did not discover it.

BOUND by Honour, by Love, by Gratitude, by all that is sacred, as I was, I obstinately refused to answer, and suffered this inexpressible Punishment, unrevealing who had conveyed this Habit to me. Good God! what Pains did I endure, compell'd to work on these Feet which had been beaten to that Degree, the only Remission from Torture was, whilst I fainted with excess of it; still I know not why, amidst my Agonies when Life was Horror only, something suggested happier Moments awaited me; whether this be the common Effect of Hope alone in Man, I know not; but I have been persuaded it was something more in my Bosom.

I WAS now doom'd to the Gallies, and being chained to the Oar with aking Heart, imprecating Vengeance, rowed the *Barbarians* to the Attack of *European Ships*. It was then the Star of better Fortune seem'd to rise upon me; I procur'd my Release from this execrable Situation: A *Spanish Ship*, which the *Moors* attacked, happily proved too strong for us; when the Gally being taken, we were set free, and those who had been our tyrannic Masters, were in their Turn doom'd to Slavery. Judge of my Joy at this Release; yet such was the Anguish of my Heart for what I had suffered, and the Dread of falling again into that execrable State, I never closed my Eyes till we were landed safe at *Cadiz*, where this Ship was bound, and belonged to.

WHEN my Feet first touched the Earth, what Transport did my Soul conceive! How did I pour my Thanks to Heaven for the Deliverance! Naked as I was, my Soul was filled with Rapture; destitute of all Things I seem'd to want nothing. Such were my Sensations at touching the hospitable Shores of *Spain*; yet for many Years I never closed my Eyes without being haunted by the return of my past Slavery. During the four Years of my Captivity I had learnt, amongst my Fellow-slaves, who were *Spaniards*, the Language of *Spain*, and spoke it well.

' At my landing at *Cadiz* the Merchant who was Owner of the Ship which delivered me from the Hands of these *Barbarians*, finding I had been well educated, and that I understood Merchants Accompts, inclined to take me into his Business; particularly as I should be useful to him in writing *English* Letters.

' AND why did not you write to me then,' says Lady *Liberal*. ' Madam, I cannot say,' he answered. ' You had some Reason sure,' says the Countess. ' I must tell you the Truth; I had written several Letters from *Barbary*, and having received no Answer, I concluded you were dead; and, therefore, declined that Duty which I owed you.

' WITH this Gentleman I lived happily, and increased in Esteem: he found me honest, and gave me Confidence. I would have revisited *Algiers*, as I had promised my intended Deliverer; but had not Means to effect it: Alas my Misfortunes had not yet reached the Goal. Don *Lopez* was old, and his Wife was young; she had frequently beheld me with an Eye which signified more than I desired to know: To shorten this Account, she loved me, and found means to declare her Passion for me.

' THIS Discovery was the Cause of much real Pain to me: I had received such distinguished Marks of Favour from my Master, that none but a Man, lost to all Sense of Gratitude, could indulge a single Thought of injuring him in so essential a Point as that of violating his Bed. I knew, at the same time, his Wife, who was beautiful, would never bear the Idea of her Charms being neglected, and the Offers of her Person contemned.

' THESE Affronts few Women of any Nation bear, and the high spirited *Spanish* Ladies the least of any: However, I was resolved, let what would be the Event of it, not to injure the Man who had treated me with such excessive Goodness. I therefore, without rejecting the Distinction which his Lady intended me, delayed the Hour of Assignment, and positive Answer.

' NOTHING is so subtle as a *Spanish* Woman's Soul; she instantly foresaw my Design; being stung to the Heart

Heart with this Contempt of mine for her Beauty and Affection, the Thought of having laid herself open to my Discovery, and the Dread of my revealing it, adding a farther Incentive; she herself began with informing my Master, that I had made Overtures of Love to her.

‘ **INRAGED** as Don *Lopez* was on this Occasion, I met his Anger with much Firmness, and apparent Innocence; I defended myself well from what he urged against me; I assured him that this must come from my Enemies; and that his Lady would do me the Justice to clear me from all Intention of that kind; and that his Goodness to me would never have permitted my Heart to entertain an Idea of that base and criminal Nature.

‘ **THIS** Lady then finding I did not retaliate her Injustice, began to abate in the Vigour of her Pursuit, and Resentment a little subsided; however, it was impossible I could tarry with Don *Lopez*; a *Spanish* Heart, once touched with the livid Colour of Jealousy, is never washed free from that Stain again; and I was determined not to destroy his future Peace by revealing his Lady’s Behaviour: All my Hopes of Partnership in this House were now at an End, and my parting from it was resolved; notwithstanding which, not being dismissed on dishonest Terms, Don *Lopez* recommended me to Don *Antonio Pérez*, who had vast Dealings in *Mexico*; this Gentleman, who knew my Character, asked if I would settle in *New Spain*, there you may make your Fortune in a few Years, as I believe no one will discover that you are not a Native of this Country, by your manner of speaking the Language: That Circumstance, however, you must keep secret, or it will prove fatal to you.

‘ **THUS** instructed I left *Spain*, and arrived safe in *Mexico*, where being indulged with great Commissions from the Gentleman who sent me, and from many others who approved of my Conduct; I soon became rich, and thought of sending my Effects, by degrees, to *Europe*, and return to *England*, to spend my remaining Life in quiet.

‘ As I was busied in contriving the best Method, and entertaining my Imagination with the Thoughts of revisiting my native Land in Splendor, walking in the Evening in an Avenue which was divided from a Garden walled round, I heard the most musical Voice that had ever touched my Ears, singing a plaintive Song, and by listening attentively, I perceived she was without Company; the Manner of the Singing inclining me to be of that Opinion, as it seemed more to ease a Heart in solitary Anxiety, than for the Entertainment of Company.

‘ I KNEW this was the Garden of the Viceroy, belonging to a little House where he generally kept his most favourite Mistress, to which he frequently retired to pass away the Evenings in her Arms.

‘ NOTWITHSTANDING this, and the Danger which attended it, such was the Eagerness of my Curiosity, I was determined to obtain a Sight of this Fair-one, though it could be only by Moon-light, that Luminary then rising with full Orb.

‘ ACCORDINGLY I climbed that Tree in the Avenue which was nearest the Arbor in which she was sitting, as I learnt from her Voice, and there impatiently expected the Moment when she would quit her Seat.

‘ NOT many Minutes gave her to my Eyes, beautiful as your Ladyship when I left *England*; and indeed I thought she resembled you.

‘ HER Hair was black; her Eyes, sparkling even by that Light; her Shape the easiest, and her Motion the most graceful as she walked along the Grass.

‘ LADY *Liberal*, and the Earl, smiled at this Description. ‘ Bless me,’ says the Countess, how handsome I was, once!’

‘ MY Heart felt then the first Influence of Love, the former had been only Gratitude; I spoke softly when she returned; Fairest Maid. Oh! listen to the Vows of one who dies for you! who conceives no Danger great that can propose a Probability of being blessed with your Regard.

‘ THIS stopp’d her Feet, and casting her Eyes upon me, she said, I am unhappy ; but how will you relieve me ? I am doom’d to all I hate ; but you have not Power to extricate me from that Difficulty.

‘ I THEN told her there was nothing I would not undertake for her Deliverance. She then implored me to depart immediately, for nothing could preserve my Life if I was discovered ; I withdrew, telling her that the next Evening should bring me there about Midnight.

‘ THE Time came, and she told me that her Lover was constant in his Visits to her every other Night ; his Jealousy, says she, is beyond all Conception ; he knows I detest him, wherefore I am never permitted to behold any Creature, but one old Negro Man and one old Woman, who live in that House, the Garden is the only Place in which I am suffered to walk, which I do those Evenings alone, when my Keeper comes not to visit me ; henceforth I shall convey my Sentiments to you by Letter.

‘ I WROTE all that a Heart truly inspired with Love can suggest to a Lover’s Imagination ; at least I thought so ; this I threw with a Piece of Silver tied to it as a Weight only, into the Garden, which she immediately received, and read with Pleasure.

‘ THIS Epistle she answered, and threw it me in the same Manner, the next Night but one ; in this Letter she informed me, that the next Morning she was to return to the City to hear Mass, when she should be in a Chapel on the South-side of the Church dedicated to the holy Virgin, where she should be glad to see me, and be more acquainted with my Person, which was not yet well enough known, by Moon-light, to engage her in all I wished her to undertake ; or discover whether I possessed what she desired to find in me.

‘ IMPATIENT for the Hour, dress’d to the best Advantage, I repaired to this Place of Rendezvous ; when entering the Chapel, I dropt on my Knees trembling, by the Side of a Lady covered with a

‘ Veil,

‘ Veil, whom I suspected to be her; there whilst
 ‘ feigning great Enthusiasm of Devotion, Heaven for-
 ‘ give me this Hypocrisy, directing my Hands and
 ‘ Eyes to Heaven, she took an Opportunity of lifting
 ‘ her Veil, and shewing me the finest Face these Eyes
 ‘ have ever beheld.

‘ THAT Passion which I believed before could re-
 ‘ ceive no Increase, was now become infinitely aug-
 ‘ mented; I scarce had Power to raise myself from
 ‘ my Knees, and follow her with my Eyes as she went
 ‘ from her Devotion: It was with the utmost Diffi-
 ‘ culty I forbore pursuing and speaking to this cele-
 ‘ stial Creature; to this Hour I am at a loss whether
 ‘ wonder made me dumb and immoveable, or Discre-
 ‘ tion withheld me from that Rashness.

‘ I HAD Reason to believe my Person was not
 ‘ disagreeable to her, because she beheld me with
 ‘ a Smile of Approbation when she disclosed her Beau-
 ‘ ties.

‘ MY Impatience of seeing her again was become
 ‘ extravagant; that Evening was destined to her
 ‘ Keeper: I was therefore obliged to live till the suc-
 ‘ ceeding Night, an Age, till I was confirmed in what
 ‘ I wished, feared, believed, and doubted, a Million
 ‘ of times, during the tumultuous Interval.

‘ THE Evening came; I was just to my Appoint-
 ‘ ment; a Letter was thrown me; she tarried no
 ‘ longer; and I, deprived of seeing her I adored, hur-
 ‘ ried to the City where I might read the Contents;
 ‘ the very Dread of which made me tremble to the
 ‘ Soul, as I concluded her not chusing to converse
 ‘ with me was a Proof of her Dislike.

‘ BUT, alas! I was deceived; in this Epistle she
 ‘ told me that my Person was what she approved of;
 ‘ that her Soul was tired with being chained to the
 ‘ shrivel’d Embraces of the Viceroy; his Touch is
 ‘ like the icy Hand of Death, and thrills me through
 ‘ with Horror; therefore if any Means can be con-
 ‘ trived to free me from this horrid Slavery, I am
 ‘ ready to undertake it with you, and even fly the
 ‘ World to fly from him I hate. This she expressed
 ‘ in her Letter.

‘ I WAS now to be permitted to pass the Wall; if I could find any Device which could give me that Felicity; Love is full of Expedients; he assisted me; I made of black Silk, in the Form of a very strong Netting, something which might reach from this Tree to the Garden Wall, to one End of which, fastening Iron-hooks, I tied the other to the Body of the Tree, and thus passed over it, like a Bridge to the Top of the Wall; I preferred this Method to that of a Ladder, as less discoverable by any Person who might pass that Way: When I had arrived thus far, I fastened another Contrivance made of Silk, in the Fashion of a Ladder on the Top of the Wall; when the Lady holding the lower Part, which I directed her first to turn round a Tree, I easily descended to the Garden.

‘ JUDGE what I felt at this Instant; when pressing her in my Arms, I tasted those Lips which I had despaired ever to touch till that Moment.

‘ IN the Bower she related to me all her Anxiety, and dreaded Manner of living, secluded from all Conversation but that which a detested old Woman, and more detested Man, whose tottering Steps, and impotent Lasciviousness, the Bane of all amorous Passion, can afford me; here I walk whole Nights, lamenting my unhappy Condition; and as my Escape is conceived to be impossible, I am indulged in Solitariness, and no one will distrust that you are in the Garden, she said.

‘ WE then vow’d ten thousand Vows of mutual Fidelity, and I hasten’d to procure all Things necessary for our Departure, when I might relieve her from this hated Abode. Alas! I loved her to Excess.

‘ THUS repeating these Evenings, when her Keeper came not, in her Arms, not criminally, I tasted joys immortal, inflamed with Hopes of future Bliss. My Effects were, by this Time, chiefly remitted into Spain; our Resolution was taken to fly by different Roads to *La vera Cruz*, where by my Orders, a Ship lay ready to sail the Moment we should arrive.

‘ THE Night but one before the intended Flight, whilst I was enjoying the delicious Minutes with this amiable Creature, our Souls void of Suspicion, conversing on our approaching Transports, who should surprize us in this Harbour, but the Viceroy himself; Death would have imparted less Terror to my Soul; I now saw I must be deprived of what I loved more than Life; she, trembling, fell fainting into my Arms; he drew his Scimiter, of which I easily disarm’d him; adding, that if he spoke one Word, or demanded any Assistance, that Instant I would plunge it in his Bosom.

‘ TERRIFIED at this Design, he was silent; I then bound him with a silken Rope which I had in my Pocket; and stopping his Mouth, I prevailed on this lovely Woman to ascend the Ladder, which she did; I then followed her. When arriving to the City of *Mexico*, we prepared for instant Flight; but swift as we fled, aided by Love, we were yet overtaken; I saw her ravish’d from my Arms for ever. Oh! Anguish beyond Utterance!

‘ IT seems the Viceroy had that fatal Evening determined to surprize his favourite Mistress with a Visit; and as he always came unattended but with one Servant, he had stolen softly into the Garden, to meet unexpectedly this Idol of his Heart; here he found us; here began our Scene of Misery.

‘ SOON after we fled, the Servants finding he tarried later in the Garden than usual, and coming to call him to his Repast, found him in the Manner I left him.

‘ IN Consequence of this Design, my Fate was Condemnation to the Mines: The Lady, such was his Passion for her, was again confined to that Prison, where the Vice-roy, upbraiding her with Ingratitude, yet loving her to Excess, at the same Time hating himself for that Passion, constantly visited her; Despair soon finished her Days in this Confinement.

‘ IN the Mountains of *Mexico* I was employed to dig the Silver Ore, to wash it, and mix the Quick-silver with the Metal; my Life would soon have terminated

‘minated in this Employ, which was now my only
 ‘Consolation; my Hopes of Freedom having entirely
 ‘forfaken me: But the Viceroy dying soon after this
 ‘Lady, a Friend, who loved me much, and succeeded
 ‘to that Honour till another was appointed from *Spain*,
 ‘freed me from this Slavery, and brought me back to
 ‘*Mexico*.

‘THIS Gentleman had but one Daughter, the Heir-
 ‘ess of immense Possessions; he had always entertained
 ‘a favourable Opinion of my Heart, and imagined I
 ‘would make a kind Husband, which the *Spaniards*
 ‘seldom prove to those they wed: He had an infinite
 ‘Tenderness for his Daughter; and as I had fre-
 ‘quently entertained him with Accounts of *English*
 ‘Wives, and their Manner of living, he had conceived
 ‘a Thought of one Day settling his Daughter with
 ‘me, and fixing her in *England*. The young Lady
 ‘was beautiful; and though I confess the former Pas-
 ‘sion was not yet erased from my Soul at his offering
 ‘me his Daughter, induced by her Fortune I married
 ‘her.

‘THE Charms of her Person, and Sweetness of her
 ‘Disposition, won upon my Soul, and soon made me
 ‘fond of her to Excess. My dear *Antonietta*! my pro-
 ‘posed Bliss, was frustrated there also.

‘AFTER we were married, her Father, who had
 ‘formerly resolved we should sail for *Europe*, and set-
 ‘tle in *England*, could not now bear the Thoughts of
 ‘parting with his only Child; we loved each other
 ‘extremely; she was full of Duty, and I of Gra-
 ‘titude; we tarried, and she expired in her first Child-
 ‘bed.

‘HER Father did not long survive this darling Child;
 ‘when dying, he bequeathed me two hundred thousand
 ‘Pounds, more than one half of which being remitted
 ‘to *England*, I am now come to enjoy, and let the rest
 ‘follow, if it can.

‘THIS is my Story; which shews, that at the End
 ‘of the thorny Paths of Affliction, stands the Temple
 ‘of Reward; and that, though the Way be craggy,
 ‘difficult, and winding, there is Success affixed by Pro-
 ‘vidence for those who persevere with Patience.’

C H A P. CXXVII.

Love in old Age ; and Duty in Children. Lady Liberal conceives a Presentiment of her approaching End : Her Letter on that Account, and another Paper. She dies. The Earl's Distress ; and that of his Progeny, Family, and Tenants. Grief will not permit him to taste Sustenance. He dies also ; his last Words to his Children ; his Burial. Universal Affliction reigns over the Hearts of all present.

THIS History being concluded, Lady *Liberal* and the Earl sincerely welcomed him from so many Escapes, and so happy an Event : Mr. *Clinch* then taking a very large Diamond from his Pocket, set in a Ring, desired the Countess to accept it as a small Token of that Esteem and Duty which he owed her Ladyship ; Lady *Liberal* received it with Pleasure, answering, ‘ That it it should be preserved in the Family as a Remembrance of Gratitude in the Person who presented it.’

MR. *Clinch* then bought an Estate in the Neighbourhood, determining to spend the Remainder of his Days near this Family, to which he thought himself so much indebted, and which he loved so well : Indeed, before he came to *Probit-castle*, he had entertained some Hopes that both the young Ladies were not married, and that one of them might be destined to make him happy ; this, however, he was deceived in, their Felicity had been long fixed in the Arms of those whom we have already related, where reciprocal Passion beamed from Breast to Breast, the purest Rays of Love.

THE Earl and Countess now grew old apace, and yet in their Behaviour to each other, there was the same Tenderness and Affection which accompany the young Hours of Love in the fondest Pairs. Neither this Lord or Lady ever saw each other enter the Room without a manifest Pleasure smiling in their Countenances ; and the Earl would frequently kiss Lady *Liberal's* Hand, pressing it to his Lips with Ardour, she smiling with Joy at the same Time.

It was a Sight, delicious as the Land to starving Mariners, to see this Pair, his Lordship at eighty-five Years old, her Ladyship seventy-three, walking Arm in Arm in the Sunny-walks of the Gardens, with all the Affection which attends Youth, gazing with Delight on each other. Our first Parents scarce gave such an Idea of Happiness before the Fall; the venerable and complacent Countenances of this Man and Woman told the Beholders they had never broken the Commands of Heaven, or tasted interdicted Fruit, secure in Paradise beyond all Power of falling.

It was now their Grand-children were learning the same Lessons at *Probit-castle*, which had been taught their Parents; Reverence, and Love attended all their Behaviour.

My Lord *Probit* himself, as well as his Brothers and Sisters, such were the unfashionable Ideas of this Family, grew every Day more apprehensive for the declining Lives of their Parents. These Children had never entertained an Idea that their Parents lived too long: The Estate and Fortune of the Family was the Object that least engaged their Consideration: Indeed they were, in Effect, their own already; and Lord *Probit* took infinitely more Delight in beholding his Father and Mother revered and esteemed by all Mankind, than the Addition of the Title could have communicated to him.

THE Company of their Children was now more frequent than ever at the Castle; the Grand-children increased the Number and Delight of the Family: Desire of seeing and enjoying each other as much as possible, was the Cause of their being almost continually at this delicious Seat.

MR. *Sweetwood* and Lady *Flimsy* were still alive, and had been blessed in pursuing the same Method which had given Happiness to the Earl and Countess, and were the Darlings of *Worcestershire*, as these were of *Devon*.

LADY *Liberal*, in as perfect Health as more than seventy-three Years could give, was strongly touched with a Presentiment of her approaching End; this, as she was under no Apprehensions on her own Account,

she was determined to conceal from the Earl, and her dear Progeny, who she knew would suffer greatly on that Occasion.

HOWEVER, she was resolved to write a Letter to Lady *Flimsy*, with her own Hand; she had lately made Use of Lord *Probit's* eldest Daughter for her Secretary. This Letter we shall give our Readers.

M A D A M,

THE great Friendship in which we have ever lived together has made no small Part of my Happiness; at present something tells me that the Period of that Felicity is near expiring, by my being soon to be removed from this World; for this Reason I have resolved to take my Leave of you in this Epistle with my own Hand.

I wish you the Continuation of that Joy which has ever accompanied you and Mr. Sweetwood, not doubting, in the least, the renewing our Friendship in those Mansions, where no Diminution or End awaits the Joys of Immortals. Adieu! my dear Friends, till that blissful Hour arrives.

I am,

Most affectionately,

Your most humble Servant,

LYDIA LIBERAL.

It was the Custom of the Countess and the Earl to sleep after Noon; the Repast of Dinner was concluded, and the Family being there, Lady *Liberal* withdrawing to her Couch, kissed his Lordship, and then the whole Family, concluding again with the Earl; expressing some Emotion on this Occasion. 'Pray, what is the Cause of this Kiss?' says the Earl. 'You shall know when I return,' says her Ladyship.

SHE then retired to her Closet, in which was her Couch, and the Earl retired to his, to repose themselves a little, and give old Age that Refreshment which it wants.

HEA

HER Servant had laid her down, and was retiring, when her Ladyship said, ‘ *Agnes*, I wish you well.’ She then composed herself to Rest. His Lordship also was soon fallen into a sweet Sleep, on his Couch, in his own Apartment.

IT had not been more than half an Hour, when the Earl rung the Bell in great Hurry; and Lord *Probit*, being near the Apartment, ran to the Summons. ‘ My Child,’ says the Earl in entering, ‘ where is your Mother?’ ‘ Asleep, my Lord,’ says the Son. ‘ Heaven protect her,’ says the Earl, sitting up and pouring forth Tears in great Abundance.

‘ WHAT afflicts you in this Manner, Sir?’ says Lord *Probit*, trembling at the unusual Sight. ‘ That dear Woman, *Lydia*, my Wife, your Mother, this Moment stood before me, and waving her Hand, said, ‘ Adieu! my Life, adieu! I go to prepare the Abode, where you shall quickly follow; saying this, she left me, smiling.’

‘ It is a Dream, my Lord,’ says Lord *Probit*, ‘ compose yourself.’ ‘ Ah! do,’ says the Earl, ‘ go, bid some one tread softly to her Couch. She is dead! my Soul tells me she is dead! Let me be satisfied?’

LORD *Probit* then rung for the Servant, and desired him to bid his Mother’s Woman step softly to her Couch, and see whether she was yet sleeping. Mrs. *Agnes*, then going to the Couch, found Lady *Liberal* was expired in the very same Posture she lay down, without one Muscle discomposed.

HER Shriek proclaimed it to the House, the general Lamentation told it to the Earl; Grief reigned in full Power over every Bosom.

ON a Table in Lady *Liberal*’s Closet, lay the Letter which she had written to Lady *Flimsy*, not yet sealed; and on another Piece of Paper these Words, which she had written before she lay down.

‘ I HAVE embraced you, my dear Lord and Children, as a last Farewel and parting Kiss, convinced from something, which tells my Heart, I lye down to sleep to wake no more, satisfied with living, and thankful to my God who has given me the greatest Bliss that Heaven bestows on Mortals; I implore his Mercy on my-

‘ self, the Continuation of his Blessings on my dear Family: And, oh! all gracious Father, soften the Afflictions which my dear Husband will feel on this Catastrophe!’

THE News was quickly spread through the Parish, when every Farmer, common Labourer, and their Families, as if the End of all Things was at hand, without knowing why, deserted their Work, and wept abundantly; the young Women cried, ‘ Their more than Parent was dead.’ Every Master of a Family came to know how the Earl was after this Loss; they all concluded that he could not survive it, they knew his Affection for his Lady would finish his Days also.

NOTHING was omitted which could administer Comfort to his Lordship; nay, he himself affected to feel little on this Account, with Design to alleviate the Sorrow of his Family. ‘ Now I can positively pronounce,’ says he, ‘ that *Lydia Probit* was a virtuous Woman, her Death has put it beyond the Reach of Fate to change that Truth. How few Men have that Happiness!’

THE Family also, before the Earl, endeavoured at the Appearance of not grieving excessively; but their Countenances spoke too plainly the Truth of what they wished to disguise.

THE Night was sleepless to the Earl; the Day pass’d without being able to taste one Morsel of Food; Nature was failing, and he, charmed with the Thoughts of following his dear *Lydia*, perceived that his Heart began to intermit through Want of Sustenance; he therefore sent for all the Family to his Room, his own Progeny and Servants.

WHEN sitting in his Chair, he spoke to them in this Manner.

‘ MY Children ye have been all Witnesses that Heaven, through my whole Life, has distinguished me with its peculiar Favour, in granting me the greatest earthly Happiness; nor is my Dissolution less a Proof of its immediate Mercy. The God of all has heard my Prayers, which have been daily offered to his Throne, that one Urn might, at one Time, enclose the Dust of *Lydia*, my dear Wife, and me.

‘ THIS

‘ THIS World I relinquish without Pain, I have nothing to implore from Heaven more than its Goodness has already granted ; unless it be the Continuance of that Bliss which has been so liberally bestowed upon you.

‘ I THANK my God you have supported the Honour of your Ancestors, and never deserted your Country’s Cause ; neither Titles or Employments have had Power to tempt you from the true Path of Patriotism, to her Ruin. My Daughters, ye are the living Examples of your Mother’s Virtues, your Children are proceeding in the same Way.

‘ My Servants, I now thank you for your long and faithful Service. *Lovegood*, I know not how to express my Esteem for your Behaviour to me and your late Lady, through a long Life of Fidelity, Friendship and Duty.

‘ I INTREAT you all to let Affliction sit light upon your Souls ; I am but passing the Threshold of this World to that of another ; be comforted, my Lamp of Life, thank the Almighty, has burnt long and clear. I leave you all this Legacy, your Father’s Name cannot be mentioned to your Disgrace.

‘ AT this important Minute Heaven vouchsafes my Soul to look forward into future Times, and see a long List of Successors renowned for illustriously supporting the Honour of this Kingdom, to be the Inhabitants of this Abode.

‘ My Son,’ embracing Lord *Probit*, ‘ come to these paternal Arms which never have had Cause to refuse you the most affectionate Embrace ; the same I repeat to you all ; all my Children, Sons and Daughters, those descended from you again, have the same Claim to this Truth and my Fondness.’

AT these Words, a Shower of Tears streamed from every Eye ; the Sorrow of all present was too poignantly sincere ; the Master was forgotten by the Servants in the Idea of the Father.

‘ THIS,’ says the Earl, ‘ is too much ; remember I am a frail Man, and ye are Christians ; support yourselves with Resolution : What do I relinquish more than all Men must ? My Fear is extinct in Hope ; I

'leave you all happy, to taste immortal Bliss. My Son, give me your Hand.'

LORD *Probit* then took his Father's Hand, which was become cold with approaching Death; when the Earl continued looking in his Face, 'My Son, lay me by my dear *Lydia* as soon as this Heart forgets to beat.'— Then looking towards Heaven, said, 'All gracious God, to thee I offer unfeign'd Thanksgivings for the manifold Mercies bestowed upon me during Life; receive my Soul into thy blessed Mansions; and, oh! continue thy divine Goodness to this Progeny around me. Adieu! my Children, I go to meet my *Lydia*. Adieu!'

SAYING these Words, he expired in his Chair, without one Struggle or distorted Feature. Grief now for a while held every Creature mute; their Eyes turned upon each other, expressive of Distress, which neither Tears or Words were equal to the uttering; then on him, who was now no more, till bursting into Tears, they cry'd, 'He is gone, our more than Father's dead. One universal Lamentation filled the House.'

THE Tenants and others, who were at the Castle to learn how Lord *Liberal* supported the Death of his Countess, hearing his Lordship was expired, joined their Tears to the rest with most unfeigned Sorrow.

THEIR Grief did not resemble that loud tumultuous Passion of those whose Houses are ransack'd by invading Enemies; but that Affliction, which, unattended with Disturbance, acquiesces in the Fate without just Cause of Complaint, and yet the Object of which is too dear to be relinquished without the most penetrating Distress.

THE fatal News was spread by the Farmers returning to their own Homes, and the Sorrow was doubled on this Occasion; the passing Bell in every Parish within seventy Miles, told the Inhabitants that Lord and Lady *Liberal* were dead; no Ear heard the Sound without Affliction reaching to the Heart, and all Business was suspended in discoursing on their general Loss.

HIS Lordship was now laid by the Side of his Countess; they look'd even venerable in Death; thousands came to see them; those who had been made happy under

under their Care, those who had been bred from Infancy by their Charity, and those, who, charmed with their Virtues, had made them the constant Object of their Esteem; no Eye beheld them without shedding Tears of sincere Affliction; our Parents are no more, was the general Lamentation.

THE Day of Interment of this noble Pair was now come; not a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood for many Miles was found absent from this Office; all had clad themselves in Mourning expressly on this Occasion; they considered it a Duty due to that noble Lord, whose Lips had never pronounced a Vote in Opposition to his Country's Welfare.

THE Farmers, who had all grown rich under his Lordship's Protection and Goodness, their Wives and Children, were all dress'd in Mourning also.

ALMOST all that were present to attend this Duty descended into the Family-vault. 'There, there——' they said, weeping, 'will lye the Remains of the best and noblest Lord and Lady in the World.' 'I owe all my Possessions to their Goodness,' says one. 'I owe my Life, and being bred to Manhood, to their Charity,' added another. 'Who is there in this Country,' says a third, 'who has not been made happier by some Action of this Lord and Lady?'

It seems the Earl had always requested that he might be carried to his Grave by his Tenants; but as one Coffin enclosed him and the Countess, there was some Apprehension lest both might be too heavy for being borne in that Manner, and it would be necessary to have a Hearse on this Occasion.

THIS Design being known, the poor Men, who looked upon this as the greatest Honour they could receive, beseeched that the Privilege of bearing their noble Patrons to their Sepulchre might not be denied them: 'Here are more than sufficient for ten Times that Weight,' they said.

It was then complied with, and the oldest Man, with streaming Eyes, pressed first to have this Honour; his Son stood next with Vigor to sustain the feeble Steps of his Father; thus the Father and Son, alternately placed, bore

bore the Remains of this Earl and Countess to the Grave, frequently changing, every one desiring to have it to say that he performed some Part of that last Office to his illustrious Benefactors.

A MORE mournful Sight could scarce be offered than to see this long Procession which followed this Pair to their Interment; no Tumult; all was regular; all felt for the Cause of this afflicting Occasion.

THE Sermon was to be preached by Mr. *Trueman*, the Divine whom we have already mentioned, whose Life, had answered to the Duty of his Profession, and the Love of his Parishioners been the Consequence of it; his Reverence for this Lord and Lady was excessive; whilst he was composing the Funeral-oration, his Tears stained the Paper a thousand Times; whilst he was delivering it to the weeping Audience, Sighs and rising Sorrow interrupted him from proceeding every Minute.

AT length, when he came to close his Discourse, which was on the happy Effects of Righteousness and Charity in this Life, he said, 'Before you, lye the Remains of Lord and Lady *Liberal*; whose Hearts and Hands have been for almost an Age employed in seeking Occasions to do good, and performing it.

'Is there a Bosom in this Place unconscious of this Truth? Is there an Eye which has not been Witness of it? In them Nobility received Lustre from Religion, Humanity from Compassion and Understanding, the Friends of human Kind, and Servants of their God; these ye have lost.' — At these Words the Preacher could not proceed, and the Grief of all present was expressed in loud Sobs, for some Minutes.

HE then continued; 'in deploring them we but bewail our own Misfortune; where Happiness knows no Bounds is now their Abode; where the eternal Rewards of Righteousness are distributed, they are present; that God, whose Dictates they have ever obey'd, is now applauding their Actions upon Earth; such it is his gracious Will shall ever be the Lot of those who tread the Paths of Virtue and Religion.'

THE Sermon being finished, this noble Pair of Lovers were deposited in the Vault of the Family, attended with a Sorrow which but too rarely accompanies the Interment of great People: Many tarried weeping over the Place of their Interment the whole Evening; amongst which was the honest Steward, who remained lamenting his Lord and Lady, the Farmers intreating him to return home. 'No,' says he, — 'no. — I did not think I should have tasted this Calamity. Such a Lord and Lady — If I had died before them I had been happy — It will not be long before the Time must come.' — At length he was prevailed on to quit that melancholy Scene, and return to the Castle.

THUS ended the Days of *Arthur* Earl of *Liberal*, and *Lydia* his Countess.

C H A P. CXXVIII.

The Earl's Will and Epitaph. Lovegood's Grief terminates his Days also.

SOME time after the Decease of this noble Pair, his Lordship's Will was opened, where all his Tenants had something left them to buy Mourning; his Servants Annuities to make their last Days comfortable; and many Friends some slight Remembrance of his Friendship in Rings, and other Presents: *Lovegood* had a Legacy of a thousand Pounds, mentioned as a Mark of his Lordship's Esteem for his Integrity.

In the Will was mentioned also that his Monument should be plain, consisting of a Marble Urn, and an Inscription below; this was not to be erected till after the Death of himself, and his Countess. The Words were these:

Sacred

Sacred to the Memory
Of

Arthur and Lydia

Earl and Countess of *Liberal*

Whose Union all gracious Heaven distinguished

With much Happiness,

and a virtuous Progeny.

Content with Life,

And

Thankful to their God

For these Mercies,

They departed this World

— *Anno Dom.* —

The Dates were left to be supplied, and are now placed on their Monument in their Parish-church.

Lovegood's Grief, accompanied with his Age, was too weighty to be long supported; Lord *Probit*, now Earl of *Liberal*, endeavoured, at all possible Ways to divert the Sorrows of this Faithful Servant; but all his Endeavours were fruitless, his whole Time was spent with Mr. *Trueman* the Clergyman, recounting the Circumstances of the Life of the Earl and Countess.

'Do you believe, Mr. *Trueman*,' says he, 'there ever was so amiable a Pair, so happy as my Lord and Lady? How beautiful she was when she arrived to this Castle, the Admiration of all the World; and then her sweet Disposition! Good Heavens! that such People should die; I would rather receive a Smile of Thanks from her, than any Sum from the Hands of other Persons; and this she never failed of giving; so gracious in her Deportment, so tender to the afflicted, so charitable to the distressed, so much the Friend of Virtue, and Enemy of Vice. To see her and my Lord meet each other; what a Pleasure it was to me? Love appearing with such Excess of Affection in their Countenances——such Parents——such Friends——Oh! Mr. *Trueman*——why do I survive to lament their Loss?'

In this Manner every Day was passed, the good Clergyman, endeavouring to appease the Bosom of Mr.

Lovegood, too manifestly declared his own was scarce in a better Situation. At length this faithful Servant yielded to Years and Sorrow; and as his last Request was to be deposited as near as possible to his Lord and Lady, the Earl ordered him to be interred in the Family Vault, convinced that the Ashes of a Man, whose Life was one continued Exercise of Truth, Integrity and Justice, whatever might have been his Birth, cannot contaminate the Remains of those who are nobly born.

FIVE Days after his Interment, his Will was opened, in which he had given his whole Fortune, which was considerable, to his Lord and Lady, if they survived him; if not, it was to be distributed amongst the Family, the Earl being the Heir, and the greatest Favourite, was most distinguished by the Value of the Legacy.

His Loss was much lamented by all the *Probit* Family, and all the Farmers, a Thing not very commonly happening between Stewards and Tenants.

THUS lived and died *Francis Lovegood*, of mean Birth, yet not unworthy the Imitation of his Fellow Creatures, or dishonourable to his Creator.

C H A P. CXXIX.

The Sensation of Lord and Lady Flimsy on the Death of the Earl and Countess; their Conversation on this Occasion.

A Few Days before the Death of the Countess, Lady *Flimsy* had been oppressed with a Sorrow at her Heart, of the Cause of which she could by no Means give any Account. She said to Mr. *Sweetwood*, ' My Dear, I feel a Sensation of Distress in my Bosom which is intolerable; and several Times within these few Days I have wept I knew not why. Heaven preserve Lord and Lady *Liberal*, and our Children! I cannot exclude the former from my Thoughts; I am afraid my Heart sympathises with some Calamity which has befallen them.

‘ INDEED

‘ INDEED my Life,’ says Mr. *Sweetwood*, ‘ I have concealed the same kind of Sensations from you, lest they might have given you Pain ; I have fear’d I know not what, and felt a Dejection which is altogether unusual with me. Heaven protect our Friends from all Affliction ! But we, and they, my dear *Arabella*, have lived long and happy, our Years are such that Life is more extraordinary than the End of it.’

THE Cause of this Sensation was soon explained by a Letter from the Earl of *Liberal*, which gave an Account of the Presentiment of the Countess’s Dissolution in her Letter to her Ladyship, and the Manner in which the Earl expired.

FRIENDSHIP here gave forth its full Tribute of Sorrow. Mr. *Sweetwood* cried, ‘ Heaven grant my *Arabella*, that our Fate may be like that of this noble Pair, whose Virtues have done Honour to Mankind !’

‘ MAY it be the Will of Heaven,’ said the Viscountess, embracing each other.

‘ INDEED,’ says Lady *Flimsy*, ‘ it is a severe Affliction to survive the Loss of dear and old Friends ; every Hour of our remaining Life must feel some Pain on this Account. Are they not happy in going before us, Mr. *Sweetwood* ?’ ‘ Indeed, my Life, I think they are,’ he answered.

‘ I HOPE as that happy Pair seemed to be illuminated with one Soul, and each was extinct at the Expiration of the other, that we, my *Arabella*, may be favoured with the same Blessing ; we have lived in eternal Unison since our nuptial Day ; our Souls have corresponded to each others Thoughts, their Wishes, and Pursuits. May our End be like theirs, or oh ! my Soul,’ embracing her with feeble Arms, and trembling Extacy, ‘ how shall I bear the Loss of thee, or you of me, whose Affliction is so poignant for the Loss of that, which though extremely dear to each, is yet, I am convinced, vastly unequal to that Affection which we bear each other ?’

THE Children of this happy Pair, and their Children, hearing the News of Lord and Lady *Liberal*’s Death, hastened to *Fairland-court*, to divert, as much

as possible, the Sorrows which they knew would attend their Parents on this Account; Earl *Liberal* and the Countess writing to them that they would be present to pay their Duty as soon as possible.

C H A P. CXXX.

The present Earl finds the good Effects of his Father's Virtue; the Enemies of Virtue prove to be his only.

THE Earl being now possessed of the Family Title, his Behaviour was exactly what it had ever been, the direct Copy of his Father's; and his Lady's, in like manner, that of her Mother and Mother-in-Law.

THE Tenants found no Difference in their Lord, the Poor no want of Charity, the Virtuous no Deficiency of Rewards, the Young no Neglect of Goodness and Encouragement; all was conducted as before, and yet nothing could wash the Remembrance of the late Earl and Countess from the Minds of their old Tenants; they blessed the present for the Happiness which they received, and forgot not the Departed, for what they had given; the young Farmers insisted that there never was so good a Man or Woman as the present Earl and Countess; and the old Ones allowed that next to the old Earl and his Countess, these were the best Lord and Lady in the World. This Attachment of old Servants to the Memory of their Father and Mother, communicated vast Pleasure to the Minds of the present noble Pair; as did the Affection also which was shewn by the younger People to them also.

THE Death of the Earl made a Vacancy for Knight of the Shire, and the present Lord *Probit*, being of Age, his Father designed him to represent his County.

AT the same Time Sir *William Whipstich*, and Sir *Humphry Venal*, being both strongly in the M—— Interest, and flattered by Excise-men, Customhouse Officers, and Presbyterian Parsons, imagined they had Interest enough to carry an Election for the County, and therefore joined their Interest with a Gentleman

just

just of Age, who had a large Estate, to oppose Lord *Probit* in his Election.

THIS Design irritated the Souls of every Freeholder in the County, excepting those whose Dependence was immediately from the M———.

‘ Do these corrupted Placemen and Fanatics imagine that the Death of Earl *Liberal* succeeded by so worthy a Lord, can ever be forgotten, or his Interest diminished? No, they shall find that his Memory, and our Love to the present Lord, shall never be influenced by any lucrative Considerations; and that we can distinguish between those who have laboured to destroy, and those who have laboured to save their Country;’ was the general Voice.

ACCORDINGLY the Day before the Election, the Earl, attended by every Gentleman of Estate in the County, came to the City of *Exeter*, whither every Man of forty Shillings a Year had travelled; many fifty Miles on Foot, to vote for Lord *Probit*; except the following, Sir *William Whipsitch*, Sir *Timothy Venal*, their Candidate, and their Dependants, the Customhouse Officers, Excise-men, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independants, Anabaptists, and their Teachers, Recelvers of the Land-tax, and a few others of the same Stamp; these finding how infinitely superior the Friends of the Earl were to theirs; and knowing that tho’ getting an Election by Scoundrels may be countenanced by Success, that losing it in such Company is no small Ignominy, relinquished the Design, and gave this noble Lord no Trouble on the Day of the Poll.

THUS ended the Attempt of this corrupted Posse, to defeat the Interest of Probity and Honour; and thus may all be defeated who oppose their Country’s Welfare.

C H A P. CXXXI.

The good Effects of a virtuous Life descend to Posterity, exemplified in Boys, as well as the bad Ones to those of a different Life.

AT this time the youngest Son of the Earl of *Liberal*, and of Sir *William Whipsitch*, were at *Tiverton* School; and as Boys will be imitating Men, the same Opposition began in the young Hearts of their Sons, that appeared in the Actions of their Fathers; with this Difference only, that as the Minds of Children are much honeſter than thoſe of grown People, and the Love of Virtue holds ſtronger Influence on their Minds and Actions, there was not a Boy of the whole School who would appear in Company with young *Whipsitch*; Reverence for the Characters of the late and preſent Earl, drew the whole Company to the Side of young *Probit*, the Son of the Land-tax Collector excepted, who living in the Town was commanded by his Father to behave in that Manner.

THE other, however, with this ſolitary Companion, and a great deal of that alert Self-ſufficiency, which ſo unhappily diſtinguiſhed his Father, had ſaid ſome Things reflecting on the Honour of the *Probit* Family, a known Lye, a pure Invention of his own; this had irritated the whole School in ſuch a Manner, that they all vowed Vengeance on him; but young *Probit* interpoſing, ſaid to his Friends, ‘ I inſiſt upon your not reſenting this Uſage of *Whipsitch*, as I am honoured with your Friendſhip, he will conſider this Behaviour as an Inſult of Numbers, upon two, an Account which you and I ſcorn.

LET me, therefore, demand the Reaſon of his ſaying, what he has ſo diſreſpectfully uttered againſt my Family; and if he refuſes to give me Satisfaction, or deny it, you ſhall ſee I will treat him as he deſerves.’

SCHOOL Hours being finiſhed, and the Boys in the Court before the Houſe, *Probit* bade his Followers tarry

tarry behind, and went alone to young *Whipstitch*, to ask him what he meant by throwing Reflections on his Family; 'Sir,' says he, 'you know how easily I could make Reprisals for the Lyes which you have uttered, and by telling Truth throw an Ignominy upon your Family, which nothing can remove; but I hold in Contempt such unmannerly Attempts; however, though I do not chuse to return Slander for Slander, I insist on your asking my Pardon, or giving me Satisfaction by fighting me.'

'WHAT with all the School on your Side,' replied *Whipstitch*. 'This I imagined would be urged as an Objection by you,' answered *Probit*, 'but I will tell you apart where you and I will meet and decide this alone.'

'How do I know you will come alone?' says *Whipstitch*.'

'You shall have my Honour for it,' replied *Probit*.

THIS was not thought convenient to be trusted to by the other, 'Then you shall take a Slap in the Face,' he continued, and charging his Company not to come near him on any Account, he struck him a Blow on the Face; Courage was wanting to the Baronet's Son, and no Return being made, he said, 'I perceive you are like all other Boys, who are Lyars, a Coward also: Henceforth speak not ill of my Family, if you value your Ears and Nose.'

HAVING said this he returned to his Company, when they asked him why he had not lick'd him heartily. *Probit* replied, 'The next Disgrace to being a Coward was beating a Coward.'

THUS the Love of Truth and Virtue, the Esteem for generous Actions, and Wisdom, descend from Father to Son, and make the Happiness and Reputation not only of those who first raise the Character, but their Descendants for many Generations, such is the Ordination of Heaven, that the Children of Virtue shall reap the Reward of their Parents Righteousness, and the Sons of the Iniquitous be visited for the Sins of their Fathers.

C H A P. CXXXII.

A Sense of Gratitude in the Hearts of People of plainer Understandings, towards superior Virtue.

THE Monument for the late Earl and Countess of *Liberal* being made in *London*, according to the Will, as already mentioned, and erected in the Parish Church, great Numbers of People came to visit it, and all expressed their Dislike of it.

THE Farmers beheld it with a double Grief; one, that it reminded them of so illustrious and virtuous a Pair who were now no more; and the other, that so mean a Monument was placed to commemorate their Excellencies.

‘ I COULD not have imagined,’ says an old Tenant, ‘ my Lord would have shown so little Regard to his Parents, the best of Men and Women; is this that is written on this Stone, sufficient to tell the World what they possess’d? Such a Lord and Lady with so little said in their Praise: Well, my Heart shall never forget their Goodness——it aches to see how soon——I must not speak; they are in Heaven; and no Praise can be sufficient for their Deserts, or increase their Happiness.’

ALL the Parish and Country were of the same Opinion, and a certain Coolness appeared in their Faces, which the Earl could not explain; he therefore employed Mr. *Trueman* to discover the Cause, which being easily found, his Lordship was pleased with the Sense of these honest Men, and intrusted the Will of his Father into the Clergyman’s Hand, to be read by all who chose it, assuring them, at the same time, that he should, without that express Command of his Father, have erected a Monument becoming the Lives and Actions of such Parents; that notwithstanding this Injunction, he had ordered a Statue of his Father to be made by Mr. *Collins* in *London*, which was to be placed in the Temple of Fortitude by the Side of Lady *Liberal’s*, and Basso Relievs of the most remarkable Passages of their Lives to be carved on Marble, and to line the Inside of the Building.

THIS satisfied the Minds of the Tenants and others; hither they frequently repaired, and traced the virtuous Actions of the Earl and Countess in the Sculpture.

IN the upper Range of Pieces, which surrounded the Temple, were carved the most distinguished Events of the Countess's Life, before she was wedded to the Earl, in which his also were intermixed as far as related to the Voyage.

OVER these Parts the grateful Tenants, and all the Parishioners ran their Eyes with infinite Delight.

'How great was the Distress of this charming Lady! What Injustice she suffered! What Virtue graced this noble Person!' were the Exclamations: then 'How just was Heaven in thus rewarding such superior Goodness!' they cried, whilst the Tear-washed Eye surveyed the severe Trials which this deserving Lady sustained in her Youth.

THE second Range contained the generous Actions of the Earl, and his Lady after Marriage; here the Gazers traced their own Stories in the figured Marble with Delight.

'SEE my Lord in this, giving the Labour of Age, the Reward of full Vigour,' says one.

'HERE,' says another, 'is Mr. *Lovegood* by my Lord's Orders, lending me Money, to increase my Stock, which enables me now to live at Ease in my older Days: For ever blessed be his Name for that Goodness. In this Piece,' says a Farmer's Wife, 'See with what Sweetness my Lady is rewarding me when young, for having behaved according to her Liking; I shall never forget the Day.'

AND in this, says another, 'Look, she is delivering me, and several other Children, to the Care of Mrs. *Wakely*, for our Education. See with what Beauty she looks; to her I owe all the Happiness of my Life.'

THE Actions of Mr. *Lovegood* when a common Servant, and as Steward, were conspicuously shewn in several Pieces.

THE Distress of Lady *Liberal*, when her Lord was sick; and his grateful Acknowledgment to Heaven for the Mercy of Recovering; filled other Marble Pannels.

IN one Piece the whole County throngs to offer him, and their Country their Service.

IN another you saw their displeased Countenances when the Earl read the Letter which refused him the Power of arming his Friends, in Defence of his Country. In Fact, the whole Lives of this truly virtuous and noble Pair, were placed to View, where instead of ransacked Cities, slaughtered Thousands, Temples prophaned, weeping Widows and Orphans, the wretched Victims of Ambition, nothing but the mild Lessons of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity were exhibited to View; Actions such as Heaven looks on and approves, rendering Service to Humanity.

BE these the Glory of Mankind, whilst conquering Ravagers meet less Esteem; may the Doers of good Works receive the Reward which is due to them alone; let Piety be Greatness, Virtue Renown, and Mercy Happiness; and all that are nobly born be esteemed as they approach these Actions, which alone can communicate true Honour to human Nature.

C H A P. CXXXIII.

The last Chapter.

WE have now compleated the History of the Earl and Countess of *Liberal*, in which Virtue, severely tried, meets Reward and Happiness. We have stept a little beyond the Period of their Lives, to shew that Felicity is not the Reward only of those who are virtuous; but that their Childrens Children participate the Blessing; that Piety, Patriotism, Charity in Parents, beget the same Dispositions in, and same Esteem for, their Descendants, that characterised their Predecessors, the same universal Love and Honour.

WE have remarked also, that the opposite Dispositions as naturally generate similar Inclinations of Heart, and that Unhappiness is the pernicious Consequence.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, we are sensible it may be said, that in the Conduct of this noble Pair, there is nothing which may not be practised by any other

Man

Man and Wife; at least in some Degree; nothing which so distinctly characterises Nobility from others.

THIS we readily confess, and with Design we have written in this Manner, that the Precepts of their Lives may lead to Practice, not Vision; and not, forgetting Humanity, drawn perfect speculative Beings, so sublimated above the Species, that the Eye of Reason aches to behold them at such Distance; Creatures of a Writer's Fancy, composed all of Æthereal Excellence, such as never did or can, exist in Nature, a Group of Figures so gay and glaring without the Shade of Human Weakness to give the Parts Relief, and Vrayesemblance, that the knowing Eye turns from beholding them, dissatisfied with the unnatural Picture.

THIS we have avoided, not for the above Reason alone, but for this, lest such Portraits being once delineated as real Existences, and being conceived as Copies of true Nature, the same Consequences may succeed which we have known happen to Minds tintured with Religion, where the Teachers have made the obtaining Heaven on Condition of such Purity of Life as scarce ever Mortal reached, and the Access so difficult to that blessed Mansion, that many, despairing of the attaining that exalted Happiness, have become desponding by Melancholy; and others, thinking it impossible, dropt all Thoughts of endeavouring to obtain it at all.

IN like Manner the Readers of these more than human Pictures of Humanity, fancying there are corresponding Characters in Nature; and perceiving it impossible to reach the Perfections of such exalted Beings, grow displeased with themselves and their Inferiority; when dissatisfied, and renouncing all Pursuit of these Qualifications which are attainable to the Degree of making themselves amiable; or becoming Hypocrites, in affecting those very Excellencies which they perceive they cannot attain to; are made worse Creatures by such Lessons, than they would have been if left to undisguised and uninstructed Nature.

THO' what has been just said should prove an Apology for our drawing these Characters in this Way, how shall we be excused in the Eyes of our fashionable Ladies

of Quality? We are not a little afraid, lest our Performance, being entirely destitute of all that is useful for Courts, Intrigues, and Play, may be refused Admittance amongst what is now called the best Company.

‘DAMN this Fellow,’ says my Lord *Bubblebett*, ‘I imagined when he had made *Probit* an Earl, he would have given us some useful Lessons upon Horse-racing, that might have been of Service to a Nobleman; but here is nothing but ybut damn’d moral Stuff, and three old Women, kept Mistresses, supported on Charity. Does the Fool imagine he can write Keeping out of Doors, or that Lords are to be held by the Rules of Tradesmen?’

ANOTHER expected a new Calculation of the Chances on Pharo; or, says he, ‘Notes upon *Hoyle*, who is vastly erroneous in many Places, particularly in the calculating the Slam; these would have been a useful Work to the polite World; but this foolish Nobleman, which he has drawn, is eternally at the Tail of his Wife, billing and cooing like two Turtles; an Example to be followed by no Man who would appear respectable in the great World.’

THAT is not the whole Objection either. ‘I concluded we should at least have seen the Arts and Intrigues of succeeding near a M—— fairly displayed, and some useful Lessons to satisfy weak Minds, that Conscience is all a false Prejudice, when it opposes a Man’s advancing in Interest or Preferment.

‘THIS indeed would be very useful, as it would serve to erase the wrong Notions which Boys are continually imbibing at School from *Greek* and *Roman* Writers, that Virtue is a real and amiable Thing; it would defeat such extravagant and destructive Ideas; spare the Pains which frequently succeed such Education; bring Youth sooner to the Practice of the World, and save some Years, which, as Men, we are obliged to lose in eradicating the absurd Conceptions which had taken Possession in the School-days of Puerility; but this Author has gone upon the mistaken Plan of the Ancients, in praising Virtue; and conceives that in this enlightened Age, when Patriotism, Religion;

and Integrity, are all known to be a Farce, that his Maxims will be followed.

THE Life of this Man is not worth perusing, I'll be damn'd if he was ever a Member at *White's*.'

THESE Objections we must leave to be surmounted as well as they can. The Ladies also we are apprehensive will shew no less Displeasure in reading the Actions of *Lady Liberal*.

METHINKS I hear Lady * * * * * crying out, 'How am I deceived! I imagined to have found *Lydia* in high Life quite another Woman; I expected to have seen her leading the Fashions in all Kinds of Dress, giving Names to Caps, Handkerchiefs, and Hats, opening the Ball on a Birth-night with Prince * * * * *, at least, Protectress of the Opera, and supporting the Behaviour of *Mingatti* against the Resentment of the Town; encouraging the young Bloods, Bucks, and Scarlets at a Riot in *Drury-Lane*; the most distinguishing and newest Mark of a Lady of Quality and true Blood. But, alas! only but think, she is quite another Thing, a perfect Lady Bountiful, giving Gowns to Country Wenches, and delighted with a clumsy Curt'sy, and I thank your Ladyship for your Goodness. I'll engage the poor Woman would not have played Cards on a *Sunday* for the World, through Fear of the Sin of Sabbath-breaking.'

THE Dutchess of * * * * * smiling at this rural Life, beginning with, 'What a Way of passing Time; I am not surprized at her not having a Rout, when she does not appear susceptible of knowing how to dispose of her Company; once a Week a Concert, and Men of Learning to talk Phi-los-o-phy; hah, hah; hah; and nursing little *Arthur*. These indeed are instructing Ways of passing Time, in Use in the ignorant Days of my Great-grand-mother; give me the Woman of Spirit, who knows the Force of her own Beauty, and the Regard which should be paid to it by the World, who without a Shilling Fortune marries a Nobleman, and then lets him know that she thinks her Charms too great a Purchase for one Man, and intrigues with another she loves, after marrying the

first for Conveniency; Scenes of this Kind would have been entertaining, and useful; such Books might be safely put into the Hands of our Daughters; but this Piety Affair will reduce them to all the absurd antiquated Notions of our great great Grand-mothers in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; there does not appear one Glimpse of that truly daring Spirit which so peculiarly distinguishes the Woman of Quality in this Generation. If Nobility is to be tied to all the strait-laced Life of a Country Parson's Wife, and obliged to follow all the Rules that those are confined to, who depend upon the World for their Livelihood, where is the Advantage of being born of noble Blood? For my Part, I would as soon be a Farmer's Wife, and go to Market with Eggs, Butter, and Cheese, as live the sober Life of *Lydia* a Coun-*tes*s of *Li-ber-al*.

LET him write the Life of Lady * * * * *, and I will subscribe for twenty Sets, and procure a List of Hundreds more, whose Names shall make a Figure at the Head of the Work, and do the Writer Honour.

THERE you may show the necessary Arts and Intrigues of Gallantry and Gaming, the hood-winking a Husband, and secreting a Lover; the Difficulties and Dilemma's, which, tho' sometimes dangerous in the Conduct, afford Delight in the Escape; display the whole Art of Woman, the soothing, frowning, fondling; scolding, sickening, deceiving, dying, recovering Female, in a Series of Histories, as practised in the Revolutions of that illustrious Lady.

THIS Suggestion, however, we must confess, comes too late to alter what is past; and thus, with great Contrition for the Mistake, we ask ten thousand Pardons for our Error: However, if these Ladies and Gentlemen will but have the Goodness to experience the Life we have laid down as passed by the Earl and Countess of *Liberal* one six Months only, and then find it less pleasing than the present which they are engaged in, we promise to renounce all that has been here said, and write a *Palinodia* to do Justice to their superior Judgment.

IN executing this nothing shall be omitted that can be agreeable to their new Manner of Thinking; we will endeavour to banish Charity to the *Mohawks*, Religion to the *Hottentots*, Chastity to Mother D——s, and the *Shakespeare's* Head; and in short, prove that Adultery never had Existence, but in the Name; that all Women have a right to change Paramours ten Times in a Week; that cheating at Play is a legal Exercise of the great Faculties which are given to Mortals; and every moral Ordinance nothing but a Bag-bear to intimidate those who have not Quickness enough to see through the Disguise, and secure all the Privilege to those who do; in which the Behaviour of *Messalina*, the *Ephesian* Matron, and Lady * * * * * shall be cleared from all that false Judgment which has been drawn from their Conduct, and proved the only reasonable Pursuit of Woman.

FOR the Benefit of the Right-honourable and High-life Male Part of our Readers, who are of the former Opinion, we shall accurately search into the ancient Method of dieting Horses, amongst the *Grecians* at the *Olympic* and *Isthmian* Games, the true Manner of plating Horses, and of jockeying, at these celebrated Places, together with the Art of getting pretty and swift Colts, as practised by the *Arabians*.

AND lastly, we shall consider the Manners of the *Roman* Men of fine Taste, in the Times of their Emperors; with respect to the many Methods of false Dice, and other valuable Ways of getting Money, by the laudable Practice of right Gaming; with Demonstrations of the Justice in proceeding in this Manner towards the Attainment of the sovereign Good, Money; concluding this Part with Illustrations on the Life of Colonel *Chatterbox*, and a Parallel between those Times and the present, proving beyond Contradiction, that every Gamester who shoots himself through the Head, drinks Poison, hangs himself, or runs his Sword through his Body, is really a Lover of his Country, and absolutely doing it great Service by that Action. Proposals for printing this Work will be left, and Subscriptions taken in, at *Arthur's*.

